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Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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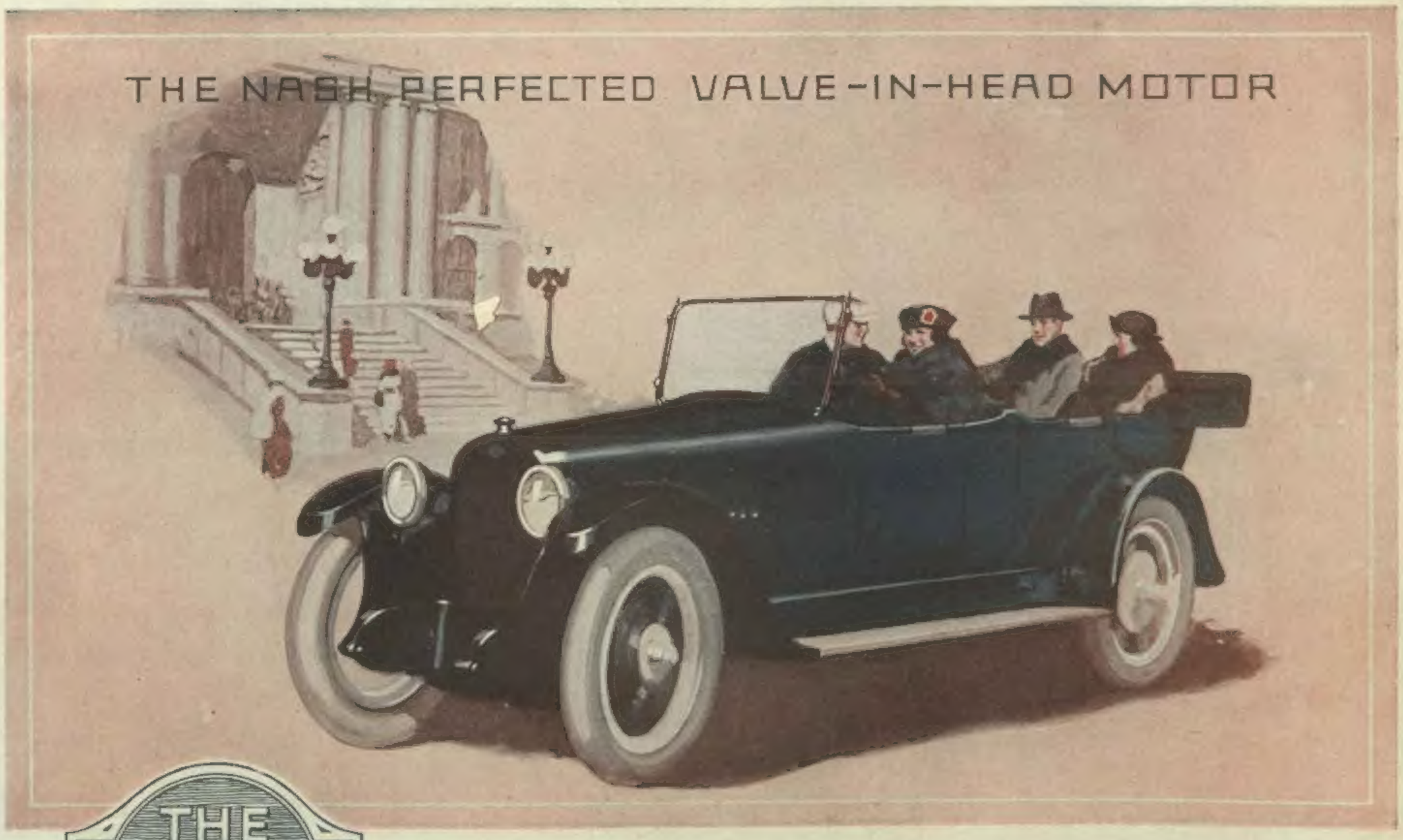
Beginning: **Con**—By W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith. **Drums of Jeopardy**—By Harold MacGrath



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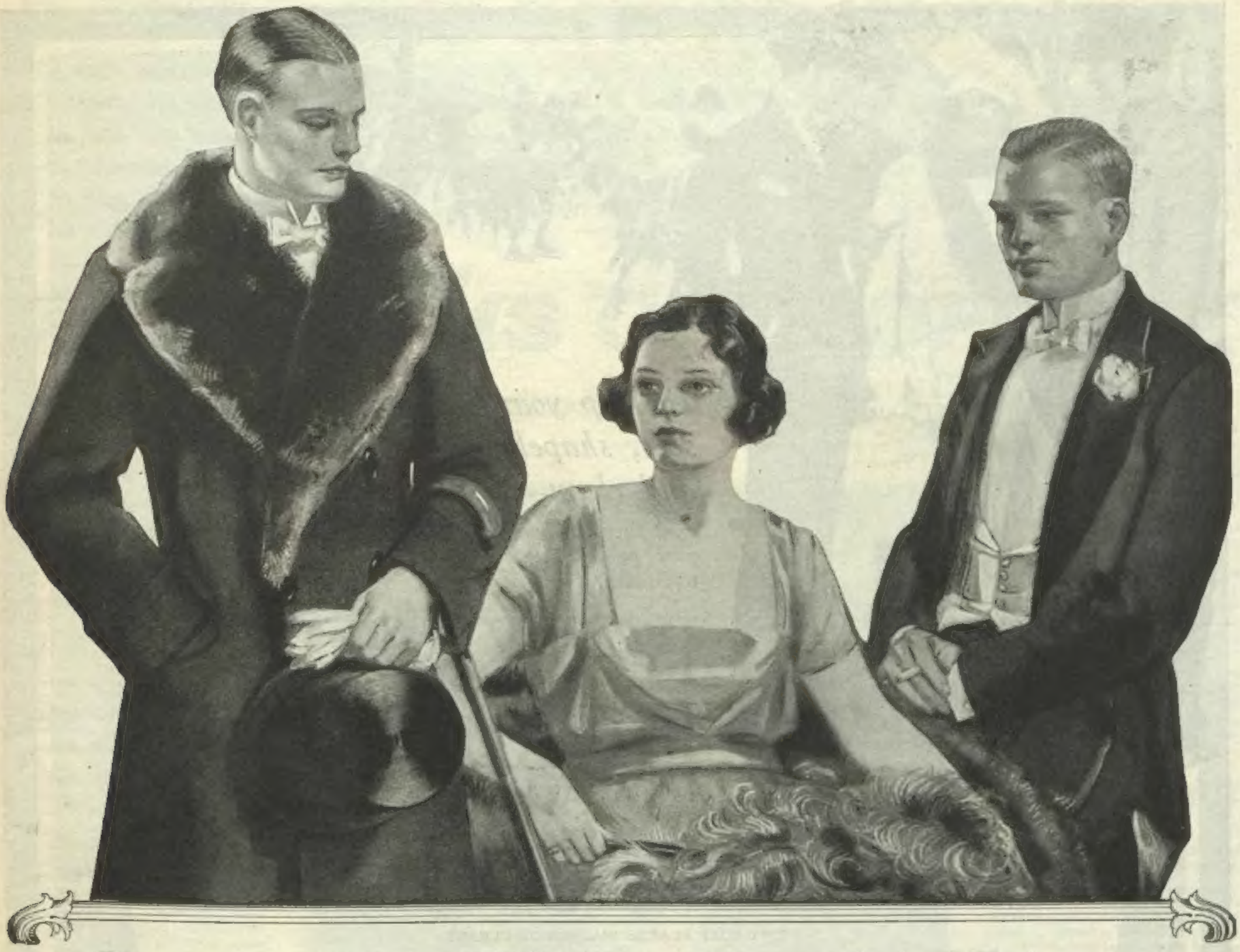

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Silks
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THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

A FAST train drew into Albany, on the New York Central, from the West. It was three-thirty of a chill March morning in the first year of peace. A pall of fog lay over the world, so heavy that it beaded the face and hands and deposited a fairy diamond dust upon wool. The station lights had the visibility of stars, and like the stars were without refulgence—a pale golden aureola, perhaps three feet in diameter, and beyond, nothing. The few passengers who alighted and the train itself had the same nebulosity of drab fish in a dim aquarium.

Among the passengers to detrain was a man in a long black coat. The high collar was up. The man wore a derby hat, well down upon his head, after the English mode. An English kitbag, battered and scarred, swung heavily from his hand. He immediately strode for the station wall and stood with his back to it. He was almost invisible. He remained motionless until the other detrained passengers swam past, until the red tail lights of the last coach vanished into the deeps; then he rushed for the exit to the street.

Away toward the far end of the platform there appeared a shadowy patch in the fog. It grew and presently took upon itself the shape of a man. For one so short and squat and thick his legs possessed remarkable agility; for he reached the street just as the other man stopped at the side of a taxicab.

The fool! As if such a movement had not been anticipated. Sixteen thousand miles, always eastward, on horses, camels, donkeys, trains and ships; down China to the sea, over that to San Francisco, thence across this bewildering stretch of cities and plains called the United States, always and ever toward New York—and the fool thought he could escape! Thought he was flying, when in truth he was being driven toward a wall in which there would be no breach! Behind and in front the net was closing. Up to this hour he had been extremely clever in avoiding contact. This was his first stupid act. Thought the fog would serve as an impenetrable cloak.

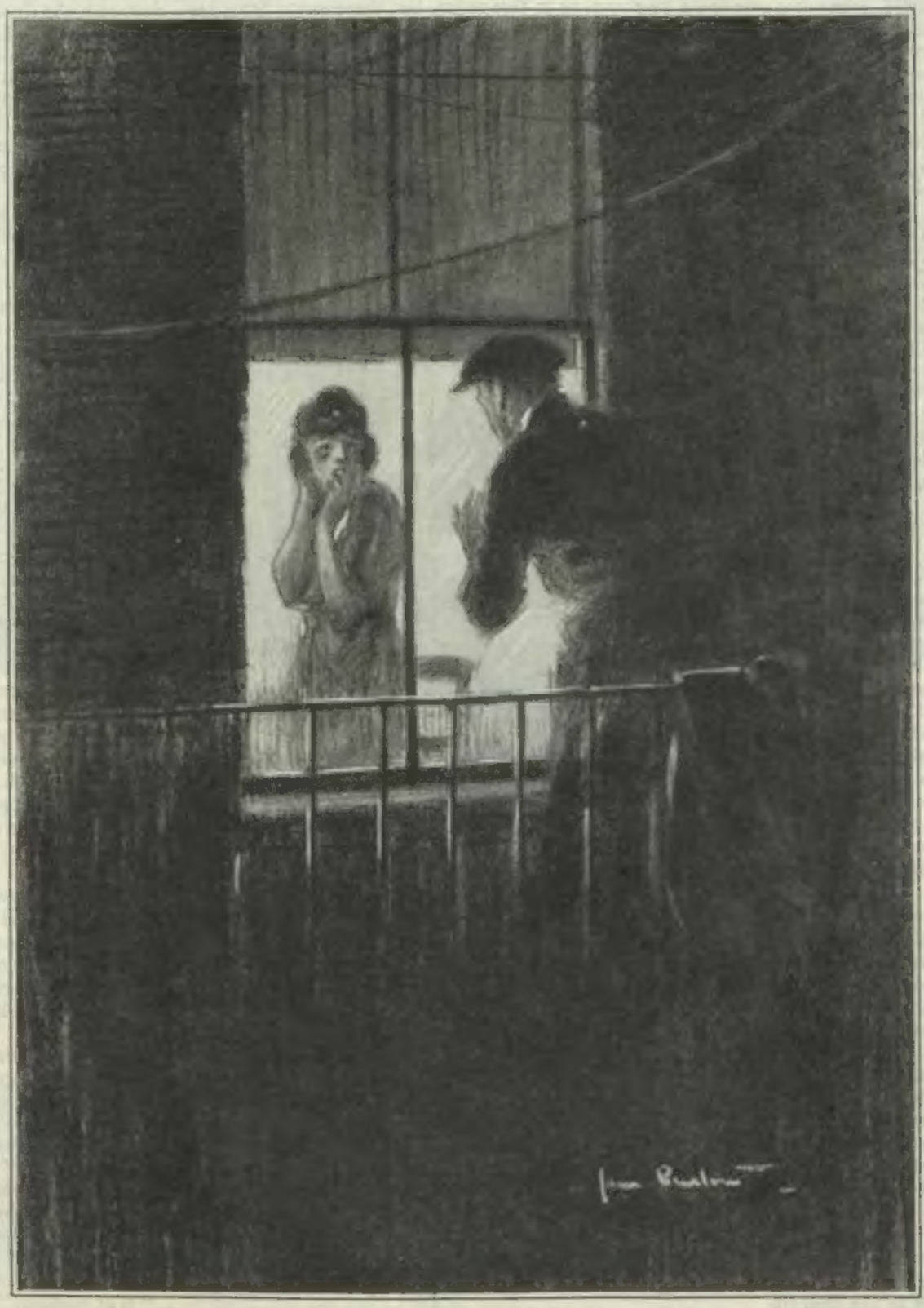
Meantime the other man reached into the taxicab and awoke the sleeping chauffeur.

"A hotel," he said.

"Which one?"

"Anyone will do."

"Yes, sir. Two dollars."



Kitty Gasped, But She Did Not Cry Out. Slowly She Backed Away From the Window

"When we arrive. No; I'll take the bag inside with me." Inside the cab the fare chuckled. For those who fished there would be no fish in the net. This fog—like a kindly hand reaching down from heaven!

Five minutes later the taxicab drew up in front of a hotel. The unknown stepped out, took a leather purse from his pocket and carefully counted out in silver two dollars and twenty cents, which he poured into the chauffeur's palm. "Thank you, sir."

"You are an American?"

"Sure! I was born in this burg."

"Like the idea?"

"Huh?"

"The idea of being an American?"

"I should say yes! This is one grand little gob o' mud, believe me! It's going to be dry in a little while, and then it will be some grand little old brick. Say, let me give you a tip! The gas in this joint is extra, if you blow it out!"

Grinning, the chauffeur threw on the power and wheeled away into the fog.

His late fare followed the vehicle with his gaze until it reached the vanishing point; then he laughed. An American cockney! He turned and entered the hotel. He marched resolutely up to the desk and roused the sleeping clerk, who swung round the register. The unknown without hesitance inscribed his name, which was John Hawksley. But he hesitated the fraction of a second before adding his place of residence—London.

"A room with a bath, if you please; second flight. Have the man call me at seven."

"Yes, sir. Here, boy!"

Sleepily the bellboy lifted the battered kitbag and led the way to the elevator.

"Bawth!" said the night clerk, as the elevator door slithered to the latch. "Bawth! The old dear!"

He returned to his chair, hoping that he would not be disturbed again until he was relieved.

What do we care, so long as we don't know? What's the stranger to us but a fleeting shadow? The Odysseys that pass us every day, and we none the wiser!

The clerk had not properly floated away into dreams when he was again roused. Resentfully he opened his eyes. A huge fist covered with a fell of black hair rose and fell. Attached to this fist was an arm, and joined to that were enormous shoulders. The clerk's trailing, sleep-befogged glance paused when it reached the newcomer's face. The jaws and cheeks and upper lip were blue-black with a beard that required extra-tempered razors once a day. Black eyes that burned like opals, a bullet-shaped head well cropped, and a pudgy nose broad in the nostrils. Because this second arrival wore his hat well forward the clerk was not able to discern the pinched forehead of the fanatic. Not wholly unpleasant, not particularly agreeable; the sort of individual one preferred to walk round rather than bump into. The clerk offered the register, and the squat man scratched his name impatiently, grabbed the extended key and trotted to the elevator.

"Ah," mused the clerk, "we have with us Mr. Poppy—Popo ——" He stared at the signature close-up. "Hanged if I can make it out. It looks like some new brand of soft drink we'll be having after July first. Greek or Bulgarian. Anyhow, he didn't awsk for a bawth. Looks as if he needed one too. Here, boy!"

"Ye-ah!"

"Take a peek at this John Hancock."

"Gee! That must be the guy who makes that drugstore drink—Boolzac."

The clerk swung out, but missed the boy's head by a hair. The boy stood off, grinning.

"Well, you ast me!"

"All right. If anybody else comes in tell 'em we're full up. I'll be a wreck to-morrow without my usual beauty sleep." The clerk dropped into his chair again and elevated his feet to the radiator.

"Want me t' git a pillow for yuh?"

"No back talk!"—drowsily.

"Oh, boy, but I got one on you!"

"What?"

"This Boolzac guy didn't have no baggage, an' yuh give 'im the key without little ol' three-per in advance."

"No grip?"

"Nix. Not a toot'brush in sight."

"Well, the damage is done. I might as well go to sleep."

It was not premeditated on the part of the clerk to give the squat man the room adjoining that of Hawksley's. The key had been nearest his hand. But the squat man trembled with excitement when he noted that it was stamped 214. He had taken particular pains to search the register for Hawksley's number before rousing the clerk. He hadn't counted on any such luck as this. His idea had been merely to watch the door of Room 212.

He had the feline foot, as they say. He moved about lightly and without sound, in the dark. Almost at once he approached one of the two doors and put his ear to the panel. Running water. The fool had time to take a bath!

A plan flashed into his head. Why not end the affair here and now, and reap the glory for himself? What mattered the net if the fish swam into your hand? Wasn't this particularly his affair? It was the end, not the means. A close touch in Hong-Kong, but the fool had slipped away. But there, in the next room, assured that he had escaped—it would be easy. The squat man tiptoed to the window. Luck of luck, there was a fire-escape platform! He would let half an hour pass, then he would act. The ape, with his British mannerisms! Death to the breed, root and branch! He sat down to wait.

On the other side of the wall the bather finished his ablutions. His body was graceful, vigorous and youthful, tinted a golden bronze. His nose was hawky; his eyes a Latin brown, alert and roving, though there was a hint of weariness in them, the pressure of long, racking hours of ceaseless vigilance. His top hair was a glossy black, inclined to curl; but the four days' growth of beard was as blond as a ripe chestnut burr. In spite of this mark of vagabondage there were elements of beauty in the face. The expanse of the brow and the shape of the head were intellectual. The mouth was pleasure-loving; but the nose and the jaw neutralized this.

After he had toweled himself he reached down for a brown leather pouch which lay on the three-legged bathroom stool. It was patently a tobacco pouch, but there was evidently something inside more precious than Saloniki. He held the pouch on his palm and stared at it as if it contained some jinn clamoring to be let out. Presently he broke away from this fascination and rocked his body, eyes closed—like a man suffering unremitting pain. "God's curse on them!" he whispered, opening his eyes. He raised the pouch swiftly, as though he intended dashing it to the tiled floor; but his arm sank gently. After all, he would be a fool to destroy them. They were future bread and butter.

He would soon have their equivalent in money—money that would bring back no terrible recollections.

Strange that every so often, despite the horror, he had to take them out and gaze at them. He sat down upon the stool, spread a towel across his knees and opened the pouch. He drew out a roll of cotton wool, which he unrolled across the towel. Flames! Blue flames, red, yellow, violet and green—precious stones, many of them with histories that reached back into the dim centuries, histories of murder and loot and envy. The young man had imagination—perhaps too much of it. He saw the stones palpitating upon lovely white and brown bosoms; he saw bloody and greedy hands, the red sack of towns; he heard the screams of women and the raucous laughter of drunken men. Murder and loot.

At the end of the cotton wool lay two emeralds, about the size of half dollars and half an inch in thickness, polished, and as vividly green as a dragon fly in the sun, fit for the turban of Schariar, spouse of Scheherazade.

Rodin would have seized upon the young man's attitude—the limp body, the haggard face—hewn it out of marble and called it Conscience. The possessor of the stones held this attitude for three or four minutes. Then he rolled up the cotton wool, jammed it into the pouch, which he hung to his neck by a thong, and sprang to his feet. No more of this brooding; it was sapping his vitality; and he was not yet at his journey's end.

He proceeded to the bedroom, emptied the battered kitbag and began to dress. He put on heavy tan walking shoes, gray woolen stockings, gray knickerbockers, gray flannel shirt, and a Norfolk jacket minus the third button.

Ah, that button! He fingered the loose threads which had aforetime snugged the button to the wool. The carelessness of a tailor had saved his life. Had that button held, his bones at this moment would be reposing on the hillside in far-away Hong-Kong. Evidently Fate had some definite plans regarding his future, else he would not be in this room, alive. But what plans? Why should Fate bother about him further? She had strained the orange to the last drop. Why protect the pulp? Perhaps she was only making sport of him, lulling him into the belief that eventually he might win through. One thing, she would never be able to twist his heart again. You cannot fill a cup with water beyond the brim. And God knew that his cup had been full, and bitter and red.

His hand swept across his eyes as if to brush away the pictures suddenly conjured up. He must keep his thoughts off those things. There was a taint of madness in his blood, and several times he had sensed the brink at his feet. But God had been kind to him in one respect: The blood of his glorious mother predominated.

How many were after him, and who? He had not been able to recognize the man that night in Hong-Kong. That was the fate of the pursued: one never dared pause to look back, while the pursuers had their man before them always. If only he could have broken through into Greece; England would have been easy. The only door open had been in the East. It seemed incredible that he should be standing in this room, but three hours from his goal.

America! The land of the free and the brave! And the irony of it was that he must seek in America the only friends he had in the world. All the Englishmen he had known and loved were dead. He had never made friends with the French, though he loved France. In this country alone he might successfully lose himself and begin life anew. The British were British and the French were French; but in this magnificent

"Johnny Two-Hawks," She Murmured Aloud. "And He Hopes We'll Never Meet Again!"

America they possessed the tenacity of the one and the gayety of the other—these joyous, unconquered, speed-loving Americans.

He took up the overcoat. Under the light it was no longer black but a very deep green. On both sleeves there were narrow bands of a still deeper green, indicating that gold or silver braid had once befrogged the cuffs. Inside, soft silky Persian lamb; and he ran his fingers over the fur thoughtfully. The coat was still impregnated with the strong odor of horse. He cast it aside, never to touch it again.

From the discarded small coat he extracted a black wallet and opened it. That passport! He wondered if there existed another more cleverly forged. It would not have served an hour west of the Hindenburg Line; but in the East and here in America no one had questioned it. In San Francisco they had scarcely glanced at it, peace having come.

Besides this passport the wallet contained a will, ten bonds, a custom appraiser's receipt and a sheaf of gold bills. The will, however, was perhaps one of the most astonishing documents conceivable. It left unreservedly to Capt. John Hawksley the contents of the wallet!

Within three hours of his ultimate destination. He knew all about great cities. An hour after he left the train, if he so willed, he could lose himself for all time.

From the bottom of the kitbag he dug up a blue velours case, which after a moment's hesitation he opened. Medals incrusted with precious stones; but on the top was the photograph of a charming girl, blond as ripe wheat, and arrayed for the tennis court. It was this photograph he wanted. Indifferently he tossed the case upon the center table, and it upset, sending the medals about with a ring and a tinkle.

The man in the next room heard this sound; and his eye roved desperately. Some way to peer into yonder room! But there was no transom, and he would not yet dare risk the fire escape.

The young man raised the photograph to his lips and kissed it passionately.

Then he hid it in the lining of his coat, there being a convenient rent in the inside pocket.

"I must not think!" he murmured. "I must not!"

He became the hunted man again. He turned a chair upend and placed it under the window. He tipped another in front of the door. On the threshold of the bathroom door he deposited the water carafe and the glasses. His bed was against the connecting door. No man would be able to enter unannounced.

He had no intention of letting himself fall asleep. He would stretch out and rest. So he lit his pipe, banked the two pillows, switched out the light and lay down. Only the intermittent glow of his pipe coal could be seen. Near the journey's end; and no more tight-rope walking, with death at both ends, and death staring up from below. Queer how the human being clung to life. What had he to live for? Nothing. So far as he was concerned, the world had come to an end. Sporting instinct; probably that was it; couldn't make up his mind to shuffle off this mortal coil until he had beaten his enemies. English university education had dulled the bite of his natural fatalism. To carry on for the sport of it; not to accept fate but to fight it.

By chance his hand touched his spiky chin. Nevertheless, he would have to enter New York just as he was. He had left his razor in a Pullman washroom hurriedly one morning. He dared not risk a barber's chair, especially these American chairs, that stretched one out in a most helpless manner.

Slowly his pipe sank toward his breast. The weary body was overcoming the will. A sound broke the pleasant spell. He sat up, tense.

Someone had entered through the window and stumbled over the chair! Hawksley threw on the light.

II

WHEN the day clerk arrived the night clerk sleepily informed him that the guest in Room 214 was without baggage and had not paid in advance.

"Leave a call?"

"No. I thought I'd put you wise. I didn't notice that the man had no grip until he was in the elevator."

"All right. I'll send the bell-hop captain up with a fake call to see if the man's still there."

When the captain—late of the A. E. F. in France—returned to the office he was mildly excited.

"Gee, there's been a whale of a scrap in Room 212. The chambermaid let me in."

"Murder?" whispered the clerks in unison.

"Murder your granny! Naw! Just a fight between 212 and 214, because both of 'em have flown the roost. But take a peek at what I found on the table."

It was a case of blue velours. The boy threw back the lid dramatically.

"War medals?"

"If they are I never piped 'em before. They ain't French or British." The captain of the bellboys scratched his head ruminatively. "Gee, I got it! Orders, that's what they call 'em. Kings pay 'em out Saturdays when the pay roll is nix. Will you pipe the diamonds and rubies? There's your room rents, monseer."

The day clerk, who considered himself a judge, was of the opinion that there were two or three thousand dollars tied up in the stones. It was a police affair. Some ambassador had been robbed, and the Britisher and the Greek or Bulgarian were mixed up in it. Loot.

"I thought the war was over," said the night clerk.

"The shootin' is over, that's all," said the captain of the bellboys sagely.

What had happened in Room 212? A duel of wits rather than of physical contact. Hawksley realized instantly that here was the crucial moment. Caught and overpowered, he was lost. If he shouted for help and it came, he was lost. Once the police took a hand in the affair, the newspaper publicity that would follow would result in the total ruin of all his hopes. There was only one chance—to finish this affair outside the hotel, in some fog-dimmed street. There leaped into his mind, obliquely and queerly, a picture in one of Victor Hugo's tales—Quasimodo. And there he stood, in every particular save the crooked back. And on the top of this came the recollection that he had seen the man before. . . . The torches! The red torches and the hobnailed boots!

There began an odd game, a dancing match, which the young man led adroitly, always with his thought upon the open window. There would be no shooting; Quasimodo would not want the police either. Half a dozen times his fingers touched futilely the dancing master's coat. Back and forth across the room, over the bed, round the stand and chairs. Persistently, as if he understood the young man's maneuvers, the squat individual kept to the window side of the room.

An inspiration brought the affair to an end. Hawksley snatched up the bedclothes and threw them as the ancient retiarius threw his net. He managed to win to the lower platform of the fire escape before Quasimodo emerged.

Here Was the Crucial Moment. Caught and Overpowered, He Was Lost. If He Shouted for Help and It Came, He Was Lost

There was a fourteen-foot drop to the street, and the man with the golden stubble on his chin and cheeks swung for a moment to gauge his landing. Quasimodo came after with the agility of an ape. The race down the street began with about a hundred yards in between.

Down the hill they went, like phantoms. The distance did not widen. Bears will run amazingly fast and for a long while. The quarry cut into Pearl Street for a block, turned a corner and soon vaguely espied the Hudson River. He made for this.

To the mind of Quasimodo this flight had but one significance—he was dealing with an arrant coward; and he based his subsequent acts upon this premise, forgetting that brave men run when need says must. It would have surprised him exceedingly to learn that he was not driving, that he was being led. Hawksley wanted his enemy alone, where no one would see to interfere. Red torches and hobnailed boots! For once the two bloods, always more or less at war, merged in a common purpose—to kill this beast, to grind the face of him into pulp! Red torches and hobnailed boots!

Presently one of the huge passenger boats, moored for the winter, loomed up through the fog; and toward this Hawksley directed his steps. He made a flying leap aboard and vanished round the deckhouse to the river side.

Quasimodo laughed as he followed. It was as if the tobacco pouch and the appraiser's receipt were in his own pocket; and broad rivers made capital graveyards. They two alone in the fog! He whirled round the deckhouse—and backed on his heels to get his balance. Directly in front, in a very understandable pose, was the intended victim, his jaw jutting, his eyelids narrowed.

Quasimodo tried desperately to reach for his pistol; but a bolt of lightning stopped the action. There is something peculiar about a blow on the nose, a good blow. The Anglo-Saxon peoples alone possess the counterattack—a rush. To other peoples concentration of thought is impossible after the impact. Instinctively Quasimodo's hands flew to his face. He heard a laugh, mirthless and terrible. Before he could drop his hands from his face—blows, short and boring, from this side and from that, over and under. The squat man was brave enough; simply he did not know how to fight in this manner. He was accustomed to the use of steel and the hobnails on his boots. He struck wildly, swinging his arms like a Flemish mill in a brisk wind.

Some of his blows got home, but these provoked only sardonic laughter.

Wild with rage and pain he bored in. He had but one chance—to get this shadow in his gorillalike arms. He lacked mental flexibility. An idea, getting into his head, stuck; it was not adjustable. Like an arrow, sped from the bowstring, it had to fulfill its destiny. It never occurred to him to take to his heels, to get space between himself and this enemy he had so woefully underestimated. Ten feet, and he might have been able to whirl, draw his pistol and end the affair.

The coup de grâce came suddenly: a blow that caught Quasimodo full on the point of the jaw. He sagged and went sprawling upon his face. The victor turned him over and raised a heel. . . . No! He was neither Prussian nor Sudanese black. He was white; and white men did not stamp in the faces of fallen enemies.

But there was one thing a white man might do in such a case without disturbing the ethical, and he proceeded about it forthwith: Draw the devil's fangs; render him impotent for a few hours.

He deliberately knelt on one of the outspread arms and calmly emptied the insensible man's pockets. He took everything—watch, money, passport, letters, pistol, keys—rose and dropped them into the river. He overlooked Quasimodo's belt, however. The Anglo-Saxon idea was top hole. His fists had saved his life.

III

HAWKSLEY heard the panting of an engine and turned his head. Dimly he saw a giant bridge and a long drab train moving across it. He picked up the fallen man's cap and tried it on. Not a particularly good fit, but it would serve. He then trotted round the deckhouse to the street side, jumped to the wharf, and sucking the cracked knuckles of his right hand fell into a steady dog-trot which carried him to the station he had left so hopefully an hour and a half gone.

An accommodation train eventually deposited him in Poughkeepsie, where he purchased a cap and a sturdy walking stick. The stubble on his chin and cheeks began to irritate him intensely; but he could not rid himself of the idea that a barber's chair would be inviting danger. He was now tolerably certain that from one end of the continent to the other his presence was known. His life and his property, they would be after both. Even now there might be men in this strange town seeking him. The closer he got to New York the more active and wide-awake they would become.

He walked the streets, his glance constantly roving. But apparently no one paid the least attention to him. Finally he returned to the railway station; and at six o'clock that evening he left the platform of the 125th Street Station, and appraised covertly the men who accompanied him to the street. He felt assured that they were all Americans. Probably they were; but there are still some stray fools of American birth who cannot accept the great American doctrine as the only Ararat visible in this present flood. Perhaps one of these accompanied Hawksley to the street. Whatever he was, one had upon order met every south-going train since seven o'clock that morning, when Quasimodo, paying from the gold hidden in his belt, had sent forth the telegraphic alarm. The man hurried across the street and followed Hawksley by matching his steps. His business was merely to learn the other's destination and then to report.

Across the earth a tempest had been loosed; but Ariel did not ride it, Caliban did. The scythe of terror was harvesting a type; and the innocent were bending with the guilty.

Suddenly Hawksley felt young, revivified, free. He had arrived. Surmounting indescribable hazards and hardships he walked the pavement of New York. In an hour the mutable quicksands of a great city would swallow him forever. Free! He wanted to stroll about, peer into shop windows, watch the amazing electric signs, dally; but he still had much to accomplish.

He searched for a telephone sign. It was necessary that he find one immediately. He had once spent six weeks in and about this marvelous city, and he had a vague recollection of the blue-and-white enamel signs. Shortly he found one. It was a pay station in the rear of a news and tobacco shop.

He entered a booth, but discovered that he had no five-cent pieces in his purse. He hurried out to the girl behind the cigar stand. She was exhibiting a box of cigars to a customer, who selected three, paid for them and walked away. Hawksley, boiling with haste to have his affair done, flung a silver coin toward the girl.

"Five-cent pieces!"

"Will you take them with you or shall I send them?" asked the girl earnestly.

"I beg pardon!"

"Any particular kind of ribbon you want the box tied with?"

"I beg your pardon!" repeated Hawksley, harried and bewildered. "But I'm in a hurry ——"

"Too much of a hurry to leave out the bark when you ask a favor? I make change out of courtesy. And you all bark at me Nickel! Nickel! as if that was my job."

"A thousand apologies!"—contritely.

"And don't make it any worse by suggesting a movie after supper. My mother never lets me go out after dark."

"I rather fancy she's quite sensible. Still, you seem able to take care of yourself. I might suggest ——"

"With that black eye? Nay, nay! I'll bet somebody's brother gave it to you."

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A STRIKE AGAINST STRIKES

By GEORGE PATTULLO

Looking South From the Federal Building, in the Heart of the Business Section of Beaumont

THEY have a No Man's Land in Beaumont, Texas. It is Crockett Street, one of the business arteries of the town. On one side are the offices of the Open Shop Association and almost directly opposite is the union headquarters, the home of the Trades Assembly. Sam Solinsky thinks there ought to be some barbed-wire entanglements and a dugout or two handy—but then Sam is secretary of the Open Shop Association and may be said to take a lively personal interest in such precautions.

Crockett Street has had the most amazing growth of any street in history. In less than a couple of months it has stretched beyond Beaumont to the Middle West, north and west to the Pacific Coast, and is now speeding across the continent toward the Atlantic Seaboard cities as fast as Mr. Burleson's mails are able to carry the news. Everywhere open-shop associations are being formed, everywhere organized labor is fighting them as fast as they declare themselves.

Beaumont was not the first town to start the movement, but elsewhere it remained a tentative untested measure by employers until Beaumont took a hand. Then the fireworks began. It became a sizzling finish fight between the radicals and the bulk of Beaumont's citizens.

All the unions did not get in. The Typographical Union withdrew from the Trades Assembly rather than break their contract and participate in a boycott they considered unfair. The issue was whether a man or woman can work without belonging to a union.

What are these open-shop associations? What do they stand for? What are their aims? I cannot do better by way of answer than tell the story of Beaumont.

First let us locate Beaumont to ascertain what manner of town it is that precipitated a struggle of such importance. If you were to ask the average Texan he would probably reply, "Shucks, it's a li'l ol' oil town way out in the sticks!"

Well, it did start its active career in that fashion. Up to the famous Spindletop boom at the beginning of the century Beaumont was a small lumber community which milled yellow pine. But with the coming in of the great Lucas gusher there was a rush to Beaumont which has never been surpassed for mad excitement in the history of easy-money stampedes. In those days men paid five dollars to share a cot in a hallway overnight, thus rivaling hotel conditions in many cities to-day. Oil ran in the fields and sold at three cents a barrel. It was not an uncommon transaction for a dealer to borrow twenty thousand barrels from the owner of a well and write out a receipt with pencil on an old envelope or scrap of paper, which receipt the lender as often as not stuck carelessly into the hip pocket of his overalls, being too busy with deals of importance to squander time on trivial formalities.

No Need to Sail Cross-Country

USUALLY the bottom drops out of an oil boom and the town and the plungers who made it are left flatter than a flapjack. Spindletop had its brief day of glory and faded, but Beaumont had made a start and never afterward relapsed. For it had three strings to its bow—lumber, rice and oil. When the lumber business went through the doldrums they made a bumper rice crop, that district being among the leaders in the United States both for growing and milling, with a capacity of ten thousand barrels a day. If neither rice nor lumber happened to be doing much there was oil. Of late years Jefferson County has had four refineries with a daily capacity in excess of 182,000 barrels.

Moreover, Beaumont is a port. Don't glance at the geography and hoot—I did that and then one P. B. Doty and another, Emmett Fletcher, took me down and showed me the harbor and the ships. To be sure, Beaumont is fifty miles inland from the Gulf of Mexico, but it is a port all the same. Did you ever hear of the Neches River? That's hardly to be wondered at, but it would appear that the stream is navigable. They have deepened the channel to twenty-six feet, provided one-way locks to keep the salt water out of the rice fields and do a considerable trade with Mexico and Europe.

Why, I saw a big vessel there from Lake Michigan and was wondering how the—— Well, the map showed no water connection between Lake Michigan and Beaumont, you see, which induced speculation as to the point where the ship cut across country. Then somebody explained that it had gone through the Great Lakes and the Welland Canal, down the St. Lawrence River and along the Atlantic Coast until it reached the Gulf of Mexico and the Neches River. After that I gazed on the town with awe, for in my wildest imaginings it had never occurred to me anybody could be that anxious to get to Beaumont.

The water front is thirty-five miles long and they have made a substantial start toward an ambitious system of municipal wharves and docks. Indeed the citizens of Beaumont are always ready to back any enterprise for the good of the place with their money, and they are not only building the docks but the navigation district in which the town belongs put up half of the million dollars required to deepen the channel.

To-day it has a population of about forty-five thousand, well-paved streets, many fine residences, substantial business blocks and a jail which looks like a small edition of an English castle. My reason for mentioning the jail is that it is almost empty and has been so since the middle of the year. A Beaumonter who has no leanings toward prohibition and proved it to me—bless his old heart—stated that the jail had frequently run to standing room only when booze was sold in the town, and the criminal-court dockets were so congested that it often seemed hopeless for them ever to catch up.

"And now the judges can hardly fill in the time when they ain't fishin'," he declared.

In addition to all these advantages—with 361 ocean-going vessels visiting its harbor in one year—Beaumont has enjoyed government munificence in the direction of wooden ships. Four yards for the building of the Ferris type of wooden ship were established there and speedily placed on a cost-plus-ten-per-cent basis. The basins at this writing are choked with newly built vessels lying idle. What's more, they have been lying idle in Beaumont for months. I counted ten and am assured that more than a score of ships have been turned out at a cost in excess of $600,000 each when complete with machinery installed and no use has been made of them at all. A few others have made a trip or two. It appears that the Government is waiting to sell these vessels. The prices quoted in Beaumont run about one-fifth of the cost.

These yards employed more than 7000 men at the height of their operations; now their force has dwindled to about 800 and the workers who flocked to the town have scattered to the four winds. Beaumonters assert that labor agitation entered an acute stage with the influx of the shipyard men.

Beaumont then possesses a wide variety of activities. Indeed in a small way it has most of the industries and businesses to be found in this country—agriculture, cotton, lumber, oil, iron works, shipping and shipbuilding, mills, newspapers and job-printing plants, hotels, restaurants, wholesale and retail establishments of all kinds. It has likewise the labor elements to be found in most centers, including a small alien population, for a number of little shops are owned by foreign-born residents and every large industry there employs numbers of them. In addition to these there are about 15,000 colored people in Beaumont.

Thus it will be seen that Beaumont's problem was a miniature of the problem that confronts the country.

The coming of the shipbuilding plants resulted in strong union organization. With the exception of a large petroleum refinery and the iron works and retail stores, Beaumont became a closed-shop town. And from then to the recent clash there were constant labor troubles. An employer never knew at what moment his business would be tied up, or on what pretext. They accepted orders with misgivings, knowing well their contracts with labor might not be worth the paper they were written on and work might cease any day with an order unfilled.

Silver Cleaning Induces a Strike

ONE of the mill owners had all his hands walk out without warning because ice water had not been provided. That was in April. His contract with the union called on the employer to provide water, but through an oversight he did not do it. Instead of drawing attention to this neglect, which Mr. Walden would have hastened to remedy, his employees struck.

Beaumont has always paid high wages. It is one of those towns where money is fairly easy but cost of living proportionately high. All communities where much new wealth is created or to which it is diverted are like that. However, though the cost of living was on a plane with much larger cities, the wage scale kept pace and Beaumont employers assert they have always paid from one to two and a half dollars a day more than towns of similar size anywhere in the Southwest. In spite of that they had frequent strikes for higher pay and the two large concerns which maintained open shop were ceaselessly bombarded with attempts to force union contracts on them. Union contracts called for the closed shop.

To illustrate what the leaders in Beaumont understood by a closed shop: In one of the restaurants a waitress remained after hours to do some silver polishing. This was extra work, so the union fired her. As she was one of his best employees the proprietor promptly put her in as cashier. His cooks and waiters thereupon struck and presented a new contract.

Periodically the iron works had to combat union attempts to make it a closed shop. They had a strike in August for this purpose. The president of the concern shut

down for three weeks, then reopened with some of the former employees who wanted to return and a lot of young men he managed to hire in various parts of the country. By paying each man for what he does and not for time these works increased their output forty-four per cent in October.

One of the favorite devices of certain unions was to wait until a contract entered into by an employer was half completed and then call a strike unless their new demands were granted. Employers did their utmost to insure against this possibility by making agreements with the unions before they accepted orders, but those agreements did not stand. When they thought the employer must yield or lose heavily on his contracts they struck. A building contractor had three union contracts broken in the course of a year.

Early in 1919 the Trades Assembly started to organize the clerks in the retail stores, but met with scant success, though an organizer from outside was called to the job. The Retail Merchants' Association heard of the move, but offered no objection. At a meeting in April they decided not to oppose membership of their employees in a union, but also not to sign any union contracts individually. They also went on record in favor of the open shop.

In July an organizer arrived in Beaumont. He was an international representative and proceeded to put on a campaign, backed by the Trades Assembly. There are close to 1200 clerks of both sexes in the town; 130 signed union cards. The majority of those who joined were employed in shops where the scale of pay was lower than in the large stores.

The Pickets Become Obstreperous

THUS fortified, the organizer was able to procure the signatures of a number of small merchants to the union contracts, but the members of the Retail Merchants' Association declared against such a step.

No strike was called, perhaps because the membership of the retail clerks' union was so limited. Instead the leaders decided to concentrate on five of the stores which enjoyed the bulk of the trade. They picketed these places with young girls and women. The pickets wore placards and ganged up near the entrances, interfering with customers. Their methods soon grew drastic; they did not hesitate to add holding to persuasion, almost pulling some prospective buyers out of doorways. An elderly lady had her shirtwaist torn off by a picket.

After the first week two negro women were added to each doorway for the declared purpose of appealing to members of their race not to shop in these stores. This brought about a dangerous situation, liable to explode into a race war any minute. In the Southwest, where the color line is so sharply drawn, the presence of negro pickets roused bitter resentment.

The merchants on whom the unions concentrated had not been hostile to organized labor. They would not consent to the closed shop, but none had ever discriminated against a union employee or opposed any clerk's joining the union. They were given the third degree in order to force union contracts upon them, and of course the union contracts called for the closed shop.

One of their number, a Jewish merchant held in great respect throughout the county, had been especially friendly toward unions. He had always contributed to the various charities or benefits promoted by union men, and when the telephone girls in another Texas town went out on strike Mr. Nathan sent several hundred dollars to help them. He had frequently announced to his employees that any who cared to join the union might do so with his heartiest good will. He offered to pay their initiation fees. Yet when he returned from a trip east it was to find his store picketed and to hear himself branded unfair and his loyal employees scabs. It cut pretty deep. He threw himself into the open-shop movement and is now one of the strongest opponents the unions have raised up against their efforts to dominate Beaumont.

Naturally the employers made attempts to have the picketing stopped. Injunctions were procured enjoining the officers of the Trades Assembly. To meet these legal difficulties the picketers changed their signs from "This Store is Unfair" to pleas such as "Help the Poor Working Girl to Get a Living Wage."

Then contempt proceedings were filed—and contempt of court is a criminal charge. The secretary of the Trades Assembly and one of the women pickets were placed under arrest, but nothing ever came of these cases.

After the picketing had been going on for about five weeks an ordinance was presented to the city council to prohibit it. The ordinance passed in September. The mayor vetoed it.

"I regard the passage of such an ordinance as superfluous," he stated, "for the reason that under existing ordinances every power sought to be conferred by this enactment is already given to the city. Furthermore this ordinance apparently is designed or intended to make the city through its government a party to an existing controversy between the organization of retail merchants and that of the retail clerks, which matter is already in the district courts for adjudication. It is my view that in such controversies it is not the province of a city to assume judicial cognizance beyond its duty in the enforcement and maintenance of law and order. Since the situation intended to be remedied by this ordinance is now in a state court for determination upon its merits and since that court has superior jurisdiction to the corporation court I see no need for additional municipal legislation. If picketing is unlawful that fact must be and will be clearly established by the state court."

Another meeting of the council was called; sympathizers of both sides to the controversy packed the chamber and feeling ran high. Tempers were hair trigger in Beaumont in those days. The mayor read his written statement. The council proceeded to pass the ordinance again over his veto, without argument or comment, and with only one dissenting vote. Immediately after the ordinance went into effect the pickets were pulled off. They had been maintained almost nine weeks.

These incidents stirred the town. The public never takes much interest in a strike they don't feel directly and acutely. What do you and I care that the cutters in the tailoring establishments are out, so long as we don't happen to need any new clothes at the time? But the trouble over the retail clerks' union affected practically everybody in Beaumont. It enlisted a lot of sympathy for the merchants against whom the picketing had been directed and determined almost every employer of labor there to fight such methods.

Turning Sympathy Into Antagonism

FROM the moment organized labor secured a strong hold on Beaumont its leaders had everything their own way and proceeded to crowd their advantage. Even after the furor stirred up by the picketing fiasco, and with plenty of object lessons to reveal how public sympathy was being alienated from their cause, union leaders persisted in their tactics. They seemed unable to shake the illusion that they could force their domination on business and hence on the public.

It has been the same all over America. The greatest weakness of the labor movement is in their leadership. With able men to direct their strength—men with sufficient vision to perceive that fair play and a regard for contracts are essential to lasting success—they could have gained such a position of strength by this time that capital would have been compelled to treat with them on a footing they cannot now hope to attain for a long time. They have given unionism a setback—make no mistake about that. Wild radicals have succeeded in undoing in twelve months much of the sound constructive work of twenty years. The most pitiless enemy of unionism could not wish them poorer leadership than many of the unions have recently displayed.

Next came a strike of millworkers over new wage demands. Warning of this had been given; it was scheduled for October fifteenth. Also plumbers had boosted wages up to nine dollars a day and carpenters to a dollar an hour. In almost every strike that took place in Beaumont the local unions broke contracts.

Out of all these troubles, of which the retail clerks' picketing was the climax, sprang the open-shop movement. A more favorable opportunity could not have been taken. The public—all those who did not belong to a union or were not so closely associated with union members that their sympathies ran to them—were fed up and disgusted by the tactics used at the instigation of the radicals.

In Beaumont, as in many another American community, the question boiled down to one of fair play. Must a man join a union before he could work, or did a citizen have the right to work, whether or not he held a card? That became the issue. Disputes over wages took a secondary place and catch phrases such as collective bargaining fooled only the impressionable. The public was wearied of endless bickering, tired of strikes and their disruption of business just when business was booming. So when a number of employers got together and organized the Open Shop Association of Jefferson County all sorts of citizens rallied to their support. In the bulletins which the

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143d Infantry, June 10, 1919, in Beaumont, Texas

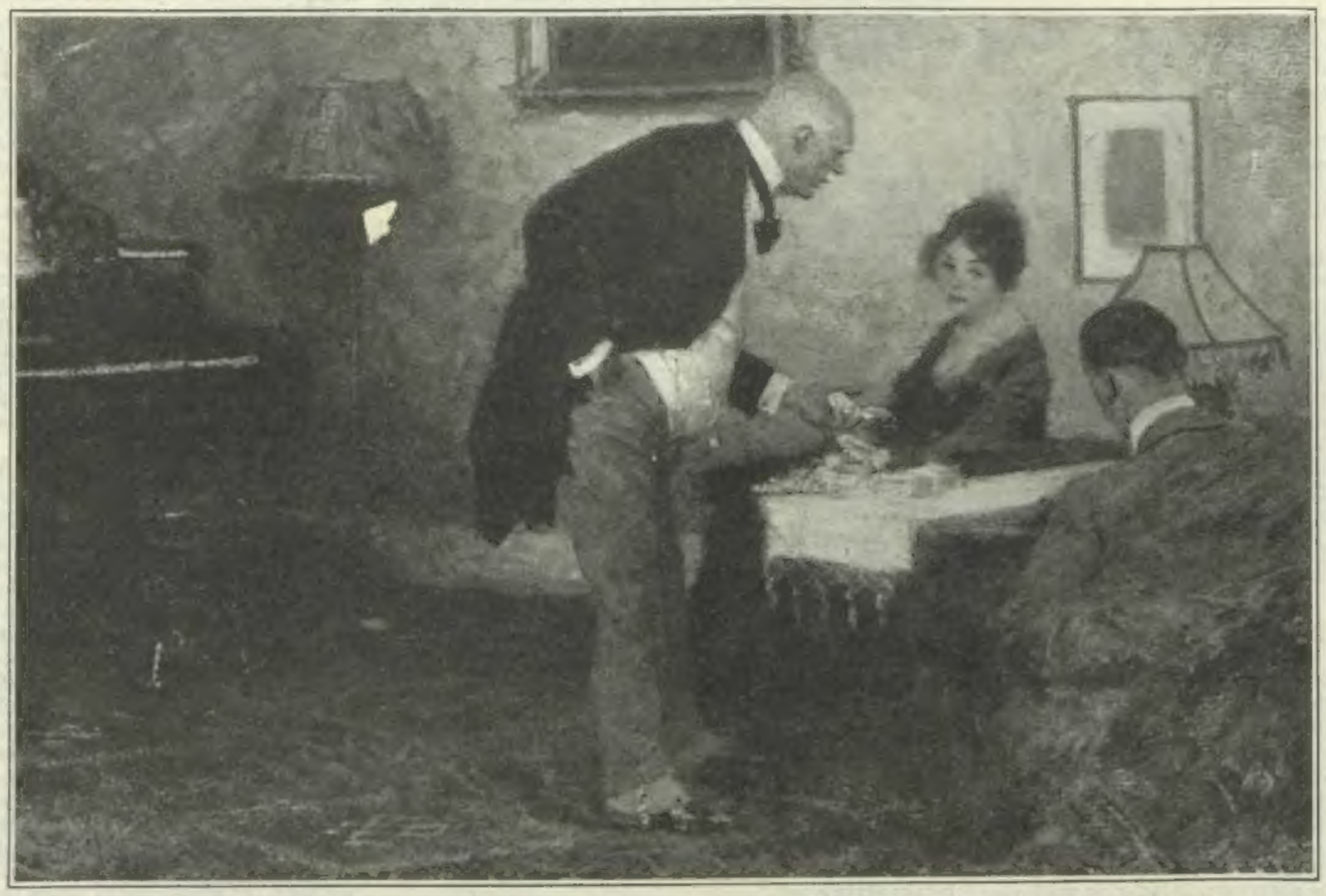
CON

By W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

IN THE placid spring of 1910 a young man, W. C. Crosby, found himself poor and determind to be rich.

It was no sudden geysering of ambition within him. He had been fluctuating between fortune and indigence since boyhood. Several times after his sixteenth year Crosby had made himself wealthy by means within and without the law, and just as often he had spent and speculated and skidded his way back to poverty. And there he stood now, beside the highroad, looking wistfully back to his fortieth year and forward to being moneyless within a few months. The prospect did not disconcert him. He had been tossed about long enough to be perfectly resilient. But he must get in motion at once. He must have a scheme of some kind and go to work.



The Banker Displayed the Cash and Renewed His Persuasions. Real Money the Widow Could Not Resist

So by the time the roses were blowing in the suburban gardens W. C. Crosby—under a somewhat altered name—had flowered out in Broad Street, overlooking Wall, as an installment dealer in speculative stocks. The euphemism he permitted himself in the matter of his firm name was dictated by caution. Not that he was, as the phrase goes, known to the police, but that the post-office inspectors, the commercial-rating people and others of the prying crew who often interfere with the best-laid plans of dishonest men, were far too familiar with his proper name and many of his past peccabilities. These gentlemen would unquestionably have called Crosby a confidence man—and who are we to dispute official opinion? The fact remained, however, that they had not then lived to prove it. They had arrested this scheming gentleman several dozen times in the course of twenty years or so, but they had never yet been able to close retentive doors against him. All of which they attributed to bad luck and Crosby to his own perspicacity.

That was nearly ten years ago. Since twenty years of scheming and swindling had not brought him low, this debonair concocter of business marvels looked forward to immediate prosperity and lasting immunity. He considered his installment-stock scheme perhaps the surest and safest of the many tricks he had devised or used in all his roguery. No need to describe it beyond the confession that it was purely a device for lightening the purses and shortening the bank balances of the avaricious and unwary. Crosby was not the only man and his by no means a solitary firm in this field. And none of the others had gone to jail, though some had passed it uncommon close. So Crosby felt at peace with trouble and went ahead.

Famous Crooks of the Classics

SEVEN years later and six years after he had left this Broad Street business at the height of its prosperity to turn his variable and subtle talents to other endeavors, W. C. Crosby was placed on trial in the United States District Court in New York, charged with using the mails to defraud in connection with this long-extinct enterprise. And somewhat thereafter he entered the gates of Atlanta, which swing inward with alacrity and outward painfully. Here he remained a guest of the Government for two years.

Not many weeks since, Crosby returned to New York from his expiatory pilgrimage to the South, punished, chastened and even contrite. He is done with that moving and changing world in which he was for more than a quarter century a large and perhaps a luminous figure. He is finished with con. And in token of his resolution he intends here to burn his bridges behind him by revealing completely the secrets and conspiracies of his craft. He goes on the assumption that he knows his subject as thoroughly as anyone living to-day—this with all proper modesty.

A man who has been intimate and more or less continuously associated for upward of thirty years with the modern confidence or get-rich-quick game in a hundred of its variations, who has known nearly all the contemporary large operators in this field and has been closely or distantly connected with most of them, must be conceded very definite knowledge of his profession. In the same spirit it is reasonable to believe that a man who has taken perhaps one and a half million dollars from the public as his personal profit from his schemes must have possessed special gifts in his dubious line. The number and depth of the iniquities are confessed at the outset, with nothing to offset the evil record but the plea that the perpetrator has been punished beyond what is implied by a sentence of two years in prison, and the assurance that he is done with his crimes and is trying to make some sort of reparation by disclosing the whole fabric of swindling to the public for its future protection.

Crosby has profited a million and a half by his crimes—and has nothing left. He has defrauded persons in all parts of the country and in all stations, from the obscure sucker to the city banker. He has worked every imaginable type of superior confidence trick. His activities have taken him over a good half of the United States and he has been engaged in scores of industries—mining, oil, inventions, lands, brokerage, banking, local and general promotions, building, real estate, engineering, electrical and mechanical devising, hotels, produce and what not. To many of the enterprises he initiated he brought the intent of honesty. As often as otherwise he planned his adventures along legitimate lines, but the itch of quick-and-easy money always overcame him and in the end his projects uniformly eventuated in fraud. Why he does not attempt to say, unless it was that the oblique was always easier for him than the straight.

For the purpose of these articles Crosby is the confessor and furnisher of information. What he wishes to attempt in the following narrative is an informative survey of the whole field of con—of that large and inclusive class of swindles based on misplaced confidence and worked by means of a certain definite psychology in the mass of mankind. It may not be amiss to say that the man who stands behind this material is a person of education and rather general culture. He is a graduate engineer; he was always an indefatigable reader of everything that concerned his multifarious activities and much that did not. No man without unusual equipment could have done his deeds. Above everything else, he is a shrewd and deeply sophisticated knower of life. He has watched the vain procession for many years with eyes that defeat all masquerade—a very different person from the crook as he exists in the mind of the general public, very different from the old type of confidence man.

The origin of the confidence game is not easy to trace. The Vedas and the Mediterranean classics reveal the ancient gods themselves as sad rascals. Petronius and the Gesta Romanorum contain descriptions of Latin roguery. Chaucer is forever dwelling on the trickery and scoundrelism of his contemporaries and in the succeeding era a whole literature of lawlessness had sprung up in Europe, reflecting the manners and methods of the engaging criminals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, undoubtedly greatly romanticised. Lazarillo de Tormes in Spain, Gil Blas in France, and Till Eulenspiegel in Germany are the archetypes. England's Robin Hood is a quotable but less analogous figure. The early English novelists are, however, brimming with the stories of picaroons who are the progenitors of the modern confidence man. The chaste Richardson has a type in his Clarissa. De Foe's Colonel Jack is of the stripe and so are the numerous picaresque heroes or antiheroes of Fielding. And Smollett in his Roderick Random described with uncanny exactness the work of a bunko steerer. Those familiar with this old romance will remember how Random and his friend Strop were accosted by a suave stranger on their arrival in London and shortly relieved of their gold in a card game, perhaps the very eight-dice-cloth which came into enormous profitableness in America a good deal later under the familiar name of banco.

The Evolution of the Gold-Brick Game

BUT all these rogues and their rogueries, with the exception of the last, bear only a distant relationship to the great American confidence game. They are the forgotten ancestors. Banco, or eight-dice-cloth, on the other hand, was one of the three immediate parents—if I may take such a liberty with parentage—of the game as it exists to-day. The other two are the old sawdust or green-goods game and the gold brick of poignant memory. These latter two appear to have been indigenous and all three began life in this country simultaneously, or within a single decade.

Banco, brought across the Atlantic by the inflowing British crook, was first put to work about 1855 in the Western United States, contradictory as that may seem. In my judgment it was preceded a few years by the gold-brick swindle in its most primitive form and followed in a few years by the green-goods fraud. These early confidence tricks are important to any consideration of the game as it now stands, since they reveal how social conditions breed, cultivate and change the practices and devices of the swindler.

The gold craze, which swept over the United States with the 1849 rush to California and the succeeding waves, gave rise to the gold-brick scheme. The country was drunken with gold greed. The marvelous stories of nuggets dug from the hills and millions washed from the California creek gravels had the population in so fabulous a frame of mind that nothing was easier for the sharper than to play the stranded miner forced to sell a brick of gold for much less than its value. This was the crudest

form of the gold-brick game, which has passed through innumerable steps of evolution since then and is—though it may be a surprise—still worked in a greatly elaborated form.

The crook is always attracted to regions of sudden prosperity and quick expansion. There he finds loose and easy money. So it was natural for the recently arrived British swindler to flow west to California along with the gambler and the dance-hall prostitute. It was thus that the great and costly game of banco came to be introduced to America via the Pacific Slope. Banco masqueraded as a lottery, but was simply a gamble with marked cards or a stacked deck. Its important feature was the manner in which the victim was led to the altar. Ropers and steerers were sent out who struck up acquaintances with miners who had more gold than sense and led them, after winning their confidence, to the banco establishment, where the victim was skillfully led along through a series of small winnings to a great wager—which he invariably lost. Here are all the characteristics of the complete confidence game, and it was from the ropers used in this swindle that we have the still current bunko steerer. In later years banco, with its name transmuted into bunko, was played in every large American city and its victims were the verdant rubes of fragrant memory.

Green goods came into notice on the heels of banco and was again born of a social condition. During and after the Civil War the paper currency was enormously expanded and in many parts of the country the treasury certificate and the bank note displaced specie for the first time. Many were not familiar with the new money or the precautions taken in its production, and these retarded ones were easy prey for schemers who pretended to sell counterfeit or genuine bank notes at great reductions.

Just who originated the green-goods idea has always been in dispute. Con men of the old school accredit it to various of their former leaders. Major Arthur Griffiths, the Scotland Yard authority, who made a study of this game a number of years ago, attributes it to James "King" McNally, who is said to have plied it first in New York. Griffiths got his information from the late Thomas Byrnes, the celebrated New York police inspector and detective chief, and from testimony given before the Lexow committee. The probabilities are with this authority. Certainly green goods was originally a New York game, and McNally was at least its first large operator.

Easy Victims

IN THE green-goods game again success depended on the artful preparation of the victim, the winning of his confidence, the dulling of his good sense, the allaying of his suspicions and the excitation of his natural avarice—all the elements of the genuine confidence fraud. Later on one of the chief ingredients of the latter-day con concoction was added when the victim was made to take part in the criminal conspiracy and was thus stripped of his power to go to the police and complain.

Most present-day schemes are descended detail for detail from these old and sterile frauds. The ever-fruitful mining-stock swindle is a mixture of the gold-brick and green-goods rackets. And there isn't a get-rich-quick mechanism in use to-day that does not employ some variant of the steerer who was first used in banco.

Now then, if the con game was first plied about 1850 it is precious close to seventy years old and ought to have been buried some time ago. Every few months the newspapers and periodicals expose some sort of bunko game. The courts are continually sending our fellows to jail. The people are much better educated than they used to be and there are practically no rubes left. But the confidence game is greater than ever and vastly more prosperous than its early disciples ever dreamed it could be.

W. A. Pinkerton was quoted some time ago as estimating the annual takings of con men at $10,000,000. He must have been using con in its very narrowest sense. All the old estimates placed the figure between $25,000,000 and $50,000,000 with the leaning toward the greater amount. This was supposed, in the days before the war, to include the peculations of stock swindlers, promotion schemers, crooked brokers and all their crew. Today such figures are entirely inadequate, as will appear. At the moment it is impossible to calculate with any accuracy what total the year's swindlings will arrive at, but all estimates place it in the hundreds of millions. A little light may be had from the matter of oil promotions.

In New York there is a concern which does confidential investigating for many kinds of clients. This company devotes special attention to stock-and-promotion swindles. Not long ago I was told by an agent of this concern that in the eighteen months prior to October, 1919, there had been incorporated in the United States more than five thousand two hundred oil companies. This concern had investigated them all and found that only a minor percentage were straight. In other words, a large number had no visible assets and could not be rated at all. They were dealing in pale-blue sky.

Now I know from experience that the average capital stock of such oil companies is not less than one hundred thousand dollars each. So these five thousand two hundred companies represent a stock-selling possibility of more than half a billion dollars—and a large number were found to be fraudulent. Every man will draw his conclusions according to his temperament and judgment. Personally I can see where $50,000,000 is likely to be taken from the public right here. The oil concerns need to sell only a small per cent of their capital stock to do it.

It may seem puzzling, all this enormous expansion in con in spite of the attacks made on the swindler from every side. But to me the reasons for it are good and clear. Confidence is a business, and, like all business, changes and conforms to conditions. In fact, con takes rise from the conditions of life about it and adapts itself as does social life. And con plays an invariable chord in the human make-up—good old earthy greed. But this greed must be played upon according to the times and circumstances. Few are swindled with gold bricks nowadays, for there is no gold fever, but many are mulcted by means of fake stocks.

There are other reasons why con is perennial. It has taken advantage from the beginning of the public foibles, of what is now termed mass psychology. Our people know that the great American fortunes were made either from the natural resources of the country—mines, oil, timber and land—or from spectacular inventions, or from fortunate speculation. Rockefeller is the man who stands for the first type, Henry Ford for the second, and J. P. Morgan for the third. That is the way the popular mind sees these things. It remembers the few successes and forgets the many failures.

The Old Banker Took Me to His Club for a Drink, Which I Downed for Policy's Sake. Drink Was Never One of My Failings. It Mixes Badly With Sharp Business

Wilde's Escape

SO THE con man bases all his schemes on these three great wealth producers. Almost without exception he offers his victims a chance to get rich through mines and oil wells, through some wonderful mechanism or patent or through speculation. No wonder con grows constantly greater.

In the old days of plain bunko steering, which I think ended back in the 1890's, the average haul from a victim was a few hundred dollars. When the famous Hungry Joe Lewis cultivated Oscar Wilde on his American tour and got a five-thousand-dollar check from the poet it was considered a remarkable coup and two countries were struck with mirth and wonderment, even though Wilde saw through the scheme in time to stop payment of the check. But nowadays a first-class confidence operator would spurn a scheme that promised only five thousand dollars. That is almost the irreducible minimum and most swindles of these times are aimed at pots from five to fifty times as great.

One other change has come over the confidence man. Once he tackled only the rustic, the simpleton, the suburban merchant, the stranger in town. Now he pays little attention to this class. To-day your swindler goes after the most experienced and most cynical. The banker and man of moneyed affairs has recently become a favorite mark of the most expert confidence man for reasons which will shortly appear. So I may as well

(Continued on Page 65)

HABEAS CORPUS

By Sinclair Lewis

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

NOTHING is very old in the Middle-Western city of Vernon, but in Mississippi Street remain the gloomy stone buildings erected by the early fur traders and a mysterious ancientness clings to the dark irregular way. Halfway down it the only wooden Indian now left in Vernon patiently offers his bundle of the very best oak cigars in front of a stuffy tobacco shop. Within the shop are dim recesses, nose-tickling dust from dry tobacco leaves, cigar boxes in toppling piles, a great deal of arguing and no system whatever.

"Do You Know What it Means if These Fellows Get Deported? You're a Swe-l-l-l Socialist!"

The proprietor is Leo Gurazov, the swart Bulgarian. He reads history and economics in four languages. He feels superior to these stupid Yankees and he tells them so. He is an overwhelming talker. His monologues burst out in a black flood. He shouts, he grunts, he cackles, he sneers; he scratches his beard and curses the Government—any government. And while he talks his business drifts away to the glittery new store on the corner, where the clerk smacks down change and fresh cigarettes instead of conversation.

Gurazov must have been a waiter in Bulgaria. He drifted through France and Russia as a young man and was sent out to a trading station in Siberia with nothing much to do but read and play solitaire. After a couple of years of loafing by the porcelain stove he became fat and sallow, so that his small black beard stood out on his puffy face like a frostbite on a pear.

He was too indolent to check his stock, but he was a willing talker. There was a convict camp not far distant, and when trusties who had been revolutionists in Moscow came over he talked all the white night over tea and cabbage soup. He borrowed their surreptitious books and became extremely violent—as far down as the roots of his tongue. The rest of his padded body didn't think much of these jails and barricades of which his friends were always gossiping.

The first inspector to toil over the icy desert to his station took a glance at the ledger and discharged him. Gurazov unhappily drifted to China and the South Seas. He drank rum with beach combers and strange women. He disliked bloodshed—it was so energetic, so interruptive to ceaseless burring conversation—but rather than work he let himself be caught up in an exciting plan to go blackbirding in the Solomon Isles. In a boat with two dead men he floated between glittering sea and glaring sky for what may have been a week or a year, raving the while in four languages that his brain was bleached dry and that if he was ever picked up he would become a religious. Yet he certainly was somewhere near the bund of Hong-Kong when Cap'n Alec M'Gallup's head was crushed by a square face of gin. All this he later admitted to Nick Benorius, of Vernon, boasting of himself as a dangerous saboteur.

He landed in America on a thin-waisted Russian tramp steamer, a steward in a filthy jacket, much given to smoking cigarettes on the gratings in the fiddley, where firemen's neck scarfs hang drying and the smell is of rust and coal. He was a shambling, furtive, bloated, insignificant Mongol Slav with no undergarments; immensely snarled at by the first officer and occasionally kicked in a reflective way by the second. But he was also the only scholar aboard and in his bunk in the dark cuddy that was always full of the reek of the galley he had an English grammar, a translation of Balzac's Droll Tales and a coverless copy of Louisa May Alcott's Little Women.

After ten years, during which he was a bum in every wandering box car on the windy plains and a motorman in Omaha, a lunch-room waiter in Des Moines and a comparatively steady cigar maker in Vernon, he was the owner of this tobacco shop. He was known as a voluminous talker to every loiterer in town. But to his clerk, Becky Tchernin of the hot eyes and the light foot at radical dances, he was known chiefly as a nagging, bellowing boss. To himself he was an adventurer.

In every city you will find men who twenty years ago wandered in Abyssinia or Alaska and who still after two decades of nothing more perilous than catching commuting trains regard themselves as wild ones, likely at any time to take up aviation. While the cells of Gurazov's body completed their subtle change into fat and inertia he believed that he was young and desperate. And he was tired of cigar selling. The chain stores and the modern counters in drug stores made him tireder. Every customer whom he lost to the bright new shops, every complaint that his wares were stale and himself insolent, showed him what a rotten country this was for an intellectual.

When the Bolsheviki got control of Russia he read of the romance of Trotzky and was thoughtful and a little jealous. His own Bulgaria showed signs of a like revolution. With his languages, his—unappreciated—brains, his knowledge of American and Russian customs and politics, he could be the Trotzky of Bulgaria. Yes, and more than that. Why, Trotzky, commander of the red army, had been nothing but a poor newspaper man in New York cafes, while Gurazov was a great business man and scholar.

He would return to Bulgaria! He would show these bonehead citizens of Vernon! He would be chief commissar of Bulgaria—anything he chose. When he landed he would whisper to the new government that the other returned Balkan-Americans—mechanics from Bridgeport and buttermilk sellers from New York—did not understand the real America. He, Gurazov the great, knew all of the West. He would admit that he had been much honored and asked for advice by mayors in rather vague cities between Chicago and Victoria. But he would not be fool enough to ally himself with any one political wing at first. He would be wary till he had looked over the country, then identify himself with the strongest faction.

There was one trouble with his plans—how the deuce could he get to Bulgaria? Even if he managed a passport he had no money for transportation. The store barely paid Becky's wages and his own food and clothing.

When the armistice had been signed and Trotzky had remained in power for a year Gurazov was still stuck in Vernon, insignificant and unappreciated, while in Europe there awaited him the power of kings.

II

INTO Gurazov's shop dotted Nick Benorius, the secretary of the Vernon socialist local—a gruff, nervous, ruffle-haired little man. He slapped a paper on the counter and demanded, "Comrade, we're getting up a fund for the defense of the Hindus who are in danger of deportation. Will you give three dollars?"

"Let 'em deport 'em! I ain't interested in no Hindus," snapped Gurazov.

He was at outs with his former socialist friends. He had not supported their antiwar platform. Gurazov was antiwar but he was also antijail. He could see nothing at all to having policemen poking into his shop and sending him to Leavenworth. It was too comfortable to sit behind the counter and get in a stretch when he reached for a pack of cigarettes.

Nick Benorius telescoped his neck like a turtle drawing into its shell, while he grumbled, "Do you know what it means if these fellows get deported? You're a swe-l-l-l socialist!"

"Ah!" remarked Gurazov, and waddled out to the back room, which was at once his private cigar factory and his bachelor chambers.

A word stuck with him. Deported! He was not an American citizen. If he were deported to Bulgaria he would have a free ride and all the more credit with the Balkan radicals because he had been a martyr in America. He stopped rolling cigars. He pounded the heel of his puffy palm on the table. It sounded almost as squashy as a ripe tomato. He pondered inertly—a Balkan Buddha run to fat.

Becky Tchernin, his clerk, crept along the dark aisle from the store to demand, "Juh order those Semelik cigarettes? Fellow here for 'em."

Snatched from his dream refuge, Gurazov brayed, "Get out of here! I won't stand it no more! Me waiting on low-life Yankees!"

"Don't talk to me like that or I'll go back to the candy factory—and customers like me," Becky said calmly.

"No, I don't want you should do that. But go away. Don't bother me, Becky. I'm thinking."

It was a great thinking and difficult. Gurazov cursed himself for having been so cautious in his references to the war that there was no reason for deporting him. Why

hadn't he written articles denouncing Pershing? Why hadn't he stood in with Nick Benorius, who had been investigated half a dozen times? Well, it wasn't too late. Thus it was that Gurazov the cigar maker became seditious and in the very act of jerking his black felt hat down on his bushy head threatened the unconscious state. He clumped seven blocks over to Nick Benorius' office at socialist headquarters—a cubby-hole, a pile of pamphlets, a typewriter, an anæmic desk, a picture of Karl Kautsky.

Nick was painfully typing a letter. He looked up with disfavor and gobbled: "What do you want? What do you want?"

"Nick, I was wrong—I want to subscribe a dollar to the Hindu defense fund. I am sorry I seemed like I was mean. I had—oh, such a pain in the stomach."

"Where's the dollar?"

"I—I ain't got it with me, but right away I sign to pay it. Nick, I got a fine idea. Dollars? Huh! What we should have is a big parade demanding the release of all comrades held for deportation."

"Sure! Is that what you call a new idea? But none of the boys are going to jail just for ——"

"Jail! They should be proud to go to jail!"

"But they ain't going to jail just to make you proud because they go to jail. I don't notice you in no great hurry going to none. You stayed good and safe all through the war."

"I was wrong. And now —— I will lead a parade! With banners! Terrible! I will make a speech defying the Government! Let them arrest me!"

"You poor nut, they'd deport you."

"Would they? Sure?"

"Well, good chance of it."

"What I care? I am not afraid of martyrdom!"

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you? Well, you go right out and martyr yourself! You pick the first cop you see and say 'Hoch der Kaiser!' You'll get martyred soon enough. About once a day somebody comes by the office and wants me to put on my hat and go out and get beat up. But I never thought you were one of the nuts. I thought you were left wing in meetings and no wing at all when the cops came round. I don't know what your game is, but I know it's foolish. Hey! Wait! Sign up for that dollar!"

Gurazov stood outside socialist headquarters and raged:

"This is a swell country, where a man can't even be a martyr! And it cost me a dollar. Benorius—dirty coward! We would kick him out in Europe."

Miserably he hitched back toward his store. On the way he glanced at I. W. W. headquarters. Though a number of I.W.W. leaders had been arrested during the war, they kept up their propaganda among lumberjacks and their sign stared out black and white between a Chink laundry and the Norske Eating House. Ah, here were people who had nerve! Gurazov thrilled and grinned and rolled into the room.

It was bare and quiet. About a paunchy little stove were three wobblies—young men in mackinaws, sweaters, plush caps—now harvest hands, now swampers and gandy dancers, now strike orators and noisy singers in the jails of a dozen states. The readers stared at Gurazov as contemptuously as Gurazov stared at customers. It confused him. He smiled to be friendly, then scowled to be revolutionary and marched to the desk where a lanky man was writing a letter on a sheet of note paper scarce larger than his long knuckly hand.

"You the secretary?" chirruped the amateur revolutionist.

"Yup."

"Can I interrupt you, comrade?"

"Who are you?"

"I am Gurazov—member of the Socialist Party. I want ——"

"So you're a yellow socialist, are you? What do you want here?"

"I want to start a demonstration on behalf of—of the I. W. W. prisoners that will shake Vernon to the depths and ——"

"Oh, you're a depth shaker, are you? Well, go on out and shake. Pick out a good street corner and shake all night So long! I'm writing a letter."

"You don't get me, comrade." Gurazov beat his chest. It did not sound very terrifying, but the gesture was good. "I offer you my help. Let them deport me! What do I care?"

"Well, I don't know as I care a whole lot myself. I don't know nothing about you, friend. But I know I can start plenty of trouble and class war without any scissors bill like you butting in. Who are you anyway? What's your game?"

"I told you—I am a socialist."

"That's darned little recommend to a wobbly. You socialists are scared of direct action."

"The others are. Me, I am not! I am through with socialists! I denounce them!"

"All right, hire a hall. Say, friend, you look to me like a stool pigeon. You better pad your hoof out of this. I don't want to scab on no street cleaners, but I'm going to dump you in an ash can. Then you can go back and tell the police or the business men or whoever sent you that we ain't tipping them off on any rows we may be thinking of starting."

The lean secretary was uncoiling from his chair, his rough pads outstretched toward Gurazov. The misunderstood rebel started toward the door with much haste and dignity. He glared back and shouted: "Capitalists! Cowards!"

He stood outside wailing: "It ain't right! To call Gurazov an agent provocateur! When I want to stay out of trouble they all want me to do some foolishness, but now—traitors! Gutter pups! I'll show 'em what a real Balkan red can do! But—but —— I didn't think I'd have to work so hard to get into jail. Woosha! I'm almost out of breath."

III

THE indomitable Gurazov returned to his store, had a row with Becky, insulted one or two customers, paddled out to the back room, cleared a pile of bills, a pinochle pack, a pair of celluloid cuffs and a cold boiled potato off the table he used as desk and dining table, rolled up his sleeves, puffed, licked his lips, grunted and began to write sedition. He produced three hundred words of dynamite. The workers, he wrote, must wait no longer. If their unions or parties did not support them let them rise in twos and threes. Let them seize post offices, banks, treasuries. Then the revolution would burst out at once.

He signed it, he jocularly told Becky that she wasn't so much of a fool as she looked and he popped out to a print shop over a delicatessen store. It was a one-man shop and the one man wasn't much of a printer. He was glad if he got an auction bill and a letterhead in a day. But he had admired Gurazov's conversation and sometimes mildly guessed maybe things weren't like they ought to be.

When he had read Gurazov's manuscript—standing at the case under an electric bulb, following the script with his head moving and the paper near to his short-sighted eyes—he complained, "Say, mister, this is dangerous. It'll get you into trouble."

"If anybody asks you is Gurazov afraid say he stands here fearless. How much you charge to make a little book of that?"

The job cost him ten dollars for a hundred and fifty copies—cheap fare to Bulgaria and a fat commissarship. He exulted over the smudgy four-page pamphlet when it was done. He rushed into the store, banged one on the counter, shouted at Becky, "There! You think I am a four-flusher! You see? I am an author! I am a red! I take my place with Trotzky!"

Becky read the pamphlet and admired.

"My, it's swell! Who wrote it for you?"

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He Was Uninvited to Make Even a Little Pink Speech

ON TO THE NEXT

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

AMONG the fortunate few—fortunately few in our bourgeois society—the olden monkish motto "To labor is to pray" has been perverted into the pleasantly workable theory "To labor is to play." But when ill luck steps in to dull the glitter of their fortunate fewness then Satan, being sick, comes back to the simple wisdom of the monks; only he can't resist the temptation—poor devil!—to twist the spelling a little. "To labor is to prey"—aye, and it is weary work at times!

Paul and Christine Tallant had danced the borrowed carpet of luxury down to the bare boards, and the boards themselves were beginning to creak under them. One muggy noon of early May, 1919, in our improvement-wrecked, industriously disorganized, hideously ornamental metropolis—I am referring to New York—found Paul and Christine riding in a taxicab toward luncheon at Florio's. The party, of course, was being given by someone else. This last statement must serve for a volume in the biography of the Tallants, who during their motley years of married life had begun as professional week-enders and had degenerated into cheerful accepters of small luncheons, even in such dull company as that of Mr. George Eustone.

It was merely another story of the idealists who dream that weak tea can be accepted as a medium of exchange for vintage champagne. Well-born mediocrities, addicted to pleasure, cheated by circumstances out of the easy fortune which their temperaments demanded, they had floated along now over eleven years of married life, accepting favors with no idea of returning them. Quite naturally they had outstayed their welcome in fashionable New York. The fact that Paul was charming and Christine an adorable little witch buttered no bread for them any more in the houses of the great. The word had gone its rounds through the mammoth whispering gallery. Influential ladies were tired of getting Paul into jobs and out of scrapes. Important gentlemen began to see calculation in Christine's every pretty glance.

In a word, the jig was up. Gossip's Weekly, that truthful calendar of unpleasant fact, had ceased to refer to the Tallants as "sanguinary members of the bat family," which in the language of the film is to say "vampires." The Tallants had been dropped. And thus we see them on this noon of early May riding morosely toward Florio's, intent upon making the best of George Eustone's cheerless hospitality. Easy is the step out of the Major League into the Minor!

"Pobby," said Christine at last after they had ridden in bored silence halfway up the Avenue from their box of an apartment.

He pretended not to hear her, and with some impatience she turned her impertinent Japanesque black eyes upon the slender man who had grown thin and sickly through these years of farcical job hunting.

"I'm talking to you, Pobby."

"Oh, yes. Yes."

"We're almost there. Have you decided anything about George Eustone?"

"What's there to decide?"

"My word! Are we doing this for fun?"

"Nobody would ever call George fun," he conceded, his pale rather prominent eyes staring out at her.

"What has he got—that you could keep more than a week?"

"He's a clam, Chris. He opens up his shell, then snaps it down—heaven knows what he's got. But last night he said something about sending a traveler down to the Argentine. They're making a fight in South America for their farming machinery ——"

"You don't think you could sell shovels, do you?"

Her high voice had lost its cultivated pitch and roughened into a laugh.

"Don't let's get excited. My head aches. I won't have to sell anything. It's a sort of propaganda job—mixing with the best people, opening wine at the company's expense, giving them confidence in Americans and the Eustone machinery. All expenses paid ——"

"George Thinks a Successful Man Ought to be a Combination of a Cashier and a Night Watchman"

She was staring out of the window at the taxi dial mounting dizzily up like a record of their bankruptcy.

"And even if I don't make good," he argued on, "it's a long way to the Argentine; it would be six months—maybe a year—before George could chuck me. You could stay in New York if it suited you better."

"That's exactly what I should do," she said coldly.

"All right, Chris." His prominent eyes gazed at her thoughtfully before he spoke his mind. "Chris, what we've got to say, why don't you marry George Eustone?"

"Do you think I could?" she asked dispassionately.

"He's crazy about you—crazy as a clam. I wouldn't stand in your way. You know and I know that we're at the end of our string. Without clothes and entertainment and background you'd go raving. There's no deadhead list for us any more—among the right people."

"We still have George, you know," she assured him with a grin.

"He's a dull clod and a very second-rate millionaire, admit that. A middle-class Southerner from Lord knows where. But he's the kind that gets up by bull strength and awkwardness. He's reliable. You need a reliable husband. With a man to give you all the money you need, where couldn't you get, Chris?"

He had adopted a common-sense businesslike tone. No romance lay between the Tallants—why shouldn't they call a spade a spade?

"Let me act as your agent," he suggested. "George is a widower, in love, able to get married. Just go ahead and let me do my share."

"For a commission, I suppose?"

She was sorry she had said that, for the look in his pale eyes reminded her that Paul had been a gentleman less than a dozen years ago.

"You'd have nothing but yourself to think about if I were out of the way," she amended her last remark.

"You needn't worry about me. The world is full of heiresses—Argentina, Nome, all over the map. Hello! George is two jumps ahead, as usual!"

A prim, relentless, gray-overcoated back was just passing through Florio's swinging doors as the taxicab stopped.

George Eustone's back was not reassuring, but it was more heartening than the face which he presented to his guests. A narrow-chested man of about medium height, small tinted eyeglasses perched on a wedge-like nose, a long neck sprouting out from a low collar a size too large for him, eyes, hair and skin all of the same pallid tone—he gave them a cautious smile with a handclasp which seemed to promise nothing. Only his air of assurance saved him from mediocrity. No, George Eustone wasn't commonplace; yet neither his office boy nor his corporation lawyer could have told you why.

Paul Tallant barely repressed a humorous smile as he shook hands with the unresponding man whom he had chosen to be Christine's next husband.

"Edouard's bringing in cocktails," explained Eustone in his stiff formal tone, which in effect added twenty years to his forty-five. "Not that I care much for them usually—but July first's coming, and every man should do his duty."

He managed a difficult grin to signify that a host should be a humorist as well as a drunkard.

"And it's Saturday afternoon—oh, joy!" crowed Christine, giving him her adoring eyes and raising her little hands as if to catch him by the lapels of his iron-gray coat and kiss him then and there.

Eustone stepped back, a queerly irresolute expression upon his unloved lips. "I thought you wouldn't object," he said solemnly.

"Object! Does a duck object to swimming? Lead us!" chimed Paul.

The attentive Edouard led accordingly. George Eustone's guests fairly pranced into the dining room, their host following stiffly and cheerlessly in the rear to the table where tall beakers of amber fluid were set beside three plates. Paul drained his at a gulp; Christine managed an air of ladylike leisure; but George raised his glass, gazed at it with an unfriendly eye, set it down as though in concession to conscience, then finished it suddenly.

"There!" he said when the job was done. "They usually give me a headache. And now, Christine"—Paul Tallant chuckled inwardly at the creaking tone with which the uncouth adorer uttered the familiar name—"suppose you order. Food and drink never were much in my line."

"Edouard," began Mrs. Tallant glibly, having the head waiter at her elbow. "This is fresh caviar?"

"Yes, madame. The same as before the war."

"I wonder if Mr. Eustone would mind our having another cocktail? Would you, George?"

The pale face actually flushed, light actually came into the eyes behind the tinted glasses.

"Go ahead! Of course, not for me—one's my limit. Bring in two more, Edouard."

"No, no!" Christine held up a restraining hand. "I was only thinking of you men. No more for me."

"Make it three," said George decisively, and sent Edouard on his way.

"You have only to ask, you know," George Eustone told Christine, his stark thin face seeming to wrestle with a grudging softness. "Even if you do insist on turning me into a drunkard."

"It would take more than me to do that," she assured him, making the best of her smile and dimples, which her thirty-four years of experience had never seared away.

"I think you could do about what you pleased with a man," he blurted, then squared his mouth.

"She has him dazzled," thought Paul.

Christine was now ordering lavishly from the card. In the momentary pause Paul studied his host, finding amusement in his vision of this human icicle chained in the unholy bonds of wedlock to that lively deceptive little creature. Could she endure him after all? Of course if she neglected this opportunity she was more of a fool than he thought her. But he pitied her a little just the same.

The affair for a time went very well between George and Christine; very well for Paul, for the matter of that, because it gave him a chance to enjoy his food under the guise of a neglected husband. He never ceased to listen, however, and from what he heard he was convinced that Christine was doing very well. She would manage the South American appointment for him; of that Paul felt sure. His absence would make a divorce easy and plausible. What a life Christine would lead that poor stick!

"Tallant, do you know any Spanish?" asked George, turning suddenly with the air of one who feels that the husband after all has some rights.

Paul's heart thumped; fortunately he had but to speak the truth. "Four years in college and a year in Cuba," he explained; "mostly with Spanish people. Of course that was some time ago——"

"It is a very interesting language, they tell me," broke in George, making a characteristic dodge behind the safe barricade of abstractions. "I never was much on languages, but they tell me Spanish is very sensible, in spite of the way it sounds. For instance, they don't slur syllables and stick on a lot of extra, useless letters the way they do in French. French always made me tired. Any language where they spell a name C-a-i-l-l-a-u-x and pronounce it Ki-yo is wrong somewhere. How long would it take a person to get his Spanish back?"

Paul now saw the South American appointment looming large and golden.

"About six weeks in any Spanish-speaking town would ——"

"My long-lost brother!"

The interruption, doubly annoying at so important a point in their dialogue, came drawlingly in a charming and slightly sarcastic voice which caused George Eustone to look up, staring blankly as though he had seen a ghost. It was tall, this apparition, well-knit, handsomely clad, and with an air which registered upon Paul's ever-calculating brain the impression, "One of the Right Sort." George Eustone came clumsily to his feet and gave a clammy hand to the man, whose face made George's look like a poorly drawn caricature.

"Percy!" cried George, showing no great pleasure in the meeting. "When the devil did you get here?"

"This morning. I motored up from Louisville. Didn't intend to come, but I was trying out my new car, and when she got pointed this way I simply couldn't turn round. Had a big deal on here anyhow. Why not?"

He stood staring politely, an obvious hint which finally penetrated George's thick skin.

"You've met my brother?" he asked none too graciously. "Mrs. Tallant, Mr. Eustone—Mr. Tallant. Had your lunch?"

"Hungry as a dawg and begging from door to door," grinned Percy, motioning to a waiter to slide a chair between George and Mrs. Tallant.

Christine laughed, and Paul could see why. Percy Eustone looked so unlike one who would be begging from door to door. If ever there was a picture of Prince Fortunatus it was here. Easy, humorous, perfectly sure of himself, electric with vital energy, the model of a successful man. Paul fell at once to appraising him, comparing him with his brother. His ears lay close to his head where George's flopped out like those of an inquisitive mouse; where George's nose was meager Percy's showed an aristocratic little bump. Percy was undoubtedy somebody in the world. Where had George been keeping the secret of his lofty connections all these years?

"Of course we provincials," Percy was saying to Christine, who now had no eyes but for him, "aren't supposed to know the habits of the great world. But I'm going to make a proposal, Mrs. Tallant. I don't suppose married ladies object to proposals?"

"Not to any you could make," cooed Christine.

Paul restrained a laugh. The look she was lavishing upon him was so like that which had succeeded with so many rich men, for a while.

"Edouard," called the successful brother, beckoning to the head waiter, "haven't you a case of my special Sauterne on hand?"

"Yes, Mr. Eustone," said Edouard.

"Good! Bring a bottle right away, will you?"

"I don't want any," said George gloomily.

"Three glasses, Edouard," amended Percy. "It's positively unpatriotic to force anybody to drink nowadays." Then turning again to Christine: "That wine was a piece of foresight on my part. I saw trouble coming in July, so I had six cases held for me—two at the Metropolitan Club, three at the Tory Club and one here. I'm right relieved to find that Edouard has been saving it for me. What are you all eating?"

Percy turned to the waiter to order the favorite *plat du jour*, and in that short minute Paul had time to exchange glances with his wife. He wanted to warn her not to be too rough with George, whose head was now bowed over his plate, his fork working furiously. But the swift telegraphy of her eyes told Paul something. George didn't matter any more. Here, his knees under their very tablecloth, sat a mightier god.

"I have nothing to keep me in Louisville," Percy was going on as the wine went rilling into three generous glasses. "My business is as much in New York as in the South. I often wonder why I don't pick up and move here. I don't mean to move my house and grounds," he smiled again; "that would be something of a job in these days of government transportation."

Paul looked with a new curiosity. What windfall was this? What chance had poor dull George, a seedy widower, against this worldly bachelor, speaking easily of his estates in the South, his motor cars, his business which would suit him just as well in New York as in Louisville? In his novel capacity as marriage broker to his wife Paul considered the advantages of an alliance with the eminently desirable Percy Eustone.

"Business in New York, Mr. Tallant?" Percy asked, momentarily withdrawing his attentions from Christine.

"Headquarters here," explained Paul, rising to the occasion, as he felt he must. "Business all over the map."

George never looked up from the meat which he was chewing savagely.

"What Louisville needs is new blood," admitted Percy. "If I could get a few more of you enterprising New York chaps down there ——"

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"He's a Foxy Business Man in Spite of His Reputation as a Good Sport," Her Host Took the Trouble to Inform Her. "Richer Than Ever"

THE LAST WILDERNESS

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

IN ORDER really to appreciate it—this last wilderness—you should have been one of those two million or so of American Argonauts who went to Europe in some capacity or other to help win the war; one of those who set forth, enthusiastic, fervent, full of noble ideas of service, and then returned after sundry months or years of hard reality, like the Ancient Mariner, a sadder and a wiser man—a bit ragged as to nerves and temper; a bit disillusioned by the messiness of the entire proposition; a bit morose at discovering that some of your gods have clay feet and others of them cold feet; a bit troubled as to the future, especially the highly uncertain financial aspects of that same future; a bit wistful, sentimental, even sloppy over the past, possessed by a kind of vague but bitter nostalgia, a thirst, a craving for something, you scarcely know what, save that it is something different from what is; possessed too by a very strong devil of restlessness that will not let you settle down or work or think or love your wife, but keeps you forever jazzing round like a crazy human windmill, with but one persistent desire: To talk, talk, talk. In short, you come back home smitten with the afterwar sickness—world shell shock.

Too Much Hamlet

"YOU'LL get it!" said an ex-officer jubilantly to me. "Everybody's got it."

"I shan't," said I. "I feel too ill to print. What are the symptoms of this postwar epidemic?"

"Well," he expounded, "it's like this: If you're married you think to yourself: 'If I just weren't married—bound down—hog-tied—chained like a slave to the wheel, I could light out to-morrow morning for Timbuctu and it would be a little bit of all right.' And if your wife says, 'What's the matter, honey? What you scowling so tremendously about?' you think savagely to yourself, 'Goshdurn all hemlock! Hasn't a man a right even to think in the family circle? It's just my rotten luck to have married a shallow-pated doll!' And if you're not married you think to yourself gloomily: 'It's because I'm not married. Here I am, wasting my life. What I need is a sweet loyal little girl to love me and buck me up. Love—that's the only thing in the world. Single life is hell.' And you go along the street staring at every beautiful supple back or floating veil, and murmuring like a sickly lunatic, 'This is she!' or 'What if this be she!'

"Or if you're lucky enough to come back to a job you think somberly: 'Of course what I need is a rest. But not a chance. Here I stick, clamped down tight as a barnacle to a ship's side, until I grow old and gray and whiskered.' And if you have no job you sit in the subway on the downtown morning express glowering at the smug, immaculate, plutocratic snobs that have offices to go to, and regular hours, and you think: 'It's enough to turn one Bolshevik to see this weak-chinned, fish-eyed Wall Street crowd crabbing all the money in sight! Did I go to war to make the world safe for that flabby old son of a gun over there?' They may be only brokers' clerks or ticker-tape lizards—that makes no odds to you. There's something putrid in the state of Denmark, and you're Hamlet trying to diagnose the smell. That's the disease—too much Hamlet. We've all got it—you too."

"I have not! And what's more, I'm not going to stick round here and catch it off you. I'm going to make a bee line for the wilderness ——"

"The wilderness!" he chortled. "Now I know you've got it! That's what they all say—every poor soul-sick bilious boob. 'Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!' Now tell me frankly: Aren't you mortally sick of conferences, Interallied interventions, peace parties, reparations, senatorial deadlocks, Fiume's fumes, and the red, green, blue and yellow terrors generally? Wouldn't you like to let bygones be bygones, get up, walk round the table three times, feel in your pocket for your rabbit foot, call for a fresh pack of cards, cut for deal—and start in all over again in this big world game of poker?"

"Yes. That is, if I could be sure ——"

"Oh, you've got it all right. Where is it—this wilderness of yours?"

"Wyoming. Jackson's Hole."

He looked thoughtful. "I know that country. It's a bully spot for anybody suffering with your disease. And I know a man out there who's grown up with the West, a friend of Roosevelt. He was a scout in the old days when bandits and outlaws used to make that section of the Rockies their lair and hole up from the minions of the law. It's a big, bold, scraggy he-country and no mistake, and in the old times they used to hit things up pretty lively. It was the kind of country where a live full-blooded harum-scarum youngster used to consider seriously whether he'd be a cattleman or a bandit—just as in the East our sleek effete kids consider whether they'll go to Harvard or Yale.

The Tetons From Jennys Lake

Ted and Mac

IT WAS the type of life, rough, dangerous, with a razor edge of excitement, which attracted the reckless just as a magnet drags to itself bits of iron—but has no power over wood. Well, whenever a particularly nasty murder or robbery or stage hold-up occurred they would send for MacBride—that's his name; Jim MacBride, familiarly known as Mac—to fetch the bad man in. And Mac would fetch him in! His name has stood for law and order among those hills for more than thirty years. He'll reveal to you the spirit of the wilderness if anybody can."

He scribbled the name Jim MacBride across the back of an old envelope and handed it to me. I put it away and promptly forgot its existence. That was the first time his name came up. The second time was clear across the continent, in San Francisco, in the lobby of my hotel. I was talking of my projected trip with a man who had lived many years in Wyoming.

"By the way," said he suddenly, "see if you can get hold of Jim MacBride. He's grown up with that country, and he knows its history, its stories, its background and foreground; and he loves it as a mother loves a wild and wayward child."

"MacBride?" I repeated, my memory stirring. "A friend of Roosevelt?"

"The same. They used to call each other Ted and Mac. You'll find him close-mouthed with strangers, for about the first thing a man learns out in that country is to hold his tongue. I'll give you an example of this. Mac told me this story himself. He said it happened when he was a kid about eleven years old. It was on the trail to Cody. Mac was walking through a wood. 'Suddenly,' said he, 'I started back as if struck across the face, and the hair rose

on my head. For there, directly in front of me, were three dead men, dangling from a tree and swaying gently in the wind. Well, I burned the atmosphere out of there at a mile-a-minute gait and never slacked foot until I came to the edge of the woods. Then I pulled my hat down over my eyes and started to whistle as I stepped out into the road, for I'd seen, a piece ahead of me, a man, sort of watchful, and he didn't look good to me.'

"'Hello, bub,' says he as I came up. 'See anything back there in the woods?'

"'No, sir,' says I.

"'Sure you didn't see anything back in those woods you just came through?'

"'No, sir,' I said; and I looked him square in the eye. 'I didn't see nothing at all.' And so the desperado let the kid pass.

"One more instance, just to give you the temper of the man. I tell you these things because you won't get them out of MacBride. He's not strong on gab. He has a mild and gentle drawl, so soft, so sort of easy and apologetic, that at first you don't pay much heed to him at all. And Mac doesn't speak much. You can talk along, make all the bulls and breaks about the wilderness you please—Mac will never open his head. But in the silence that falls you feel vaguely uneasy, and you say: 'Isn't that so, Mac?' And Mac will shift in his chair and fetch out in that mild and careless drawl: 'Well, no, sir.' And then he'll show how you've been as far wrong as east is from west. And moreover, what he says about the wilderness is final, absolute. But he never tries to play your hand."

Poachers in the Old Days

"WELL, once in the old days, Mac told me, he was standing just outside a snowshoe cabin on a lonely exposed road, when a bullet whizzed past his head and sank into the tree behind. The next bullet took off his hat. The third and fourth went to right and left, but too darn close for comfort. At that time MacBride was chief scout in Yellowstone Park. It was under the military régime, and there were a lot of poachers, outlaws, skulkers and bad eggs generally who hung round the park boundaries, who had sworn to get Mac's goat before he got theirs—and so they potted away on sight. Now most men would have dodged to cover. But not Mac. His Irish was up. He whirled and made a flying rush straight for his man, who was across the valley, mounted. Mac shouted to his assistant to follow. He said he was mad clean through. And so, dodging right and left to skip the bullets, hiding behind rocks and bushes, he ran on, and when his party broke his gun to reload Mac was right on the job. He closed in, leaped on the horse and clubbed the man from the saddle. Mac's assistant came running up.

"'He's a dead one,' said he, stooping to feel the outlaw's heart.

"'D—— him, I hope so,' said Mac succinctly. 'The dirty skunk—opening on me like that. Why, he'd have killed me, only he was such a rotten shot.'

"'What'll we do with him, Mac?'

"'Pitch him in the river. I'll report it when we go in.'

"And so they picked up the body, clumsily, the two of them, by the legs and under the arms, and with the dead man's mare trailing behind they set out for the river. 'And then,' said Mac, telling me the tale, 'that son of a gun of a carcass came alive on us!' Mad? Mac said he was so sore at himself he couldn't eat, for miscalculating the toughness of that scoundrel's skull. And somewhat astonished too, for he had struck to kill. Now there was nothing for it but to fetch him in, and they were three days from a settlement. Three days and three nights out in a mighty bad country, without food, and where one or the other of them had to keep guard every minute of the day and the night.

"'Well,' said Mac, 'the second night came along. There was a chill wind sweeping down from the hills and we'd chopped up some dead logs and started a fire. I'd watched through the first part of the night and it was my shift to sleep. But somehow I felt wakeful. I was sitting, gun in hand, staring into the fire, when suddenly something—I don't know what—made me look up. It was that blanked skunk. He'd somehow broke loose, and he was standing over me, an ax in his hand. For a minute we looked at each other and neither spoke a word. The sweat broke out on his face, but still he didn't speak or move, just looked—and all the time I had a bead straight on his heart, and well he knew, the yellow cur, that I wasn't a rotten shot like him.'

"And presently MacBride spoke, his voice genial and hearty as if greeting a long-absent friend. 'Well—hello!' he exclaimed, and he laughed softly. 'Were you—looking for somebody?'

"The outlaw's face grew paler still. The ax clattered from his hand. He sensed, as a wild animal senses, that death stood terribly near. It made his teeth chatter as he stammered, driven to speech by the cool mercilessness of MacBride's eyes: 'I got ch-chilly, and I—I thought I'd go out and chop some wood to—to brisk up the fire.'"

A Kingdom Worth Ruling

"'WELL, if I was you,' said MacBride in his mild and genial drawl, 'I'd go back to the fire and lie right still. It's kind of—dangerous—round here.'"

These and sundry other yarns of similar import tied up in my mind the name of MacBride with the wilderness I had traveled so far to see, and which was to rid my system of those postwar Hamlet germs.

Accordingly, when I arrived at the hotel in Yellowstone Park, and the Grand Vizier, Mr. Albright, who is monarch of all he surveys in a not inconsiderable kingdom, laid out the itinerary of the trip down into the Jackson's Hole country, I asked: "Isn't there a man by the name of MacBride round here? Do you suppose he could be induced to go along?"

The Grand Vizier looked dubious.

"Mac's not very strong for escorting parties of Eastern 'doods' and tourists round the trails. He's no lounge lizard. You'll not catch him hanging round headquarters. He's more apt to be out patrolling the boundaries, locating

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Mount Moran From Leighs Lake

ALONZO THE MAGNIFICENT

The Click of the Little Typewriter on Which Charlie Hammered Sounded Far Into the Night

By OSCAR GRAEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

OLD Hiram Day, the president of the H. W. Day Agency and as shrewd an old bird as they make 'em, had many remarkable assets as a business man. But chief of all was his ability to get an outside point of view on his own business. Despite the fact that he had slaved in the interests of that business for twenty-five years and loved it as if it were his child, he had never let himself be buried in it. With this canny gift of his he sensed that in certain quarters the opinion was spreading that while the Day Agency was a reliable old concern—honest, conscientious and the rest of it—it was becoming a bit old-fashioned—conservative, you know—too conservative.

So old Hiram one morning astonished his junior partner, Alexander Lee, by saying: "Alex, my French is rusty, but I think it's time the Day Agency performed a *coup d'état*—I hope it's a *coup d'état* I mean. We've got to do something sensational, something that will put us in the limelight. We've got to stop this gossip that we're dying of arteriosclerosis."

"What's arteriosclerosis, Hiram?"

"Hardening of the arteries."

"What makes you think there's any gossip of that sort?" asked Alexander Lee indignantly. If anyone else but Hiram Day had spoken of it Lee would have denied it vehemently and with profanity.

Old Hiram waved his hand impatiently.

"Alex, you're all right as a salesman, but as a psychologist you're rotten. I know some people think we're dying of dry rot, but it would waste too much time to explain how I know it. Why did we lose the Jenkins Safety Razor account? Because the son of old Jenkins is one of those impressionable young whippersnappers and fell in love with the Grey Agency's marble-and-gold offices—thinks there's a lot of dust on our brains because there is a little dust on our old furniture. I'm not going to make over our offices to look like a beauty parlor for any young whippersnapper, but we've got to do something to counteract the impression that we're old fogies. Why did—but, no, I'm not going to give you full details. We've got to perform a *coup d'état*."

"What can we do?"

"Hire Alonzo Campbell as our star copy man."

"My stars, Hiram, it'll cost a fortune to get him away from that Chicago agency!"

Hiram Day nodded, his lips compressed.

"Sure—a fortune! That's the way to impress 'em."

"But Alonzo Campbell's a nut, Hiram!"

"Either a nut or a genius, Alex. They're such a close breed it's hard to tell 'em apart."

"Well, he may be a genius. Nobody can deny he's done wonderful work, but he's got to be handled with gloves all the time. Why, a fellow was telling me the other day Campbell's the worst prima donna ——"

"Now don't go slamming our new star, Alex. That's bad business. We'll hire him anyway."

After several powwows and conferences, various bickerings and runnings to and fro, Alonzo Campbell was hired—and the salary was enormous. Full pages appeared in Printers' News and Advertising Art announcing the fact—not the fact of the enormous salary, of course, but just the fact that Mr. Alonzo Campbell was now on the staff of the H. W. Day Agency. There was a picture of Alonzo too, with his famous lock of gray hair tumbling over his forehead and his cheek resting thoughtfully against his hand while he gazed downward with fierce concentration at a book on the desk before him. Though the enormous salary was not mentioned in the announcements, it was intimated. It was very skillfully and subtly intimated, which after all was hardly necessary, for the entire advertising world knew that Alonzo's salary was fabulous. It was whispered with bated breath in all advertising offices. At trade dinners and conventions it was the one topic which never staled. It was the mark toward which all aspiring cub copy men lifted their trusting eyes. And you can imagine many a one of these cub copy men saying to his wife or sweetheart: "I'll tell you, dear, the advertising business is the business to be in. Why, look what Alonzo Campbell gets!" And whispers would follow—whispers involving exaggerated figures, astounding figures, figures that thrilled and left you breathless. The sky was the limit when one spoke of Alonzo Campbell's salary.

He Found After They Arrived at the Tiny House That He Needn't Have Worried. Mrs. Charlie Rose to the Occasion Splendidly

Alonzo's advent did make some difference in the way advertisers regarded the Day Agency. It was bound to make some difference. It was said—and repeated to old Hiram—that one prominent man remarked the Day Agency must be a pretty live bunch if they could afford Alonzo. Other things quite as favorable were said—and repeated. Actual business also developed. Alonzo brought his Scudder Automobile account along with him and it was because of Alonzo's prestige that the Day Agency procured the advertising of the Michigan Portable House Company and one or two smaller accounts. Old Hiram was almost childish in his delight. He kept rubbing his hands one over the other about his *coup d'état* and he pampered Alonzo Campbell, gave him anything he wanted, would have given him the watch he had carried for thirty years if Alonzo had demanded it.

But the most important new account that came to light that winter—the Palisade Tire Company—was still lurking in the underbrush, waiting to be captured, waiting for the most skillful advertising agency to come and net it. The Palisade Tire Company was planning to spend so much money during the year to come that the commissions on it alone would pay more than double Alonzo Campbell's fabulous salary which, of course, wasn't quite so fabulous as people thought it. The facts about the Palisade Tire Company account, however, can wait till a little later.

The coming of Alonzo Campbell had its disadvantages as well as its advantages. For a time the morale of the other copy men and artists in the Day Agency was seriously threatened. Hiram Day and Alexander Lee were pleased at his advent. It is doubtful if anyone else was. The situation reminded one of the phrase you read in weather reports: "Atmospheric disturbances threaten storms." Among the rank and file of the employees of the Day Agency there were distinct atmospheric disturbances. Among themselves they took no trouble to hide their grievances. Heaven knows they had to work hard enough! Regular hours for them or they heard about it.

Alonzo Campbell, you see, did pretty much as he pleased, made his own rules, followed his own sweet fancy. The first thing he did to make himself unpopular was to demand that his office be redecorated. It was a sumptuous office with brown woodwork, a mahogany desk and mahogany chairs. A tan-velvet rug covered the floor. Alonzo declared he couldn't work in that atmosphere of brown. Brown disturbed him. It depressed him. It was discordant. His thoughts refused to rise to the surface amidst all that depressing color.

"Can you beat it?" said little Will Penniman.

Little Will, besides being a wonder at writing copy himself and rather jealous of the fact that Alonzo Campbell had superseded him as the Day Agency's star, was a leader of office opinion.

"Here we have to do our work out in the open office with no privacy at all. He gets the best private office in the place and then he kicks. Too much brown! Too much fiddlesticks! Talk about your temperament—my eye! The worst of it is old Hiram will give in to Alonzo. Why, he'd plate Alonzo's office with gold if he asked it."

And old Hiram did give in. Alonzo's office was done over. The walls were painted a silvery gray; a dark green rug replaced the tan one; the mahogany furniture was succeeded by a desk and chairs finished a forest green. Green, Alonzo explained to Hiram Day, was to him a sympathetic color. When little Will heard of that last remark he almost foamed at the mouth.

Also, one never knew at what time in the morning Alonzo would appear. Sometimes it was ten, more often it was eleven, and occasionally he didn't appear at all.

"You've got to humor him," said old Hiram a bit apologetically to Alexander Lee. "You can't expect a genius to conform to the ordinary rules of business."

"No, I don't suppose you can," said Alexander Lee grimly—the contract for the Michigan Portable House business had been signed that morning.

There was something about Alonzo's appearance, too, that little Will Penniman and his confederates found annoying, most distinctly annoying. Alonzo Campbell was a good-looking man. At this time he was about forty-five. His shoulders were broad and powerful. His body was short, stocky and firmly planted on his two legs. His cheeks were ruddy. He seemed filled with a warm, glowing vitality. But according to little Will he did his best to make himself look ridiculous. One day, for instance, he sauntered in attired in a conspicuously green suit, a soft white silk shirt and a gold-colored scarf. He wore spats. He carried a cane. His hat was a fuzzy sort of dark green velvet. His famous lock of gray hair was trained to tumble carefully over his left eye and, as usual, on the little finger of his left hand he wore a platinum ring containing a large oval bit of green jade.

"He's the Best Little Cinch Butter I Ever Knew. We Ought to Hire Him, Alex. It's a Clever Idea"

"Now, I ask you," said little Will Penniman, "is that any way for a big business man to dress? How can you be expected to respect a man who dresses like that? He looks like a ham who plays small time in small towns. If you want my opinion, Alonzo the Magnificent is one-third pose, one-third colossal nerve, one-third pure egotism and one-third ability."

"Your arithmetic's a little mixed," said Bill Stedman, who occupied the desk in the copy department next to Will Penniman's. "You've given Alonzo a total of four-thirds."

"Leave off the third about ability then," said little Will caustically.

But more than by any other one thing the staff of copy men and artists was enraged by a request that old Hiram sent out one day by his faithful slave, Jimmie, the office boy.

"Mr. Day wants youse to make a little less noise out here," said Jimmie.

"What's the idea?" asked little Will Penniman.

"Because Mr. Campbell is dreaming—and he don't want to be disturbed."

"Dreaming? What d'ye mean 'dreaming,' Jimmie?"

"He's in his office dreaming about some new copy for the Scudder Automobile and he can't dream if youse guys out here keep on whistling that hula-hula rag."

For once little Will was too nonplused to say anything more.

But despite everything the gang—as they liked to call themselves—fell in line with Mr. Day's desires. After a time it was taken for granted that Alonzo Campbell was a being apart from the rest, one who dwelt in a loftier sphere, where he could do as he pleased and act as he pleased. He was answerable to no earthly rules and regulations. He could get away with murder, as the gang put it, and nobody would think anything about it. And showing more clearly then anything else how abject the grumblers had become, they were comparatively quiet when word was sent out that Mr. Campbell was dreaming and could not be disturbed. But you may be sure that there were dark whisperings and mutterings about Alonzo the Magnificent. Many evil desires were expressed about him. Many hopes of a singularly vicious nature were wished upon him. He was intensely disliked. He was cordially hated.

But oblivious of all this, basking in the sun of Mr. Day's approval, Alonzo the Magnificent went on dreaming in his green-and-silver office and earning—it must be admitted—a very large part of the enormous salary that the Day Agency paid him. Little Will Penniman said that he earned it because poor deluded advertisers fell for the kind of bunk that Alonzo handed out; that they were impressed by his pose, his tumbling lock of gray hair, the jade ring which he flourished in their faces and by the reputation that, through fair means and foul, he had built for himself. But little Will's opinion after all was irrelevant. The point is that Alonzo Campbell did attract business.

But outlining as we have the peculiar hatred with which Alonzo was regarded by the employees of the Day Agency, the most curious phase of the situation must still be explained. Alonzo the Magnificent had one worshiper—and the most devout of worshipers—in the ranks of the Day Agency. Furthermore, he was the most obscure of worshipers, a mere zero in the copy-writing world.

It was generally admitted in the office that Charlie Hoy was a dub. He was a nice enough fellow, everybody said, but entirely insignificant. He had a tubby little figure that somehow gave the impression that he had been much larger in build than he was now, but perhaps this impression was due to his clothes. They fitted badly and always seemed a size too big for Charlie. His hair was thin, his face round and chubby. But his eyes, which were a faded blue in color, were pathetic and wonderfully honest and direct in their gaze. His eyes made you like him—made you just a bit sorry for him.

Charlie Hoy had been engaged to write copy during some forgotten emergency when there was a rush of work and good men were hard to find. After the emergency was over he managed to stay on—nobody knew exactly why. Charlie had a wife and two children in a tiny house in a Long Island suburb where rents were cheap—that is, as rents go nowadays—and where the representative of a chain of cheap grocery stores was the most popular place in town. The wife and children had to be clothed and fed and housed—and old Hiram Day, who had a way of finding out a surprising number of facts about his employees, knew of Charlie's wife and children. Perhaps that was why Charlie Hoy was allowed to remain on the pay roll of the Day Agency. There didn't seem to be any other reason. Charlie continued doing odd jobs that nobody else wanted to do—writing small-space advertisements for small advertisers, handling cranky little accounts that had been shunted along from man to man, preparing the copy for particularly dull catalogues. And it was Charlie Hoy who was the devout worshiper at the shrine of Alonzo the Magnificent.

The way it started was this: One night in the Pennsylvania Station Charlie Hoy ran across Alonzo. Outside there was a downpour of rain—a steady, slithering torrent of rain. Something had happened to the Subway. Dense crowds of people—wet, struggling, pushing—eddied like a backrush of black water round the Subway entrances. A taxicab was not procurable for love or money. Charlie Hoy, late, his arms laden with bundles, came scurrying along to catch his train to the suburb where rents were low, but where even the popular-priced grocery store could not compete with certain bargains offered on street corners in some of the by-streets of the city. Trains to the suburb were running on their usual schedule.

In front of a shop window in the arcade of the station Charlie saw Alonzo Campbell looking particularly disconsolate. There was nothing magnificent about Alonzo just then. He looked tired and bedraggled. He looked—of

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THE SWEAT OF HER BROW

We hear his wife is run away from him,
Within: she is not to be found in the house,
With all the hue and cry is made for her
Through every room; the larders have been searched
The bake-houses and boulting tub, the oven
Wash-house and bu[illegible]
And yet she is not heard of — *The Merchant of Venice*

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. TAPPS

YOU would have known that he was an injured woman's husband by his tight lips and by the indigestion that sat upon his brow, but you never would have guessed from seeing Maisie that she was the worm's wife.

Gregg was a machinist. He sewed on his own buttons, cooked his own breakfasts, and filed dies at a workbench for nine hours a day before a smoke-smeared alley window. Maisie was a tender and beautiful flower—one of the lilies of the field, which toil not and spin not, but which, for all that, live a life that is more liliaceous than Solomon's. She rose at eight o'clock of mornings, breakfasted delicately upon foods mostly eaten with cream, touched up her petals round half past nine, and shortly after ten set out shopping with the Loop-wives.

Maisie rested her calm but luminous gaze for the fifteenth time upon the gilded clock on the mantel; then, reluctant, sullen, with the corners of her spoiled mouth drooping, she laid down her newly purchased books, rose all but ponderously from her too-narrow armchair and shuffled through the dining room into the kitchen. The petty tyrannies of earth were again upon her. The supper hour was approaching. She had potatoes to pare, tomatoes to slice, coffee to make, and—if her husband did not forget to buy them—bread to cut and a steak to fry. She might as well have been the hired girl.

Then she remembered the settee and the Turkish rocker and allowed her calm eyes to fill with tears.

"I don't know why I stand it," she said to the kitchen in general. "I don't know why."

She did know why. She stood it because she was a little fool. If a man's wife has not the right to buy furniture who has? The settee had made the parlor look like another room, and only a dollar down. The Turkish rocker was the finest she had ever seen, and only a dollar down for it. And the furniture house did not even give back her two dollars.

It wasn't as if Gregg couldn't afford to buy furniture. Die makers all earned good money, more than her father, and wages were going up. He had hardly any expenses; she did all his cooking for him except his early breakfasts, which he cooked himself, and his box lunches, which he bought for almost nothing; she kept his house in order, counted his laundry, mended his socks, all free, for nothing.

"If he had to pay somebody outside for the work I do maybe there'd be sense in it. But he don't. And what do I get? Just nothing. I do his work for him good and take just anything that's left over. Just anything he wants to give me. Anything."

She was feeling so injured by the time she completed pitying herself that she forgot and took down the skillet. The skillet reminded her of the lard can in the cupboard, and the cupboard door of an open bag on the second shelf, from which she drew forth a pudgy handful of dried currants. These destroyed the taste of tears, but they increased her anger. By the time she turned on the gas in the range she was so little herself that she allowed the flow to continue too long, and the flare when she touched a match to the burner nearly set fire to her fingers.

Other things happened, all of them disagreeable. The fire in the range caused her to think unpleasantly of the steak that Gregg was to bring from the butcher's. Gregg's steaks required pounding for an hour; nobody who cared how things tasted could cook them to taste like anything.

"I tell him sirloin, and tell him; yet it's rump steak and rump steak until I haven't any patience left."

The teakettle took too long to fill. The potatoes were pitted and knobby. The tomatoes in her opinion were not what tomatoes ought to be. Then when she expressed her contempt for all vegetables with an unwise flourish of her knife she cut the thumb of her ring hand.

"Just anything that's over," she repeated acidly. "Burns, cuts, rumpsteak—anything at all, except what I ought to have. I'm losing all my poise."

By this time indeed she had quite lost it, and her temper as well. Dumping tomatoes, potatoes, stems, eyes, parings into one pan she shoved them across the kitchen table against the wall, where they might remain until Jacob's cows came home for all of her. She was through. She thrust two handfuls of ground coffee into the coffeepot and poured hot water over it, and she set the table. Beyond that she made no attempt to prepare supper.

Maisie Was Still Pretty—About as Pretty as She Cared to Be, He Thought

Meanwhile the machinist, her husband, was worrying over bread-and-butter problems of his own. Though it had cost sixty-two hours of labor the big die on his bench had turned out badly; he had taken it to the press four times since three o'clock, and still no light.

The five-thirty gong triangle struck as he leaned over the recalcitrant die, and he began making absent-minded preparations to leave. His personal tools, such as his dividers, his one-inch and two-inch micrometers—or, as he called them, mikes—his inside and outside spring calipers, and his vernier slide caliper, he placed in his tool chest under lock and key. His coarser tools, such as hammer and screw driver and rank of files, belonged to the shop; he did not place them under lock and key, but left them lying beside the parted halves of the die and the greasy stack of blanks he had punched up for the tryout.

He locked his tool chest, swept the shop tools together, removed his apron; then the die attracting him he again bent over its shining planes.

"Clear as clack," he muttered. "All I have to do is find out why the what slides off when the which forms over. That's all. Now, why does it?"

He laid a fresh blank in the shallow cradle and regarded it through narrowed eyes.

"All I can see or think about is the fights I've been having with my wife. What chance has a man got to see anything with a yapping woman waiting for him at home? Not one chance in six gummed pennies."

Turning away he hung up his apron and crossed to the sink, where he scrubbed at his seamed fingers with a stubby brush until they were industrially clean. Then he rolled down his shirt sleeves, wormed his arms cautiously through the torn linings of his coat, set his sweat-stained derby upon his head, and joined the procession of emigrants on the stairs. He did not speak to any of the men, nor they to him. Tired men are not loquacious; stairway conversations are imaginary things, like the conversations of Walter Pater. Nor did he join any of the groups outside; he liked to walk home alone.

During the first six blocks of his mile-and-a-half tramp he weighed various matters in his mind—Maisie, his bank balance, the die on his workbench, Maisie again, the letters he had written to the furniture house, the errands he must remember to do on his way home. But mostly his thoughts were centered upon the die.

The die was a forming die designed to perform the second operation in a series of four. Not improbably it might have to be done over. The work blank instead of lying passive under the pressure of forming crept unaccountably sidewise and was spoiled by the stroke that should have shaped it.

What caused the blank to creep sidewise?

"The wrong angle is the only fault I can think of," he decided. "Yet I took that angle very careful. Yet it must be it's that angle. Yet it can't be." He took a deep breath and squared his shoulders. "Anyhow, I can't measure angles tonight. I won't think of angles. I'll look at her in the morning."

Angles dismissed he swung along the broad sidewalks with more sense of their varied life. He did indeed continue to think about Maisie, who was an acute angle; but between his thoughts of Maisie he was able to glance aside at a display of bargain razor strops in a window; or at a trayful of machinists' tools; or at a bifocal field glass in a pawnshop.

Maisie's white hand fell most sharply upon his shoulder beyond Erie Street, when a girl of familiar figure and features stepped out of a store ahead. For a moment he thought she was Maisie. The next instant, however, the likeness dissolved; he remembered sadly that his wife, whatever she may have been when she married him, at the present time was sixty pounds heavier than this hurrying lithe-figured stranger.

Sixty pounds gloomier also. Sixty pounds lazier. Sixty pounds angrier. Sixty pounds calmer. Sixty pounds anything he cared to say. Why? He did not know why, any more than he knew why the blank had crept sidewise in forming.

He continued thinking about Maisie, at first as she had appeared when he married her, then as she was now. They had been married two years. Within two years Maisie had possessed good temper, lightness and charm. She was still pretty—about as pretty as she cared to be, he thought. She had dark misty hair and a dawnlike complexion that was as young as a baby's. Sometimes, when she was dressed for shopping, she looked pretty enough to eat.

His thoughts went back to her home before their marriage; to her father, who had been a poor man like himself; to her mother, a hard-working woman; to Maisie, with her pretty ways and her charm, who had been shielded by both. The father was now dead and the home closed; the mother lived with an older daughter in another city; and Maisie was married to him here in Chicago. Married to him? Rather, he was married to Maisie—tied to her like a horse to a post with bonds he could not break.

"Maybe so, maybe not. I'm tied to her all right, but maybe she'll find out pretty soon something else. I haven't tried to break the strap yet. Maybe when I do she'll find out I can."

But that thought was disowned the moment it was phrased. In spite of her cold quarrelsomeness, her nagging, her extravagance, her sullen ill humor, her indolence, to him she was still the Maisie of his courtship days.

"Just the same, I'm glad I started something. To-night for the showdown. We can't go on like this. I'll quit first."

He could not escape the facts. The Maisie of the actualities was not the old Maisie. Settees, double-stuffed Turkish rocking-chairs, mornings in bed, burned steaks at night—these were the facts.

Maisie was still in bad humor when he reached home. She accepted the steak he brought, sniffed at it, unwrapped it with unconcealed disdain, flattened it out in its own brown paper. She did not salt it, neither did she loosen its red fibers by a preliminary pounding. Seizing it by one corner she stripped it from its paper; then throwing it carelessly into the skillet she added lard, clapped on a tin lid and set it over the fire. The heat caused it to arch like a bridge, the grease acted on it like tannin. When she finally removed the contemptible thing from its pan it was not only very dead and very tough, but it was somewhat burned in the abutments.

"There's your steak," she said sullenly, placing it upon a platter and setting it before him. "And here's your coffee."

"Where are the potatoes?"

"I didn't have time to cook potatoes to-night."

"What's the trouble?"

"You ask me what's the trouble? You have the nerve ——"

"Drop it, Maisie. I'm tired and hungry. You tell me you haven't had time to get me my supper. All right; you were busy. What doing?"

"This doing! You've been meddling in my affairs! You've been writing everywhere canceling my orders and warning the stores not to sell goods to me!"

"If you mean the settee and the Turkish rocker, I canceled that order because I couldn't afford them."

"They cost almost nothing—only two dollars down between them."

"What's worse, I had told you I couldn't."

"I work just as hard as you do," said Maisie.

She believed she did, odd to say; indolent though she had been since her marriage she had worked harder since than she had ever worked before it.

"Just as hard as you do. My time is just as valuable as yours is. Woman's work is just as important and valuable as man's work. Some of it is a great deal more important."

Gregg made no reply, but ate of the steak and of the thick unevenly sliced bread, drank of the muddy tepid coffee. When he had finished his supper he rose.

"You and I are due for a talk," he said from the door. "Wash your dishes."

The explosion occurred two or three minutes later when he discovered the new de luxe books in the front room.

"Maisie!" he called sharply.

"What is it now?"

"Where did these books come from?"

"I bought them to-day from an agent."

"After all I have said?"

"Certainly," said Maisie. "They only cost one dollar down, and he delivered them at once. He put the three sets on one contract, because I could only spare a dollar for all three. They're standard classics everybody ought to have."

"You did very wrong."

"Oh, did I? What wrong did I do? Marriage is a partnership. I'm a partner just as much as you are. I had just as much right to buy books with my work as you had to cancel my furniture I bought."

"Your work? What work do you do? You don't know what work is."

"You seem to think women are still slaves!"

"My mistake," said Gregg. "Excuse me for kicking."

Whereupon Maisie returned to the kitchen, elated and triumphant. She had stood up for her rights and had won.

"I'm very glad it happened. Now he knows."

For she understood from his tone that he had acknowledged his defeat, as had not always happened before. She was a little ashamed of the supper, but she would make this up to him to-morrow evening, and besides he deserved to go hungry. After a little she began humming an air that she used to sing when she was happy. She worked without haste; by the time she was ready to rejoin Gregg the gilded clock on the mantel had struck eight.

Gregg, she discovered, had already retired; he was a naughty, sulky, bad-tempered little boy. She would sit up reading for a while just to show him.

Then she saw. Propped against a vase on the center table was an envelope directed to her. Upon opening it she found that it contained money and a letter. The sight of the bills and of the writing frightened her; but after a moment she unfolded the paper and read it.

Dear Maisie: I've reached my limit. The money is my week's wages. Do anything with the furniture—suit yourself. We're not fitted to each other and I'm going away. We'll just call it off. We'll both be happier living separated.

GREGG.

She Stood Poised for a Moment While Her Glance Swept the Sidewalk; She Did Not Wish to be Seen

II

IF YOU had asked me at this time about Maisie's chances I would have guessed they lay in her enormous self-conceit and ignorance. For ignorance always invites chastisement, and self-conceit usually secures it. Maisie lost little sleep over her husband's revolt. Someone had told her that in Illinois desertion is punishable by a year's imprisonment, and, anyhow, women were in demand everywhere. Office work was pleasanter than household drudgery; it was more sociable, and much better paid.

During the next ten days she rose as usual, dressed, ate, rubbed up her feathers, shopped. She found a new store willing to sell her on credit a small table upon which the telephone directory could be opened, and a taboret upon which she could sit while making selections from her bookshelves; but elsewhere she was obliged to pay cash. The result was that toward the end of the second week her funds began running low. And not only her funds. Another installment day was at hand; the rent for the flat was due; the ice bill, the milk bill, the telephone bill, the gas bill, the water bill were shrieking for payment.

Then came a day so unhappy that she thrust her fingers in her ears to keep out the sounds of it. The furniture house resumed possession of her bedroom set—she was obliged to see her nail buffs, powder puffs, files, scissors, combs, brushes and jars of cold cream rudely brushed off her dresser upon a newspaper, and the contents of the drawers dumped out upon the floor on a sheet. While these mercenaries were removing the bedroom furniture others came for her parlor set and dining-room set, and still others for her ice chest and gas range. The door was already open; she could not keep them out.

"Here is your contract, lady," said the man in charge. "Title remains in the house until goods are paid for. In case two installments are missed entire bill becomes due and payable, and goods can be removed. Read for yourself. There's your name signed on the bottom line."

"They're almost paid for already," said Maisie. "My husband will sue you for damages. You haven't the power."

But she was forced to admit as they drove off that, whether or not they had the power, undoubtedly they had the furniture. As she spurned with her foot the wreckage of the stripped rooms, and then sinking upon the taboret counted the money she had left, she saw very clearly that the present situation could not last. She could not keep up Gregg's establishment on nothing. She could not even support herself much longer on nothing. She had to have food to eat, a bed in which to sleep, clothes to wear, recreation, carfare—these were essentials. Something had to be done, and by herself, quickly.

That which she had in mind was connected with a visit to the Municipal Court.

At the time of which I write one of the departments established by the associated judges of the Municipal Court was known—and still is—as the Court of Domestic Relations, or sometimes as Department 10. This branch court consisted of the assigned judge and the necessary clerks and bailiffs; but, in addition, its personnel included officers not found in the more conventional law courts, among which was a

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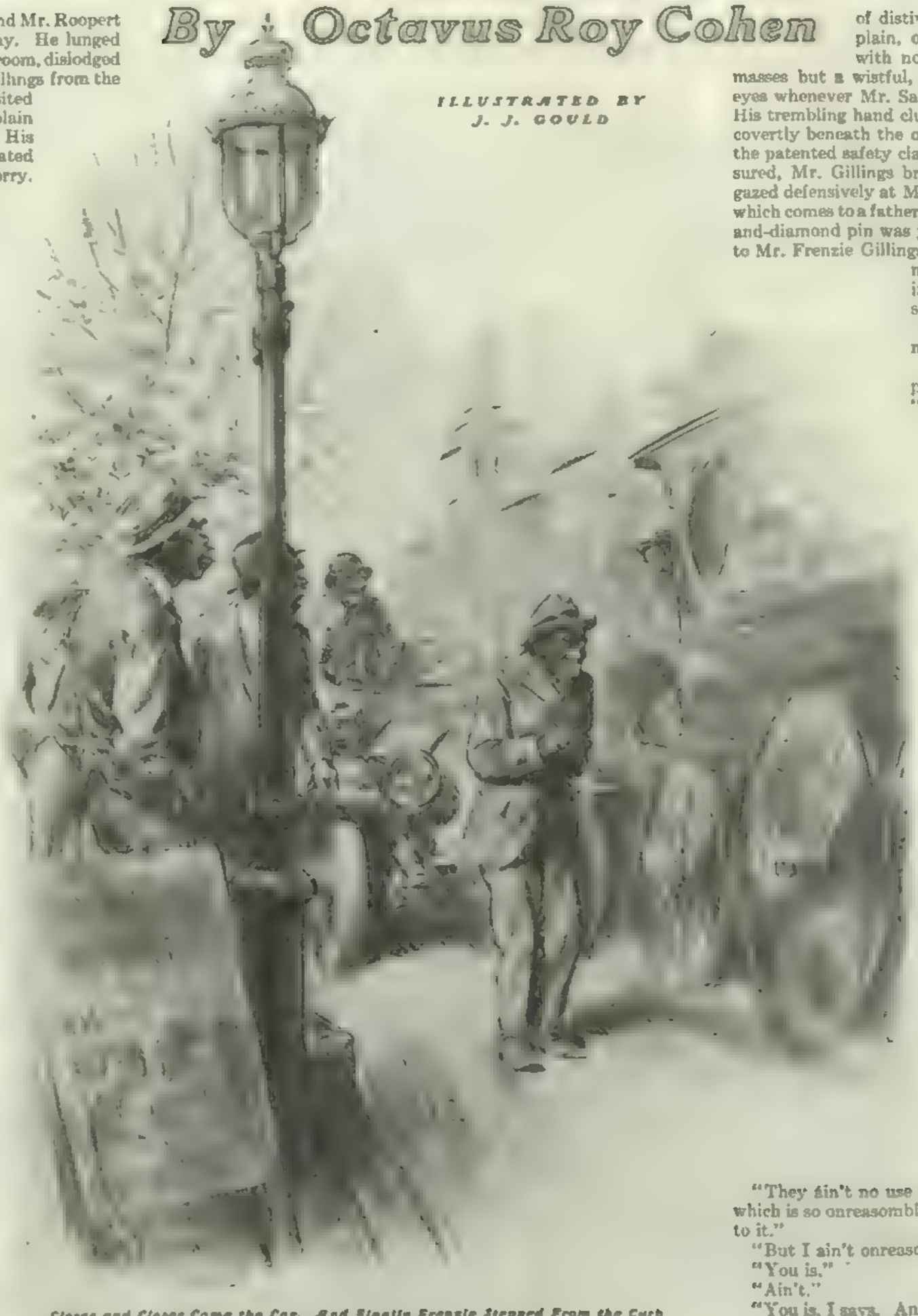
THE ULTIMA FOOL

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



Closer and Closer Came the Car. And Finally Frenzie Stepped From the Curb

THE door opened suddenly and Mr. Roopert Samp entered the same way. He lunged across the poorly furnished room, dislodged the unprotesting Mr. Frenzie Gillings from the only comfortable chair and deposited himself therein. It was very plain that Mr. Samp was peeved. His noble chocolate brow was corrugated with the horizontal lines of worry. His gestures had lost their habitual languor and were sharp and jerky. His speech was snappy as he addressed his too small, too skinny and almost too black companion.

"Frenzie," he said abruptly, "we is up ag'in' it."

Frenzie raised meek, docile eyes.

"Is we?"

"We is—an' then some. You is got to do sumthin' bouten it."

"Me?"

"Yeh—you."

"I c'n git me a job o' wuk."

Mr. Samp snorted his disgust. He elevated his perfectly groomed figure from the depths of the easy-chair and towered above the smaller man.

"Wuk! Who is me you is makin' talk bouten wuk to? Why you reckon is I got the brains which I is got? Anybody c'n wuk. Brains is to keep you from wukkin'."

"You cain't eat brains," philosophized Frenzie.

"Cain't eat brains! Heah that man, will you? Who says you cain't eat brains? Ain't you been eatin' my brains fo' the pas' six months? Where would you be now if 'twa'n't fo' my brains? You ain't got none yo' ownse'f, but I is got 'nough f'r two an' then some. Tha's all what has been puttin' sumthin' betwix yo' belt buckle an' yo' spine many's the time. Why you po' ——"

"But if'n we needs money ——"

"We don' need yo' kin' of money. I is got mo'n fifty dollars lef', an' ——"

Frenzie's eyes glowed.

"I is pow'ful hongry fo' a good square meal, Roopert."

"What I is got to do with that?" queried the big man forbiddingly. "I ain't inside of you is I?"

"No," sadly, "they ain't nothin' a-tall inside of me!"

"You ain't blamin' that on me, is you?"

For once in his meek life Frenzie Gillings assumed the negative side of a debate with his friend.

"Yes, I is."

"How come that foolishment?"

"Fust off you is got money which you ain't givin' me none of. Secon' off you is kep' me from takin' th'ee or five good jobs which would of paid me six dollars a week ev'y week."

"Six dollars a week!" snorted Roopert impatiently. "How c'n two cullud gen'lemen live on six dollars a week?"

"One c'n."

"One! One! My Lawd! What does you expec' me to do—wuk?"

"Wuk ain't never put nobody in jail."

"An' 'tain't gwine keep me out, either. You is the plumbes' ongratefullest man, Frenzie. Me lookin' after you the way I is been doin' an' heah you is talkin' 'bout th'owin' me down mo'n what you is done a'ready."

"You is got fifty dollars," retorted Frenzie with some show of spirit, "an' you is even refusin' to gimme one square meal—a reg'lar steak or sumthin'."

"You an' your reg'lar steaks! I is gwine give you meals, Mistuh Gillings, but I is reemahkin' heah an' now that I ain't gwine give you no meals n'r neither no money to buy same s'long's you is got money."

Frenzie glanced up in surprise.

"Me got money?"

"I said it."

"You is talkin' foolishment, Roopert. I ain't got no money."

"You is got jes' the same as."

"Tell which?"

The accusing forefinger of the elegant Mr. Samp went out—and it pointed straight at the four-in-hand which covered some few of the worn spots on Mr. Gillings' sole surviving shirt.

"That they sapphire pin," accused Mr. Samp. "You is said yo'ownse'f that that pin is wuth mo'n a hund'ed dollars."

Instinctively the right hand of Mr. Frenzie Gillings rose and closed protectingly round the tiny diamond with its brilliant sapphire setting. His gesture was almost unconscious—paternally protective. And as the scarfpin disappeared behind the hand of Mr. Gillings, Mr. Gillings' physical appearance changed.

Where, with the pin in full glittering view, Mr. Gillings basked not unprepossessingly in its radiance, he seemed to lose individuality the minute it was hidden. Instead of the wealthy eccentric who chose raggedy clothes as a mark of distinction he became on the instant a plain, ordinary, undersized ebony person with nothing to mark him out from the masses but a wistful, haunted look which glowed in his eyes whenever Mr. Samp was in the immediate vicinity. His trembling hand clutched the pin tightly, then strayed covertly beneath the once-silken scarf to make sure that the patented safety clasp was still in position. Once reassured, Mr. Gillings breathed with a bit more ease. He gazed defensively at Mr. Samp—in his eyes the same glow which comes to a father defending his young. The sapphire-and-diamond pin was just a little bit more than life itself to Mr. Frenzie Gillings. He stared and cringed and said nothing. He continued to say nothing, and finally Roopert broke the silence.

"Yo' sapphire pin," he repeated meaningly.

"Wh-wh-wh-what bouten my pin?"

"If'n you is hongry you c'n pawn it."

Frenzie's little figure shrank.

"Ain't gwine do it."

"Then you c'n sta've fo' all I care. That pin is wuth mo'n a hund'ed dollars an' it ain't on'y cos' you two bits."

"It's my lucky pin, Roopert. You know well as me I is done won it to a raffle."

"You an' yo' pin!" snorted Mr. Samp. "Cain't you be reasonable bouten it? I ain't astin' you to sell it, is I?"

"Pawnin' is same as sellin' if'n you cain't git money to git it out ag'in."

"Who says we ain't got it?"

"Who says we is?"

Roopert Samp glared disgustedly at his friend. Mr. Samp wanted money and he wanted plenty of it. More, he wanted it without work. Not that he was opposed to labor, but he preferred to see the other fellow doing it. He extracted from his pocket a brilliantly nickeled cigarette case and lighted a cheap Turkish cigarette. Then he turned toward the door.

"Frenzie Gillings," he said slowly, "I an' you is done finished with one 'nother."

"Roopert," wailed Frenzie in sudden terror, "you ain't gwine zert me, is you?"

"I is doin' that ve'y same thing."

"But, Roopert ——"

"They ain't no use in my knockin' roun' with no man which is so onreasomble like what you is. Tha's all they is to it."

"But I ain't onreasomble."

"You is."

"Ain't."

"You is, I says. An' when I says it it's so."

"I ain't onreasomble—an' I c'n prove it. I'll do anythin' you asts. Anythin', Roopert, 'ceptin' on'y pawn my stick pin. If'n I was to depaht company with this heah stick pin, Roopert, they wouldn't be nothin' lef' of me a-tall. Would they now?"

Roopert studied his innocuous companion closely.

"No-o, they mos' likely woul'n't."

"An' you ain't got no call goin' off an zertin' me thisaway, Roopert. What is I gwine do 'thout you?"

"What is you gwine do with me? Tha's what I is askin'."

"I'll do anythin' you says. Anythin'—don' keer what 'tis neither!"

"Huh! You is on'y makin' talk with yo' mouth."

"Try me!" pleaded Frenzie eagerly. "Jes' try me, tha's all what I asts! Try me jes' wunst!"

"Hm!" Mr. Samp seated himself and eyed his friend closely. "If'n you on'y had a li'l' brains, Frenzie, yo'd be a'mos' a' right. Now lemme see, I is got fifty dollars an' you ain't got nothin' 'ceptin' a pin you says you is gwine keep. We needs some money—a whole heap of money. Question is, how we is gwine git it?"

"Yeh—ain't you talkin' now?"

Roopert checked off the items on his well-manicured fingers. "We is pawned ev'ything we owns which is hockable."

"I Ain't Never Fell in Love With No Other Woman Befo'"

"Ev'ything which I owns, you mean," reproved Frenzie.

"I's all one an' the same. We both eats offen the money, seein' as we is partners. All we is got lef' in the world is a busted trunk, two soots of clothes which I cain't do without an' continue to be a gen'leman, an'—an' ——"

"You might sell that ol' autymobile which you is got," suggested Frenzie.

Roopert favored him with a glance of withering scorn.

"Ev'y time you opens yo' mouth, Frenzie Gillings, nothin' comes out."

"The car runs," persisted Frenzie doggedly.

"Sometimes."

"An' they is lots of folks with on'y jes a li'l' money which would buy any autymobile which runs a-tall."

"Not my autymobile."

"Folks which ain't got cars is crazy for 'em."

"If'n somebody bought mine he'd be crazy at 'em."

"Jes' the same," postulated Frenzie, "I is got a hunch they is money to be made f'om that car."

"Huh! You is foolish as you looks an' they ain't nothin' mo' foolisher than that. Them pair of dice I won that car with I done th'owed 'em away long ago. That autymobile ain't been nothin' on'y a li'bility."

"Hm! Li'bility!" Frenzie chuckled softly. "There you is with li'bility 'surance on a autymobile which won't travel 'cept once in a while."

"Nee'n't rub it in, need you? Flo'ian Slappey sol' me that li'bility 'surance an' sence I had it—mos' a year now—that car ain't run far 'nough to bust a muskeeter." He crossed to a battered trunk and lifted the lid. From its depths he extracted a thumbed policy. "Huh! Happy Days Autymobile Li'bility 'Surance—five hund'ed dollars fo' one accident—thousan' dollars fo' two accidents. If'n I could run over my ownse'f fo' five hund'ed dollars I could junk that car at a profit."

"Yeh," agreed Frenzie, "couldn't you jes?"

"I a'mos' wisht I could run over somebody," said Roopert bitterly. "I got stang for sevumteen dollars with this heah policy."

"What good it'd do you to run over somebody?"

"No good—less'n ——"

Suddenly the eyes of Mr. Roopert Samp narrowed and a speculative light played in them. They turned full on Mr. Frenzie Gillings and rested there appraisingly. "This heah policy," he communed, "says if'n I runs over on'y jes one man he gits five hund'ed dollars—cash."

"Ain't you talkin' now?"

"I is that same."

Roopert paused to light another cigarette, his eyes never leaving the face of his friend. Finally Frenzie became conscious of the scrutiny and he fidgeted.

"I 'clare to goodness gracious, Roopert, you is actin' like you ain't never saw me befo'."

"I ain't"—with a peculiar nuance.

"Ain't which?"

"Saw you befo'—this-a-way."

"Which way?"

"Lookin' like money—an' lots of it."

"Me?" Then Frenzie's hand flew protectingly again to his scarfpin. "You lemme 'lone bouten this heah sapphire."

"I ain't studyin' bouten yo' ol' pin. I is speckilatin' 'bout you."

"What 'bout me?"

"If'n," remarked Roopert deliberately, "my car was t' git chuned up so's it'd run a half block an' if'n in that half block it was t'run over somebody, that there somebody would git five hund'ed dollars under this heah policy which I is got."

"Somebody else gettin' five hund'ed dollars," remarked Frenzie sententiously, "ain't gettin' me no eatments."

"Yeh 'tis too."

"Huh?"

"Providin' you is the man which is runned over."

"Providin' I is——" Then the eyes of Mr. Frenzie Gillings popped wide with horror. "My Lawd! Roopert, is you plannin' to run over me?"

"Five hund'ed dollars is a lot of money an' you is mighty li'l' much of a man."

"B-b-b-but——"

"An' I'd on'y run over you easy-like."

"Nossuh!" Frenzie was on his feet in a rage of protest. "I ain't gwine do it. I'll wuk fo' you an' I'll do anythin' which you asts me. But I ain't gwine be a co'pse fo' no man."

Roopert made a hopeless gesture.

"There you goes ag'in! Fust off you refuses to pawn yo' pin so's we c'n eat dinner. Then secon' off you refuses to lemme run over you an' split the li'bility fifty-fifty with me—or sevumty-five twenty-five. I ain't gwine kill you, is I?"

"You ain't said you ain't."

"An' I ain't said I is."

"Well, is you is or is you ain't?"

"I ain't. 'Sides my autymobile ain't got power 'nough to kill no man. Hittin' you would stall the motor shuah. Then I could carry you to the horspital, go to see Lawyer Chew, which represents the Happy Days 'Surance Company, tell him that it was my fault an' make the comp'ny settle spot cash fo' five hund'ed dollars. You woul'n't be hu't an' yo'd have——"

"Five hund'ed dollars," mused Frenzie enviously.

"Says which!"

"Two hund'ed an' fifty apiece."

"You talks crazy, cullud man. Who paid fo' this heah policy? Who won the autymobile? With me furnishin' all th' materials you is astin' me to split even?"

"Ise the man what gits runned over," suggested Frenzie. "Seems like I'd oughter have half the profits."

"Seems like ain't is. I'll give you one hund'ed an' fifty dollars soon's we c'n cuhec'."

"Two hund'ed."

"Hund'ed an' fifty."

"Hund'ed an' sevumty-five. Hones', Roopert, they ain't no profit in it f'r me at less'n that."

"Hm!" Roopert's hand came out and clasped the skinny claw of his friend. "Done with you! Jes' to show you I is a gen'rous man I's gwine give you hund'ed an' sevumty-five dollars cash money."

"An' you ain't gwine hu't me?"

"Co'se not—not much anyways."

"Not none whatever, Roopert?"

"On'y jes' 'nough to cillec' the 'surance."

"Huh! S'posin' you was the one what gits runned over."

"Tha's th' easies' paht," snapped Roopert, "an' I'd do it in a minute, on'y the policy says I is got to do the runnin' over. Hones', Frenzie, you ain't gwine know nothin' hit you."

"No-o-o"—slowly—"on'y I is hopin' mebbe I is."

"Trouble with you," snapped Roopert impatiently, "is that you is a nachel bohn pestimist. 'Stid of lookin' at the hund'ed an' sevumty-five dollars you is gwine git you is thinkin' 'bout how much it'll hu't. That don' make sense."

"Twa'n't my siggestion, were it?"

"Co'se not. You ain't got 'nough sense to make no siggestion liken to that. B'lieve me, Frenzie, you is sho' lucky to have a frien' with the brains like which I is got. When is you ever saw 'nother man who not on'y knowed in advance he was gwine have a accident but also knowed how much money he was gwine git f'r it?"

"Hm! Where's you ever know a man who knowed a accident was gwine happen to him that di'n't be somewheres else when it happened?"

"You is talkin' nutty talk. Le's us discourse the details. We needs the money an' you is hongry."

The logic was unassailable. Frenzie was hungry—terribly so. He expressed his longing.

"If'n I c'd on'y have one good steak trimmed with onions——"

"Huh! What a man wants with a steak when he's gwine be a accident pretty soon? It's jes' like you—no brains a-tall—talkin' 'bout wastin' good eatments that-a-way."

But Frenzie held out determinedly for his steak and eventually won. Roopert escorted him to a restaurant and grudgingly paid for a succulent tenderloin which Frenzie inhaled luxuriously. From time to time he turned upon his beneficent friend a mildly inquiring stare in which there was a faint glow of a suspicion which would not entirely still.

"You is sho' you ain't gittin' me into sumthin', Roopert?"

"Huh, tha's my lookout!"

"Yeh, but it's my accident."

"You ain't got nothin' whichsoever to do with it, Frenzie Gillings. All what you is got to do is to see me come down the street an' when I comes to where you is at you steps down from the curb an' I steers into you. The res'll all come easy."

"All you does is jes ride?"

"Also I stahts the car. Tha's more wuk than what you does."

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"Why You Reckon Is I Got the Brains Which I Is Got? Anybody C'n Wuk. Brains Is to Keep You From Wukkin'"

IN THE LION'S CAGE

Some of the Lod Stock

By George Conklin

IN THE fall of the year following the close of the Civil War my family moved from Ripley, where we had been living for a number of years, to Philadelphia. My two older brothers were employed in the John O'Brien circus, which made its headquarters in that city, and they had for some time been urging my parents to move East. As a final inducement they bought them a house near Girard College and the quarters of the show.

As soon as we got settled in Philadelphia the question of what I was to do came up. I was a young chap, only a few months out of school, with no leaning toward any particular occupation. In fact like many boys I was not especially concerned if I was not employed at all. The city was new to me and there was much to see and go to. Things drifted until one day in the winter my brother John took me over to the circus winter quarters with him and hunted up Charles Forepaugh, who was superintendent of the menagerie.

"Charley, I want you to give this young brother of mine a job. Will you?"

"Yes," Forepaugh answered, "when we start out in the spring. I can't use him now, but just as soon as we get ready to go out on the road I'll put him on."

Plans of a Would-Be Lion Trainer

IT WAS in the spring of 1867, not long after Charley Forepaugh made his promise to my brother, that I became a part of the O'Brien show. We were on the way to our first stand at Manayunk and I was finding out for myself what circus life on the road was like. I soon concluded it was no sort of work for a weakling. My first duties were to clean out cages, help prepare and give the animals their food, make myself generally useful and at night drive one of the wagons.

John O'Brien was one of those unique and successful characters not uncommon in this country, especially the newer portions of it, during the first five or six decades of the nineteenth century. Rough and illiterate, yet with a large stock of native shrewdness, he found his way into the show business, became wealthy, and at one time owned more show property than any other one man in the United States. It was only to strangers that he was known as John O'Brien. To his help and acquaintances he was simply Pogey. Pogey was an Irishman, but where he was born or where he lived as a boy I never knew. At the time I went to work for him he was the youngest show proprietor of any consequence in the country, being only about thirty-five.

When I got back to Philadelphia with the O'Brien show at the end of my first season on the road I was given a job as night watchman for the winter. When O'Brien gave me the position he laid great emphasis on the importance of my keeping awake and suggested that he thought perhaps he had better get a watchman's clock.

"Pogey, if you do I'll teach the elephant to wind it," I told him.

"Well, I don't know but what you would," he replied, and though he was skeptical of my being able to do it he never got the clock.

All through the summer I had watched Charley Forepaugh as each day he went into the cage with the lions and made them do their various tricks. In helping care for them I had come to know their ways and they in turn were well acquainted with me. I had listened day after day to the applause that always followed Charley's act and I knew, too, that his salary was large enough to make mine look trivial in comparison. So as I went about my work nights I got to thinking the matter over and it was not long before I began to wonder why I should not be a lion trainer as well as anyone else. The more I thought about it the more certain I became that I was equal to it. As a result of my thinking it was not very long before I decided that I was to be a lion trainer. Then came the question—how? The idea of serving a long apprenticeship to some regular trainer did not appeal to me. I was impatient to be at it right away. So after going over and over the matter from every angle and weighing the advantages and disadvantages of various schemes I finally decided to stake everything on one bold stroke.

The animals which Forepaugh exhibited were in three cages. In one were the stars, three lions—George, Pomp, Nellie—and a leopard, Belle. Divided between the other two cages were seven or eight more lions. Though Charley performed with all of the animals in these three cages, he never worked but one cage at a time. The cages were so arranged in the winter quarters that all three opened into a big performing cage in the center of the building. Every forenoon Charley came to the quarters and letting one group at a time into the performing cage put it through its act and then drove it back into its cage. It had occurred to me while on the road during the summer that it ought to be possible to let all of the animals into the big cage at one time, and now as I considered my training project the idea kept coming back to me and I pictured in my mind the sensation it would create to perform so many lions at once in the same cage, for up to that time no one had done it.

Cutting in on Leonine Beauty Sleep

AFTER reaching a decision to put my theories to the test I did not wait long, nor did I mention my plans to anyone, for I knew if I did that I would be stopped. From midnight until early in the morning I was pretty sure not to be disturbed by anyone and so I settled on two o'clock in the morning as being a good time to make my experiment. Accordingly a few nights later, when the hands on the old wooden clock had crawled past one, I went round and made sure that everything in the place was all right and that the doors were all fast so no one could come in and interrupt me. Then I got Charley's whip and pistol, opened the big performing cage and climbed in.

The animals seemed somewhat surprised at being disturbed in the middle of the night and began to pace rapidly up and down their cages. I paid no attention to this, but opened the door of each cage in succession and drove them out. Then I began as sternly as I could to order them round and give them their cues.

Except perhaps for an unusual amount of snarling, they did as well for me as for Charley. I put them through their regular work, which took fifteen or twenty minutes, drove them back and fastened them into their own cages and climbed down onto the floor from the performing cage, much elated with my success. I had proved to myself that I could handle lions.

The next morning when O'Brien came in I said: "Pogey, I worked your lions last night."

"No!"

"I did! What's more, I worked them all at the same time."

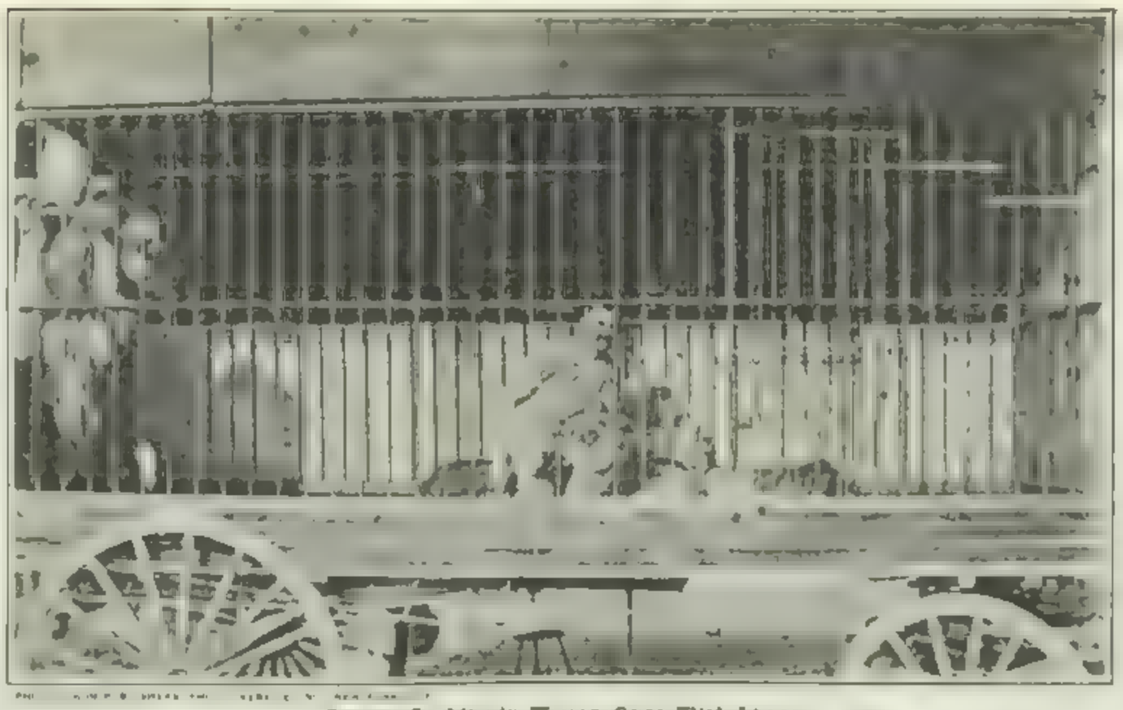
"I don't believe it."

"Well, you come over to the cage and I'll prove it."

So after enough more talk to convince Pogey that I was in earnest and not trying to play a joke on him he went over to the cages with me and I went in again and worked them all with as much good luck as I did the first time. He could not hide his astonishment, and when I came out he said: "Well, you did do it, didn't you? You've done more'n Charley can do anyhow. You jest work 'em every day."

Charley had a year's contract with O'Brien, which did not run out until spring, so he kept on coming to the quarters each forenoon and working the lions, while I began working them each afternoon. I was very particular not to let Charley find out about it, for he was a big fellow with a quick temper and I had a pretty definite idea of the sort of beating up I would get if he knew what I was doing. When it came nearly time to go out on the road in the spring and Charley's contract expired O'Brien told him he did not want him any more and then came to me and informed me that I was to work the lions on the road that season. Of course this pleased me very much, for it meant that I was now a lion trainer and performer in my own right.

My act with the animals was one of the principal parts of the show. For a man to appear in a cage with loose lions was a comparatively new thing in those days and the public was a good deal more interested than it is in any such thing to-day. The act was made as impressive as possible. When its turn came the big performing cage with the lions and myself in it was slowly pushed into the ring by an elephant. While this was being done the ringmaster announced the act and in a nice little speech that was calculated to send the shivers down the spine of everyone explained the character of the animals and the risk I took. I was dressed in elaborate Roman tights covered with spangles and across the top of the cage was painted in great letters, "Conklin is our Master."



George Conklin in Wagon-Cage With Lions

When all was ready I opened the act by holding out my leg and having the lions jump over it. Then the leopard would put her front paws on one of the bars in the side of the cage. I would pick her up by the hind legs and hold her while the lions jumped back and forth over her. Next she would lie down with a lion on either side of her and I would lie across the three with my head on my hand and my elbow resting on the head of one of the lions. After a moment or two in this position the animals and myself got up and Pomp would rear up on his hind legs and balance himself against the cage with his forepaws. I would go up to him and taking him with one hand by the nose and with the other by the lower jaw open his mouth as wide as possible and put my head in it as far as it would go, which was about halfway.

This never failed to make the crowd hold its breath, but it was not so risky as it seemed, for with my hold on the lion's nose and jowl I could detect the slightest movement of his muscles and govern my actions accordingly. After he got down I would dangle a piece of meat in front of one of the others, which would do a sort of waltz round the cage after it. Then I fed them all meat with my naked hands. I always had prepared especially for the act an extra long skinny piece of meat. One end of this Pomp took in his mouth and I put the other in mine and before I let him have it we did a sort of tug of war round the cage. For a grand climax I got them all to snarling and growling, fired my pistol two or three times and dodged out of the cage. The elephant was then brought in and the cage pushed out of the ring again.

The larger part of this act was the same as when Charley Forepaugh worked it, but I had added some features to it and put all of the lions into the big cage at once to perform them, so it was really the first cage of lions I trained. Since then I have probably trained altogether as many as twenty-five or thirty cages of lions.

Though I have handled, I imagine, more lions than anyone else in the United States, I was never but once hurt by one enough to lay me up. As I did my act with the lions day after day I noticed that one of them seemed to pay

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John O'Brien's Seventy-Horse Act

THE KEY MAN

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

It Was an Old-Fashioned Gully Fight—Fought Without Gloves, Without Nice Regards to the Rules, Fought for Something Bigger Than Money Stakes, Fought to a Finish!

TROUBLE in the steel mills, trouble of a hundred kinds, coming in a hundred shapes and forms. Trouble in every mill and shop and department, at every furnace, in every nook and corner of the yards where men work. Trouble at morning, noon and night—trouble twenty-four hours of the day. Trouble of the kind that stops work, checks production, drives foremen and bosses and superintendents and managers into a state of nervous and physical exhaustion within a few days and causes high officials and directors to grow restless and uneasy.

Trouble of the kind that results in ugly battles, in killings and maimings and bruisings; in burnings and wreckings and pillages; that leaves mighty engines and costly machines broken beyond repair, mills dismantled, furnaces ruined, warehouses gutted; that brings to all concerned but one thing only—loss.

Trouble of the kind that starts when certain full-fed, well-dressed, oily-tongued, soft-handed gentlemen appear just outside the mill-yard gates and begin to talk; gather at the bars of foul-smelling saloons just outside the mill-yard gates and with full glasses of whisky and brimming glasses of beer before them continue to talk; meet in gloomy upstairs rooms, lamp-lighted, close and dirty, and assuming leadership, plead, cajole, threaten, command.

Trouble of the kind that grows, spreads and flourishes with the repeated utterings of the words: rights, representation, justice, equity, fair play, shorter hours, more money, privileges.

Trouble of the abominable kind the steady men, the hard-working men, the sober men, the dependable men, men whose records are clear and good, deplore, loathe, despise; of the abominable kind the loafers, the floaters, the boomers, the shirkers, the slackers, the boozers delight in. These receive their orders from the full-fed, well-dressed, oily-tongued, soft-handed gentlemen outside the mill-yard gates, and then ——

A heat mysteriously taps itself in the Open Hearth and seventy tons of molten steel pour into the pit. Another heat, for some reason unexplained, is taken cold, chills in the ladle, smears the molds and freezes in the pouring nozzle. A crane breaks down and refuses to work until a battered switch is found and repaired and a cut feed wire spliced. The gas flow is checked and the furnace men yell vainly for gas until the boss at the producers finds the stokers clogged with cinders and the gas pokers asleep.

At the rail mill, at the billet mill, at the ingot mill ingots come from the soaking pits too hot, too cold, too green and go to pieces in the rolls—crack and sliver and fin, fall asunder, make cobbles and scrap—and the tonnage drops down and down.

The strippers at the Bessemer function faultily and the tracks are choked with buggies of red ingots that become black ingots and must be toppled from the stools. And the entrances and the exits of the buildings and all the open spaces become cluttered with molds and stools and scrap and spilled metal.

Something is the matter at the blast furnaces; something is the matter at the rod mill; something is the matter at the coke ovens, at the ore docks, at the inspection yards, at the foundries, at the smiths' shops, at the pig machines, at the slag dumps, at the coal bins—something is the matter in every nook and corner of the yards where men work.

Men come late to work with dirty unwashed faces, with bleary eyes, with evil intent in their hearts—swaggering, slouching, leering and sneering. They go to their posts of duty, sit down, yawn, talk, smoke cigarettes, drink boldly from big bottles of cheap booze, open their lunch pails and begin to eat unhungrily, slowly, carefully, fletcherizing with exaggerated deliberateness, until the foremen come protesting, when they leap up, growl, curse, threaten, shut up their pails and leave the mills.

And the foremen gather together to discuss the situation. They shake their heads and advise caution and recommend patience, give vent to their disgust, damn their jobs, wish they had never left the farm or that they had gone into the priesthood or had studied law or had become college professors. And when they leave the plant after their turns have ended they go through the gates and along the dark streets in twos and threes, each man with his right hand in the pocket of his coat.

It is wise for the foremen to do this when there is trouble in the steel mills—the kind of trouble the steady, sober, dependable, hard-working men loathe and despise; the kind the floaters and the slackers and the boozers delight in.

Goodlow, general manager of Steelburg Mills, walking through the yards one morning, taking a short cut from the street-car line to his office, stopped near the billet mill and stared in wrath and astonishment. In the stock yard lay piled five heats of Open-Hearth steel in ingots. Two of the piles were nearly black; two were dull red; the fifth was cherry red and it was giving off little cracking, sputtering noises as it cooled.

"Three hundred and fifty tons of steel piled out and everybody howling his head off for steel!" he muttered.

He wondered why Crittenden, his secretary, had not spoken of this. Every morning at eight-thirty Crittenden telephoned to Goodlow at his house just before he was leaving for his office, giving him a résumé of the night's work at the mills. This morning he had spoken of an unexplained two hours' delay at the rod mill, of two cold heats at the Open Hearth, of a car wreck at the coke ovens and of several other lesser occurrences, but he had said nothing of steel having been piled out at the billet mill.

Goodlow turned and walked rapidly into the mill and sought Hornsby, the superintendent.

"What's that steel out there, Hornsby?" he demanded.

Hornsby shrugged his shoulders.

"Trouble," he replied. "Trouble with the heating last night. Sleight told me Droge came to work pretty well shot and by midnight he was completely shot. He burned one heat, drew two cold ones, and Sleight had to put Freer on. Freer couldn't get the work out, things got balled up all along the line and they had to pile out steel."

"Did Sleight fire Droge?"

"No, not that I know of."

"Tell him to fire the man when he comes out to work to-night if the facts are as you have stated."

Hornsby said nothing—he stood gazing after Goodlow as the latter walked away.

The general manager had gone perhaps fifty feet when the mill superintendent called to him. Goodlow turned and looked back.

"Why, say, Mr. Goodlow," began Hornsby hesitatingly as he came up—"about firing Droge. I'll tell Sleight what you said, of course, but do you think—have you heard anything?"

"Anything? What?"

"Why—well, about trouble?"

"No, have you?"

Goodlow had been out of town for two days.

"It looks to me like something is starting. I heard that the leaguers had a meeting up in Vinegar Gully—two of them, I guess."

"That so? What have you noticed about here that doesn't look right?"

"Somebody put a stoker out of commission in the gas house this morning; the cinder men are not doing their work as it ought to be done; there was a lot of booze brought in over the fence yesterday and there are hitches here and there all over the mill."

"Who are the men who are showing up bad?"

"Foreigners mostly, with some of the chronic soreheads we've got."

"Any signs of dissatisfaction among the old stand-bys?"

"No, I haven't noticed anything."

Goodlow talked earnestly with Hornsby for several minutes.

"You needn't tell Sleight to fire that heater," he said as he moved away. "He may use his own judgment. And you may use your own judgment too, Hornsby, in these matters you have been speaking about. I'll see you at the meeting at noon."

He walked on down through the yard. Once he came upon a little group of men behind a building talking excitedly. They scattered hurriedly when they saw him.

At the Bessemer he beheld a sight that caused him to mutter angrily again. There had been a spill and the iron had not yet been cleaned up. Some of it lay on the narrow-gauge track blocking a long line of mold buggies waiting to draw in. The floor of the mill was covered with scrap and slag and spittings and broken molds and stools. He saw Shull, a foreman, at work with a gang of men trying to clean up the mess, but he knew the man was making slow progress.

"What is it, Castrow?" he asked as the Bessemer superintendent came up.

Castrow threw up his hands.

"Trouble!" he cried disgustedly. "Trouble! And this is just the beginning! The leaguers are at it again. Four more organizers arrived yesterday. They've established headquarters up in the Gully at Cockshot's and Conway's saloons."

He went on to disclose to Goodlow what he had heard of the activities of the leaguers and to relate what had occurred in and about the Bessemer in the past twenty-four hours.

As they stood talking they saw Shull, the foreman, approach a workman who was leaning against a column smoking a cigarette. For a long while the man had been idling, rolling and smoking one cigarette after another. They saw Shull speak to the idler, who thrust out his face and said something in return. Shull pointed toward a doorway of the mill building. The man took a step backward and then swung the shovel he was holding over his head. The foreman leaped forward, his fist shot out and caught the man on the jaw. He staggered back and fell, scrambled to his feet in an instant and with all his speed ran out of the mill. The foreman seized the shovel and hurled it after him.

"That's unfortunate at a time like this," said Goodlow. "Call him over here, Castrow."

Shull came at Castrow's beckoning.

"What was the matter there?" asked Goodlow.

"That man hasn't done ten minutes' work all morning. I asked him to get busy and do something. He told me to go to hell. I ordered him out of the mill—and told him to go get his time. You saw what followed."

"All right, Shull, I don't blame you—there wasn't anything else for you to do," said Goodlow. "But hold yourself as much as you decently can. There may be foul weather ahead for us."

"Yes, I've felt it coming for two or three days," returned Shull. "Look there—there go two more!"

Two of the workmen of his gang, who had watched the flight of their companion and who had been talking together for the few minutes since then, now threw down their shovels and left the mill. Little work was being done by those that remained.

"If you'd follow them," went on Shull, "you'd find them heading straight for The Morgue or the Bucket of Blood. They'll be beery-eyed drunk by noon and hanging about the gates trying to drag out more of this bunch."

"We'll talk matters over at our noon meeting to-day and map out our campaign," said Goodlow to Castrow as he left the mill.

He walked hurriedly through the yard toward the exit leading to the office building. The boss roller of one of the rod mills came running to intercept him.

"Trouble, I suppose, Purdy?" he called as the roller came up.

"Trouble is right, Mr. Goodlow!" said Purdy. "Did you know that the mill was shut down last night for two hours because the billet handlers went out after beer? And I'm making more scrap this morning than I am rods. The mill looks like a barnful of wire hay. The leaguers——"

"I know, I know, Purdy! I'm afraid we're in for a round of old-fashioned fun. I've been out of town for two days and have just learned of their new start. But I can't stop now. Be sure to come to the noon meeting to-day—we must get together on this."

And Goodlow went on.

He returned the greeting of his secretary as he passed through the latter's room on his way to his own office. The secretary followed him.

"Three of the league organizers were here just now," said Crittenden. "They were waiting when I came—said they wanted to see you. I told them you were coming through the mills this morning and that you might not reach your office for some time, but they sat here for nearly an hour. They left this letter and said they would be back."

Goodlow took the letter his secretary handed him, tore open the envelope and ran his eye over the typewritten sheet it contained.

"'Representatives of the labor of Steelburg Mills!'" he read in an angry voice. "Yes, representatives of just about twenty-five per cent of the labor of Steelburg Mills—the cheapest, rottenest, bummest labor we have! Who were those fellows, Crittenden? Have you ever seen any of them before? Did they look like workingmen?"

"Decidedly not! They don't belong in Steelburg—they're outsiders."

"Of course they are! Crittenden, I'm not going to see them! There's nothing I care to talk with them about! We'll keep them out of this office—we'll lock that door and I'll use your entrance. But if any of the mill workers come I want to see them. If I'm out in the mill and they should come send a messenger to hunt me up and I'll hurry over. I'll answer this letter and you can hand my reply to these fellows when they come back. Tell them, if they insist on seeing me, that I'm too busy. And that will be the truth, Crittenden—I'd be too busy to see that crowd if I wasn't doing anything more than scratching my ear."

Crittenden smiled and went out. Goodlow sat down at his desk and looked over his mail, which was piled high as a result of two days of accumulating. He buzzed for a stenographer and for more than an hour dictated steadily. The last letter he dictated was addressed to the organizers of the League of Steel Workers, who had called to see him. It contained but a half dozen lines.

One of the letters he wrote was to the president of the company that owned and operated Steelburg Mills, in which among many other things of import there was a suggestion that a meeting of the board of directors be called to consider the erection of two new blast furnaces, the securing control of all the property in Vinegar Gully and the obtaining from the city of an order for the vacation of the street which ran through the Gully, the ground to be used as a site for the two proposed furnaces.

(Continued on Page 52)

"Outsiders, Men You Don't Know, Men You Never Saw or Heard of Before, Men Who Never Worked With You or With Anybody Else Probably—They're Your Leaders, are They? You're a Brainy Bunch!"

THE GORGEOUS GIRL

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

XIX

THE fifteenth of December Mary Faithful left the office of the O'Valley Leather Company, carrying the thing off as successfully as Beatrice O'Valley carried off her wildest flirtation. As Mary had often said, "When you can fool the letter man and the charwoman you have nothing to fear from the Secret Service."

And no employee of the office suspected that anything lay beneath the surface reasons given for changing firms. She accepted the handsome farewell gift with as much apparent pleasure as if she were to be married and it were a start toward her silver chest. Mary too had learned how to pretend. Nor did she permit Steve to come snarling—masculine fashion of sobbing—at her in vain protests trying to shake her from her resolve.

During the last days of rushed work to help her successor find the way comparatively easy Mary kept Steve at arm's length. The same strange joy at having told him her secret and relaxed the tension was being relived again in knowing that she was to leave the tangle with the Gorgeous Girl in command of it, and go live her commercial nun's existence in the offices of unromantic old graybeards who thought of her merely as a mighty clever woman who would not demand an assistant.

Mary felt she had truly passed her commercial novitiate; she made herself admit that a commercial life was hers for all time. She would leave a forbidden world of romance, and watch Luke become a six-footer and an embryo inventor as her special pride and pleasure. It was good to have it settled, to have it a scar, pale and calm, throbbing only under extreme pressure. She even welcomed Beatrice's hurried visit to the office and met with gentle patience her half-veiled reproaches for leaving her husband's employ.

"I can't see why you go," Beatrice protested, undecided whether it was because Steve and Mary had come to some understanding, as Trudy hinted, and it would be wiser for Mary to be removed from the everyday scene of action; or whether Mary had never thought of Steve except as a man who would not pay her such and such a salary and therefore, being tailor-made of heart as well as dress, she coolly picked up her pad and pencil and was walking off the lot. With the complacent conceit of all Gorgeous Girls who fancy that clothes can always conquer, Beatrice really inclined toward the latter theory. But, being a woman she could not resist having a few pangs of unrest and trying out her fancied detective ability upon Mary.

She brought her a farewell gift also—a veil case which had been given to Beatrice two summers ago. A fresh ribbon had made it quite all right, so she acted the Lady Bountiful as she presented her offering and listened carefully to Mary's sensible reply.

"I can't go running off to Bermuda and Florida like you people can. I am forced to find my recreation in my work—and hides and razors are a queer combination for a woman who really likes gardens and sea bathing." She laughed so genuinely that Beatrice told herself Trudy was an unpardonable little fool. "I have stayed at the post for some time and now that I've the chance to change my recreation to fabrics—I'm tempted to try it. I'm sure you do understand—and it is with great regret that I leave the office."

"It will make it hard for Mr. O'Valley," Beatrice continued blandly. "Of course I have realized what an unusual man my husband is—his phenomenal rise and all that; and papa has always said he never met any one who was so keen as Steve. I have always tried to be diplomatic in whatever I said to Mr. O'Valley about his business, I never encourage his discussing it at home since it is not fair to ask him to drag it into his playtime. So I can't talk over actual details with you. But I know it will be hard for him and he will have quite a time getting readjusted. He says this Miss Coulson is nice but temperamentally a Jersey cow."

Beatrice smiled at this; she had viewed Miss Coulson rather coldly upon the news concerning Mary's resignation, and had felt more than satisfied. Even Beatrice realized that Miss Coulson was a nice pink-and-white thing who undoubtedly had a cedar chest half filled with hope treasures and would at the first opportunity exchange her desk for a kitchen cabinet and be happy ever after.

By Turns She Had Been the Spoiled Child of Fortune, the Romantic Parasite, the Mad Butterfly, the Advanced Woman, the Bolshevik de Luxe

When Beatrice tried discussing the matter with Steve he responded so listlessly and seemed so apathetic about either Miss Coulson or Mary that Beatrice became vastly interested in fal, projects of her own, telling Aunt Belle that her theory was correct. It was easier to be disappointed in one's husband than in one's friends, and that Steve was the sort who was never going to be concerned about his wife's disappointment; in fact he would never realize it had occurred.

The night Mary left the office for good and all, leaving clean and empty desktop for Miss Coulson and the little token appointments as a token of good will, Luke met her at the corner and they walked home together.

"Are you sorry?" Luke asked curiously. He had been too busy in technical high school to be office boy for some time past.

"No, only you grow accustomed to things. You remember how mother felt about the old house." Somehow the thing was harder to dismiss with Luke than with anyone else. "I guess they'll miss you a lot."

"Is anyone's place can be filled we must never forget that. And I guess the change is wise."

"Did Mr. O'Valley give you anything?"

Mary flushed. It had been Luke who received the armful of flowers sent anonymously.

"The firm gave me the wonderful desk set; you saw it before it was sent to be monogrammed."

"Yes, but I mean Mr. O'Valley himself." Luke was quite manly and threatening as he strode along. "Something for a keepsake because you've worked so hard for him."

They paused at a corner to wait for the traffic to abate. Mary felt faint and queer, as if she had lost her good right hand and was trying to tell herself it wasn't such a bad thing after all because she would only have to buy one glove from now on. Never to go into Steve's office, never to talk with him, listen to him, advise and influence him! She wanted to forget the sudden burst of affection, the protests of love, for she could not believe them true. What she wanted was to go back to the old days of guarded control.

Beatrice's cab whirled by just then and Mary caught a glimpse of the Gorgeous Girl in a gray cloak with a wonderful jeweled collar, and Steve beside her. As the cab passed and Mary and Luke struck out across the street Mary experienced a sense of defeat. As she talked to Luke of this and that to turn his mind from the too fascinating question of who sent the flowers, she began to wonder if she too would not wish to be a Gorgeous Girl should the opportunity present itself? What would her brave platitudes count if she could wear bright gold tulle with slim shoulder straps of jet supporting it? Away with sport attire and untrimmed hats! To have absurdly frivolous little shoes of blue brocade, to wear the brown hair in puffs and curls and adorned with jade and pearls, to have a lace scarf thrown over her shoulders and a greatcoat of white fur covering the tulle frock, to go riding, riding, riding at dusk through the crowded streets filled with envying shopgirls and clerks, hard-working men and women. To ride in an elegant little car with fresh flowers in a gold-banded vase, a tiny clock saying it was nearly half after six, outside a gray fog and a rain creeping up to make the crowds jostle wearily that they might reach shelter before the storm broke. To have Steve, handsome and adoring, beside her, laughing at her indulgently, excusing her frivolous little self, adoring the fragile, foolish soul of her. At least it would be worth while trying.

"I can get a construction set for six dollars," Luke was saying. "That will make the bridge models I told you about last week. I'm going to get one."

"Yes, dear, I would," she punctuated the conversation recklessly, and then another crowd swept about them and more elegant little cabs with more Gorgeous Girls and their cavaliers whirled by. Mary hated her stupid sophistry about commercial nuns, novitiates and all, her plain gray-eyed spinster self doomed to a Persian cat and a bonus at sixty. Empty, colorless—damnable!

She realized that she had merely given herself an anæsthetic, just as Steve had done, one of unreality and indifference, and that no one stays dormant under its power for all time. That all so-called commercial nuns try hard to convince themselves that watching the procession pass by is quite the best way of all. Yet there is scant truth or satisfaction in the statement. At some time or other the hunger for being loved crashes through the spinster's brave little platform, the hunger for becoming necessary to someone in other ways than writing letters or adding figures—to be home, beside the hearth, keeping the fires burning, with woes and cares and monotonous incidents of such a narrowed horizon. It was for this we were created, Mary Faithful told herself—to be the dreamers and the ballast and the inspiration of the race. And if commercial nuns have managed to tell themselves otherwise—well, who shall be brutal enough to cry I spy on their little secret! She understood now the abnormal restlessness that she had seen in others of her friends—the marriages with men beneath them in class who earned but half what they did, unwise flirtations, even the sordid things that occasionally creep into the horizon. And she blamed none of them for any of it.

She knew now that should the chance come she would want to be a Gorgeous Girl. Gorgeous Girls have the faculty of being loved, even if they do not merit the emotion. Tailor-made nuns only love, and finally set their consciences to work to convince themselves that a new firm and more severe collars will be the best way to forget.

Luke was still talking about the construction set and the new invention and patent rights and a heavy wool sweater

with a bean cap for the summer vacation. Mary was saying, "Yes, of course" and "How interesting!" at intervals; and so they reached home, where Mary could plead a headache and go to her room to battle it out alone.

She felt too that the town crier could truthfully announce that milady was returning to tea gowns for an indefinite period. And she felt a passionate hunger to be one of them. That women were going to rejoice, the majority of them, to take off their lady-major uniforms, stop driving tractors and wearing overalls, and with the precious knowledge of the experience they would evolve quite a new-old standard, as charming as lavender and lace and as old as time—the gentlewoman! They would no longer accentuate their ugliness with that unlovely honesty of the feminist which has been quite as distressing as the impossible Victorian lack of honesty and everlasting concealment of vital things. They would no longer be feminists or ladies, but gentlewomen who sew their own seam, who neither struggle unseen nor flaunt their emotions in the face of sex psychologists. And that both commercial nuns and Gorgeous Girls must be on the wane. It was too late for Mary Faithful.

For many reasons Steve stayed away from Mary. At intervals he sent her flowers without a card, such a schoolboyish trick to do and yet so harmless that Mary sent him no word of thanks or blame. She merely dreamed her gentlewoman's dreams and did her work in the new office with the same systematic ability that she had employed for Steve's benefit, causing the new firm to beam with delight. She had an even more imposing office than formerly, spread generously with fur rugs, traps for the weak ankles of innocent callers. She was treated with great respect. One time Steve came to see about some civic banquet in which the head of Mary's new firm was concerned, and Mary made herself close her door and begin dictating so as to appear to be occupied. The next day he slipped a love letter into the bouquet of old-fashioned flowers he selected for her benefit, and Mary forced herself to write a card and forbid his continuing the attentions.

In March Gaylord Vondeplosshe telephoned Mary, about nine o'clock one evening, that Trudy was quite ill and wanted to see her. Would Mary mind coming over if he called in the roadster? There was a fearsome tone in his voice which made Mary consent despite Luke's protests.

Gay was even more pale and weak-eyed than ever when he came into the apartment, his motor coat seeming to hang on his knock-kneed narrow-chested self.

It seemed Trudy had not been really well for some time. She was such an ambitious little girl, he explained, excusing himself in the matter at the outset. He had begged her to rest, to go away, even commanding it, but she was so ambitious and there was so much work on hand that she stayed. It all began with a cold. Those low-cut waists and pumps in zero weather. She would not take care of herself and she dragged round, and refused medicine, and he, Gay, had done everything possible under the circumstances; he wanted Mary to be quite clear as to this point.

They finally reached the apartment house, where Gay clambered out and offered Mary his left little finger as a means of support on the icy walk. When she came into the front bedroom of the apartment—a shabby room when one looked at it closely—and looked at Trudy she saw death written in the thin white face bereft of rouge, the red curls lying in limp confusion on the silly little head.

"Oh, Mary," Trudy began, coughing and trying to sit up, "I thought you'd never come. Why, I'm not so sick —— Gay, go outside and wait for the doctor and the nurse. Just think, I'm going to afford a nurse. Oh, the pain in the chest is something fierce." She had lapsed into her old-time vernacular. "Every bone of me aches and my heart thumps as if it was awful mad at me. I guess it ought to be, Mary. How good it is to have you. Take off your things. Gee, that pain is some pain! Um—I wonder if the doctor can help."

"Do you want me to stay all night?"

Mary was doing some trifle to make her more comfortable. Trudy seemed too weak to answer but she smiled like a delighted child. She pointed a finger, the one wearing the diamond ring, to a chair beside the bed. Mary drew it up closer and sat down.

"Now, my dear, you must put on a warm dressing gown and something to pad your chest—this nightgown is a farce," she said sternly, rising. "Where shall I find something? Oh, Trudy—don't!"

Trudy had halfway lifted herself in bed with sudden pain, moaning and laughing in terrible fashion. Mary caught her in her arms. Trudy lay back, quite contented.

"My, but I've been a bluff," she said, tears on the white shiny cheeks. "Gee, but that doctor takes his time too. I had to beg something great before husband would go for you. He's awful mean, but I always told you he was, and he would have a fine time if I should die, wouldn't he?" More terrible little laughs as Trudy still nestled in the warm curve of Mary's arm.

"You mustn't talk," Mary said. "That's an order."

Gay tiptoed in to say the doctor had returned but no nurse was available. They might get one in a few days.

"I'll stay," Mary offered.

Trudy smiled again. "Rather—have—Mary," she managed to gasp.

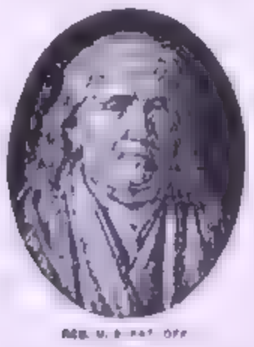
The doctor was a preoccupied man who did not fancy evening calls on foolish little creatures wearing silk nightgowns when they were nearing death. He gave some drastic orders and Gay was dispatched with a list of articles to be bought while Mary hunted high and low in the disorderly apartment, finally wrapping Trudy in thick draperies, the only sensible things she could discover.

Trudy lay very still for a few minutes. Mary thought she was dozing until she said in an animated voice, "Did you see the ring? It's a wonderful stone." Willfully she thrust her skeletonlike fingers out from the bed covers.

(Continued on Page 124)

"Well," She Asked, "What is It You are About to Do? Wear Corduroy Trousers and a Red Bandanna and Start an East-Side Magazine Filled With Ravings?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 24, 1920

The Instinct of Property

WAR-TORN Europe may be very poor at the present time, but this country was never more prosperous and wealthy. Perhaps our industrial machine has weak parts, but it is geared high. Indeed this country is trying to produce for the whole world. Nor can anyone but a professional misanthrope believe that all this wealth is the exclusive property of the rich. Daily and hourly observation points to a directly opposite conclusion.

This has always been the country of the free field and great opportunity. Has it become any the less so in the last few years? New industries are making not only fortunes for the capitalist but wage scales for the worker that no one dreamed of a few years ago. Less than a generation spans the commercial life of the fifth industry in size, the motion picture. In only a few years shipbuilding has become a huge employer. Chemical manufacture has expanded enormously. If one is tired of his old job there are whole empires of territory built up in the last six or seven years of commercial activity. Nothing is fixed or settled in the business world. Possibilities and realities of new wealth creation dazzle us on every hand.

Here if anywhere the instinct to bargain, to acquire, to possess, to own, can find satisfaction. For new industries and greatly expanding industries mean higher wage scales as well as larger profits. The motion-picture producer may make a killing, but the very fact of his doing so gives the mechanic who works in the studio his opportunity. Cotton planters may be having their best season, but how about the pickers, who never before had so much money to spend? The working classes are slaves in countries where there is no opportunity, no enterprise, no change or development. Here if anywhere they are freemen.

"But," argue reformers with patent Utopias to sell, "there are millions who have very little property even in this country. That is a great evil, and so we propose by introducing a new scheme to take from those who have and give to those who have not."

They forget that it is easier to mar or destroy institutions than to remake and rebuild them. Before we sweep away what we are unable to replace let us take full account of human nature. For it will be a maimed and crippled thing indeed if fundamental impulses and liberties are torn out by the roots. The state restrains and limits the power of a parent over its child, but it does not seek to abolish the parental instinct.

We know that the desire for property has long spurred the energies of mankind, stimulated its interest and taught men independence and responsibility. It has been closely connected with the instinct of craftsmanship, with the artist's and artisan's pride in their product. The farmer loves his own animals more than those of a neighbor. Even in a great factory in which the operative has no legal ownership he feels that the machine at which he has been working for months is his own in a sense quite different from any other in the place.

It has been said that if there were enough of the good things of life to go round this powerful instinct of ownership would subside and become less feverishly active. That is true enough if goods would produce themselves. If the fifth assistant secretary of a state department in England needed only to press a button to make hundreds of millions of tons of coal pour forth from the earth all would be well. But how are the goods to be produced unless there is a desire for ownership? We have had to struggle for self-preservation too many million years to adopt altruism suddenly as our compelling force. But why not let the state do it; or the one big union; or the soviet?

It can be done perhaps, this tearing out of the desire for property, and with it gone we can still produce the goods and keep up the machinery of production. But that means we must all be slaves, spiritless serfs, dumb driven cattle, worked and fed by rote with a monster patent superorganization lashing us to our tasks in the morning and feeding us at night.

Of course the possibility of owning property must not be so remote as to discourage sustained effort. It must not be a mere lottery ticket, one chance in a million. Reasonable effort ought to be rewarded with enough to go round. And it is being rewarded more generously every day.

For if the war taught us anything it was production on the vast scale. There has been a revolution in the mechanical methods of production. Even in slow-moving England they learned to make certain products literally hundreds of times faster toward the end of the war than at first.

The war also taught many people the rudiments of ownership through saving. But it has not been a permanent lesson nor so strong as the desire to spend. It has been well said that if "half the people who bought bonds to help along the war could be induced to buy another every year to help along themselves more than half the industrial and social problems would vanish."

The problem to-day is to rouse the worker's interest in substantial ownership rather than in useless extravagance and waste. He is just as flush with money as during the war—or more so. He turned his war wages into Liberty Bonds under patriotic pressure without hurting himself a bit. What he needs now is education that will lead him to turn present large wages into ownership of industry. For thus will be maintained and increased the very machinery out of which alone can come in any permanent sense the comforts and luxuries he so much desires.

A New Motive in Industry

AN IMMENSE amount of talk is being indulged in by those who consider themselves the only and most advanced thinkers regarding the need of a new motive in industry. The mainspring of industry must shift, they say, from private profit to public service. According to this view nothing will be right with the world until business is run primarily for use and service rather than for profit.

What they mean is that each business should be a necessary or desirable contribution to the social needs of the world, regardless of dividends. At present, they say, a man would rather earn forty per cent on his capital by manufacturing fancy-topped kid shoes than six per cent on plain boots that are imperatively needed by freezing peasants of Central Europe. Apparently some of our younger thinkers have just discovered some of the old imperfection in the scheme of things and, jubilant over the discovery, glibly announce that all we need to make the world over is a new motivation.

Mankind has been forced to struggle for some millions of years to preserve itself. It has had to be selfish. Self-interest has been indispensable to existence. Man cannot throw it overboard at a gesture from young radicalism. To erect a new system from the ground up that fails to contain the cement of self-interest reckons without history and experience.

New motives do not come at beck and call, especially when old ones go back to primeval slime. To say "Let us put a new motivation in industry" is exactly like saying "Let us be perfect" or "Let us all become good to-morrow." It is highly desirable, an objective to be worked for everlastingly, but something that requires long-enduring patience and time without end. The contemptuous, superior and dogmatic way in which the young reformer rejects the whole business structure because its managers work for dividends and the finality with which he announces that all will be cured provided a new motive is recognized fail somehow to get us anywhere because of the faintness of their appeal. After all it is not so much the visionary millenniums we are interested in as Where do we go from here?

The truth is that business is constantly evolving toward higher forms of usefulness. Men no longer invest in the slave trade. Even liquor is banned. Business concerns give their customers far more service than formerly. They are making the human element a subject of constant study and daily according it greater importance.

Industry is groping and feeling its way toward a sounder, more rounded and equitable system. It seeks regularity of employment for the worker and aims to give him a fairer share of the product. Through science and invention it seeks stability and certainty, which should mean moderate rather than excessive rewards for capital and a richer fuller life for both the consumer and the worker. That employers are thinking more and more in terms of their responsibility to the community as well as in terms of profits for themselves is obvious to everyone.

This progress is made possible only by keeping the industrial machine going, and to change society from a profit to a so-called service basis overnight would bring disorganization and chaos before it brought even the problematical and wholly unknown benefits of a new and untested driving force. To label the business man an antediluvian because he tries to keep the productive process alive is merely substituting destructive and paralyzing criticism for an orderly advancement.

Our Admirable Bystanders

BEGINNING on February eighth, and ending on St. Valentine's Day, Boy Scouts all over the country will celebrate, by what they have named Universal Good Turn Week, the tenth anniversary of the founding of their organization. Theirs has been a history of steady accomplishment, of rapid growth and of useful work well done.

Robert Louis Stevenson somewhere refers to the "admirable bystander" who seems always to be on the spot when someone falls into the water or meets with mishap in street or highroad—that unflurried and clear-headed person who has his wits about him and knows precisely what to do and how to do it with least lost motion.

The gentle Scot wrote long before the Boy Scouts had come into existence, but Scout training seems to have made good as the proper form of education wherewith to people the land with thousands of little admirable bystanders who are prepared to take command of the situation whether you have been fished out of the river half drowned, bitten by a mad dog or are merely watching your house burn up.

Nor does Scout lore end there. It merely begins there and goes on through a series of activities that would put the Admirable Crichton himself on his mettle. Head and hand, mind and eye, are trained together and every step in Scout curriculum is one that tends toward wholesome living, useful careers and lofty standards of good citizenship. It is a significant fact that the most liberal supporters of the Boy Scout movement are level-headed business men who are not given to backing fads. They are men firm in the belief that every dollar spent in keeping boys out of mischief by teaching them something interesting and useful brings in greater and richer returns than any hundred put into machinery for reforming bad boys who have become so by neglect.

Hardin the Blacksmith and the Uplift—By E. W. Howe

I AM not one of those wise persons who believe their opinions should become laws without further preliminary; but probably no one of reasonable intelligence doubts that we Americans are confronted with the necessity of remedying the remedies.

I lately saw a statement that it is no longer profitable to mine gold, so many regulating laws having been adopted. In nearly all the other occupations in which men engage they are compelled to make out unnecessary reports and do other troublesome things. We are in the situation of that man who, finding his milk spoilt, found the trouble was due to too much preservative.

"I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked on, flattened out and squeezed," said a business man lately, "by the United States Government for the income tax, the Federal war tax, the excess-profits tax, Liberty Loan bonds, Victory Loan bonds, and the bonds of matrimony; for the state, county and city highway tax, the auto tax, the syntax, and every other society and organization the inventive mind of man can devise to extract what I may or may not possess; for the Society of John the Baptist, the Women's Relief, Men's Relief, the Navy Relief, the Stomach Relief, the Red Cross, the Iron Cross, the Double Cross, and every other cross of all colors until I feel cross myself. The Government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and reëxamined, informed, required and commanded until I don't know who I am or why I am here. All I know is I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race; and because I will not borrow or steal money to give away I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied about, lied to, coaxed and threatened, held up, hung up, robbed and nearly ruined; and the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what in Sam Hill will happen next."

A Novelty in World History

AS A RESULT we have a tax rate in the United States higher than any rate collected by the French kings before the revolution. The greatest amount wasted by the worst French king on houses of pleasure and slavery never equaled the amount we wasted last year on liberty.

We Americans are determined on revolution, it seems. And since we are going to the trouble and expense of a revolt, why not a sensible and profitable one? That would be a novelty in world history. Such a revolution would be bloodless, and the fools would escape punishment, except that they would be compelled to be more sensible and industrious. As soon as a fool proposed another plan for more human betterment than is possible the revolutionists would say to him gently "Now, now; we have tried that," and force him back to work.

Everybody more fair, sensible, helpful, polite, temperate and industrious would indeed be a change. And heaven knows a change is the thing we have most persistently demanded, have finally brought about and are now finding as uncomfortable as some of the new thought we have also regarded with high favor.

I wish to make another guess as to the trouble with the average American. It is that he doesn't know or properly appreciate the importance of fairness in public affairs. For this he may not be greatly to blame, since nearly all our leaders, schools, churches, magazines and newspapers have long been devoted to big things they cannot possibly accomplish. If I had great influence I should exercise it in warning the people that there is something wrong with every big promise. A man telling how good he is and how wicked other men are is always unreliable; his philosophy is tinged with the hunger of the wolf watching fat sheep belonging to an honest shepherd.

I doubt if there ever was an American convention or mass meeting not in some measure mischievous. We know men in their

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Running Wide Open

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Peace

PEACE among civilized men is the result of fear. Civilized men do not fear one another more than savages fear one another. Courage has not been bred out of the race. The great war proved that we have retained the brute instincts of our brute ancestors.

But though civilized man does not fear his fellow, he fears the organized strength and opinion of his fellows. Much of his physical welfare and all of his happiness depend on the approval of those he must deal with in the business of getting a living. He fears their disapproval and he fears the stone walls and iron bars that make their disapproval effective.

The great moral force is the fear of punishment.

Nations are but men multiplied. They know all the passions and greeds and fears that individual men know. To solve the problem of peace among nations we must think of nations as men, not as abstract governments.

A few months ago we were telling ourselves that Germans had no respect for anything human or divine save force. Force to the utmost became our slogan and our ambition.

As a matter of fact, all nations respect force. In a pinch few of them respect anything else. Force alone won the war. Force alone will keep it won.

The vows exchanged in a covenant will be effective while the world is full of wounded men who got their hurts because a covenant was broken. But spiritual exaltation is a transient thrill, and men are human.

While men continue to know loss of temper, while envy and greed and race prejudice remain a part of the human race, history will continue to be little more than a record of conflicts.

There will be everlasting peace among nations when there is everlasting peace among individuals.

Meanwhile the corner policeman encourages peace. The fear of him and what he represents makes discretion the better part of valor.

Our League may be a corner policeman, or it may be a dummy set up to frighten children. Great minds differ on this as on other matters, great and small, and proof lies in a demonstration.

Fear of the League's power will preserve peace in the world after and in case the first offender against the peace of the world is given a sound beating by all other nations.

Loafers

THE loafer is a leech on the body of society. He may be a temporary affliction or a permanent institution. In either case he is a nuisance. The loafer without visible means of support is a menace. The loafer with visible means of too much support is an indictment of the justice of our civilization.

The loafer is without respect for the rights of others. If he is without possessions this lack of respect shows itself in theft or a form of begging that is but theft under another guise.

If he possess much his failure to understand that others have rights is shown by his willingness to waste the time of those who cannot afford to loaf.

Our enemies do not loaf with us. Only our worthless friends call on our busy days to torment us and to test the virtue of our religion. Because they are our friends we feel under obligation to show them a measure of courtesy. We listen with one ear to the endless drivel of their conversation. We smile while our souls are seething with a desire to indulge in homicide. We tap on the desk with our fingers, rustle sheets of paper, clear our throats, twist in our chairs. Nothing avails. The loafer has set about the business of killing so much time at our expense and nothing can divert him.

To consume while one does not produce is obviously dishonest. To consume and interfere with others who are engaged in the business of production is the unpardonable sin.

Propaganda

BEFORE the war propaganda was a nice, trouble-free word used to define the labors of the press agent and nothing more. The war gave the word a sinister meaning and taught us to look for the sinister in all propaganda, whether of war or peace.

It is conceded that few witnesses tell the truth. Few know the truth. Certainly the witness who testifies for a price makes no effort to tell the truth. His concern is to earn his hire.

Counsel for litigants does not tell the truth. His concern is to present that half of the truth best suited to the interests of his clients, and to avoid or discredit the other half.

Since the purpose of propaganda is to present one side of a case, it is from its very inception a distortion of facts and an avoidance of the whole truth. Truth is a stranger to prejudice and the world has not yet witnessed a controversy in which all of truth and right lay on one side.

Wherever two men are gathered together they are planning a campaign of publicity in the hope of converting the public to faith in a half truth from which they hope to derive a profit or protect one already in existence.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well and we are poisoning the well. All the world has gone proselyting with one eye shut, and a simple fact is dressed in a dozen coats in as many hours, each new hue designed to fatten the purse of him who lays it on.

The eloquence of the advocate is without avail, for our newly found sophistication observes the ax he has to be ground before he has opened his mouth.

Propaganda has made doubters of us all. Half of us are running in circles and kicking up a deal of dust because we have for the time being lost the knack of recognizing truth, and we may not again see clearly while the other half has reasonable hope of getting a profit by keeping the waters muddy.

Kicks

FEW people outside the retail drug business realize to what an extent patent medicines have replaced more orthodox bottled goods as the favorite beverage of those who find life dull without an artificial kick.

In the rural districts, where everybody knows the business and frailties of everybody, clandestine traffic in alcoholic beverages to which men are accustomed is fraught with very real danger. There is little of it outside the mountain districts.

But the sale of patent medicines containing a kick is legitimate, and it is none of the druggist's business whether the medicine is purchased by one foolish enough to think it a remedy for his physical ills or one foolish enough to use it to generate ills he knows not of. Perhaps the druggist is careful not to make it his business.

Patent medicines will never become popular as beverages. The youth who yearns to have a high old time and feels the need of liquid encouragement will not be able to cultivate a craving for the nauseous admixture of disagreeable tastes, and the old-timer who accepts them ruefully as a substitute will find in them a short cut to the embalmer's parlors.

Eventually patent medicines containing a kick will clutch the nails in prohibition.

Yellowness

THE other morning two dogs, without thought of anything more spectacular than the business of getting a living, staged in front of my shop the tragedy of nations and the whole of diplomacy.

One dog was small, unwashed, furtive and yellow. He came bearing a trophy from the garbage can behind some butcher's shop and lay down on the walk to enjoy it. His was the combined right of the discoverer and the conqueror. And conscientiously he set about getting the last ounce of nourishment from the bone which is the obvious right of discoverers and conquerors.

As I watched him another dog appeared. This newcomer was the petted child of fortune—a well-groomed bird dog walking with an assurance born of size and a full stomach.

He enjoyed choice rations at home and had no need of this sorry bone. But dogs are little better than men and affluent strength cannot endure the sight of weak destitution in the enjoyment of its morsel.

If the smaller dog had turned with a snarl to defend his poverty he might have courted upon the reinforcement of my boot. An inborn chivalry prompts us to defend the weak if there is a reasonable chance to get away with it.

But he was as yellow as his mangy coat and without show of resistance or wait for parley he dropped the bone and fled. The bird dog carried off the spoils. Doubtless he felt that one of his refinement and strength of jaw could best develop the values inherent in the bone.

Men lose much because they have not the courage to stand foursquare and growl in the face of an invader. Frequently a bluff is as efficacious as a blow, but even a bluff requires a bit of courage.

Belgium won the heart of the world, not because of what she accomplished or endured, but because she preferred inevitable defeat to ignominious surrender.

Diagnosis

THE physician can't do a great deal for his patient until he learns what is the matter with him. There is something the matter with this country. In fact there is a great deal the matter with it. And all of our fine theories and fine phrases and queer prescriptions will accomplish exactly nothing at all unless we first make a correct diagnosis and then make a conscientious effort to swat the offending germ.

America's organs are sound. Talk with the banker, the merchant, the farmer and the mechanic of native birth and you will discover no evidence of delirium. They show no symptoms of disease. They are essentially as they were last year and the year before.

With this obvious fact in hand, there is no need of major operations or endless consultations. The trouble is on the surface, where all may see it. It is a skin disease.

Our alien population is not a part of us. In the course of time it may become a part of us, but at present it is on the outside, irritating our hide and making a prodigious though futile effort to infect our vital organs.

Learning to hate our aliens will not mend matters. We invited them here. In many instances we urged them to come. We have used them in our giant industries and it may be that we have abused them, for we are not overgentle when dealing with an inferior people.

We must make some disposition of these people. Bolshevism is alive and active in America because we have been stupidly tolerant. We have attributed to our aliens a love for America and American ideals of which they are innocent. The trip across the Atlantic did not change their natures. They cling to their old prejudices, their old viewpoint and their old class hatred. We think of them as Americans, but we do them too much honor.

They are a menace. They are a menace because they have a liberty they do not deserve and do not know how to handle. As well trust a child with a razor as grant unrestricted liberty to people who have not learned that there is a difference between government and tyranny.

Our laws have been made for the guidance of people who know how to appreciate and defend liberty. These people, through no fault of their own, have no conception of a rational government by the people. To them every official is a boss to be feared and hated.

With time and patience we may transform them into good Americans. We have an established foreign-language press through which the greater number of our aliens may be reached. This press is not now wholly American. Much of it is anti-American. Nothing short of criminal stupidity will persuade us to leave this press undisturbed. To abolish it would be equally stupid. But a wise Government supervision would change it in a day from a liability to an asset.

The foreign-language press drafted to serve the Government will transform aliens into Americans, but the transformation will not be made in a day or a decade. Meanwhile something must be done that will give temporary relief.

If an American citizen has the right to print and circulate matter directed against our established form of government, our elected officials, our customs and our institutions, it is only because he is an American citizen. We have not granted and dare not grant a like privilege to aliens. They have assumed the right and we have made little protest, but the right is not theirs and should be denied them.

The right of Americans to organize and strike is granted. But where in our Constitution or written statutes is a similar privilege for ill-mannered and unappreciative guests granted, suggested or permitted?

We must for the safety of our institutions make a sharp distinction between Americans and aliens in America.

Our guess is that d'Annunzio will arrange to die in a conspicuous place.

Sooner or later the most ardent radical must take a little job for the stomach's sake.

Another difference between Wilhelm and Napoleon is that Wilhelm knows when he has had enough.

Unfair methods are the unexpectedly successful ones used by the opposition.

There is seldom question of the constitutionality of a law unless it disturbs the graft of those able to hire great lawyers.

The only tax that isn't passed on to the ultimate consumer is the one that is dodged.

Food won the war, but it needn't be so uppish about it.

The Red has the courage of his laziness.

In these days you can't find a kick in a bottle, but that's about the only place where you can't find one.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Your plate goes back for more!

And you need not be afraid of eating all the Campbell's Beans you want. They are as wholesome as they are delicious. They are made to the Campbell's standard of quality—famous for half a century. Choice beans, slow-cooked until thoroughly digestible and flavored with the tempting sauce of luscious tomatoes. A splendidly healthful food.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Our Precious Petroleum

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE prosperity of the United States depends largely upon an adequate supply of petroleum. Very few of our great industries as now conducted could exist without it. There are no known commercial substitutes for gasoline or lubricating oils and it is no exaggeration to say that in one form or another petroleum reaches every household in the civilized world.

The United States is faced with the certainty of an increasing demand for petroleum. We know now that the domestic output does not meet our present consumption. Of our original available supply underground we have consumed 40 per cent that is unreplaceable. Within the next two to five years the oil fields of this country will reach their maximum production and from that time on, unless there are new discoveries of oil, we may have to face a steadily decreasing output. This will make us more and more dependent on foreign fields. Authorities tell us that if we assume the same rate of increase during the next decade as in the past ten years it is unsafe to predict an adequate supply of petroleum beyond a ten-year period.

Secretary Lane says: "Petroleum is a challenge to the chemists of the world. All nations are more dependent upon it than they are upon anything else except coal, iron, foodstuffs and textiles. It has jumped to this place of eminence within twenty years and the whole world is concerned in knowing how large a supply there is and how every drop of it can best be used. I think there should be coöperative effort on the part of the oil men themselves to protect against waste. There is much to be learned about saving gas, preventing the wells from being flooded and keeping the pipe lines from leaking.

"We are behind the rest of the world in the use of our oil for fuel purposes. We are spendthrifts in this as in other of our natural resources. We can get three times as much energy as we do out of our oil through the use of the Diesel engine, yet we are doing but little to promote the development of a satisfactory type of stationary Diesel or marine design. Instead of seeing how many hundred millions of barrels of oil we can produce and use our effort should be to see how few millions of barrels will satisfy our needs. Throughout the nation we are making a drive to increase production, but that does not mean we should make a drive to exhaust resources which God alone can duplicate."

The day of empirical formulas and rule-of-thumb methods in our industrial life should not be allowed to continue. By careful scientific research alone can we hope to obtain the most value from our natural resources and particularly from our supplies of petroleum. As one engineer stated: "It is the research man alone who must be depended upon to point out manufacturing losses and indicate the necessary investigative work that will eliminate such wastes. These results should not be stored in the records of one company, but should be available to other manufacturers so that they may profit by the experience and findings of their neighbors. A proper exchange of information will save costly duplication of work.

"The need of research has been recognized in certain professions, particularly in medicine. But only a limited interest has been shown by business men in the carrying on of broad scientific investigations along important industrial lines. In 1918 the value of the output of crude oil and refined products in the United States was about $2,500,000,000. Certainly such an industry could afford to spend one-twenty-fifth of one per cent, or $1,000,000, annually in research work to discover new methods for increasing the recovery of oil and better practices in the utilization of the product. This would lessen the cost to the consumer and help conserve the rapidly diminishing supply of an essential commodity."

Such a line of reasoning has convinced Van H. Manning, director of the United States Bureau of Mines, and others, that the American petroleum industry should undertake extensive investigative work of a scientific nature under the direction of a division of research and statistics. The field has been canvassed and technical men from all over the country have approved the idea. These same scientists have enumerated dozens of important problems that are already in urgent need of close attention. A careful reading of these suggestions will convince anyone that the oil industry, like most of our great businesses, is still in the toddling stage. Oil-well materials need to be standardized; there should be methods for protecting casings against corrosion and for sealing the holes against inflows of water. Valuable products are lost every day through evaporation of oil in storage and these lost gases constitute the best part of the oil. Active steps should be taken to make it possible to use heavy oils in the internal combustion engine—burning the heavy oils as fuel under boilers is wasteful. In California government engineers demonstrated that the consumption of oil in practically every power plant inspected could be reduced from five to twenty-five per cent merely by effecting a proper arrangement of the draft, installing a damper in the stack, rearranging the air intake, and so on. Such repair work involves no new purchases or expensive equipment. All that is necessary is a little research in the form of simple tests.

It would make a long story to try and tell even briefly what might be done to save our precious petroleum products. I doubt if anyone can find fault with the research work that is proposed. The big idea in this and similar work appears to be voiced by Doctor Stratton, of the Bureau of Standards, who says: "I am sure there is just as much to be gained by coöperation in scientific and technical work as there is in administration and business. Our industries have long understood the importance of combined effort along business lines, but as a rule they have overlooked the importance of combination in considering the scientific and technical interests which are of fundamental importance to the industry as a whole."

As a further argument favoring the organization of responsible coöperative-research bureaus within all of our great industries let me quote from a letter dictated by a cabinet member. He says:

"I am sure that Congress can be largely helped by the sane presentation of wise policies touching our great industries. I hold the belief that whatever a body of our industrial leaders would agree upon would be something that would make for the best use of that industry's products and for the protection over a long period of the prime resources of the nation. Congress has difficulty often in getting the large view of practical men who speak without personal interest, and research bureaus organized within our industries and made up of the best talent the business could supply would be able to speak, not for the individual but for the industry. Such a body could truthfully show how its own particular industry might best be developed in the interest of the whole country."

Oil Storage Tank on Fire

What is Your Education Worth?

HAVE you ever been asked the question, "What is the cash value of an education?" Most everyone has; and sometimes it is not easy to give a specific answer. The usual reply is that one may possibly succeed without much of an education but that he will get ahead further and faster with one.

The other day I heard of a young woman who went to work in a bank. The employer said to her: "We will start you at $1200 a year; if you could do bookkeeping we would pay you $1600."

Here we have one fairly definite basis for calculation, so let's see where we get. The average person can learn to keep books in forty hours of earnest application to study. This means that, in any case like that of the bank referred to above, forty hours devoted to the acquisition of special knowledge will bring a return to the worker of $400 in one year. This is at the rate of $10 an hour and is fair wages when you consider that the investment made by the ambitious individual cannot be lost, and will go on drawing interest year after year.

A hundred other instances could be mentioned where the value of hours of study might easily be expressed in terms of real money. If one job pays $2000 and another one in the same company pays $3000, the total hours required to master the intricacies of the better-paid work have an annual value of $1000. Some people might acquire the needed knowledge in fifty hours. If so, their wages for study, based on the reward of a single year, would be twenty dollars an hour—quite a profitable pursuit.

Of course there are other ways of figuring out the value of time devoted to useful study. Some of them are based on the assumption that the increased income from increased knowledge is only the interest on the investment, and that the education or skill one acquires through study has a value equal to the cash capital that would have to be invested to bring a return equal to the additional income. Such critics not only

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Confessions of a Mild Havana

FOR years now, men who had a hankering for ripe Havana leaf made palatably mild, have found in Robt. Burns their *beau-ideal.*

Robert Burns explains it thus: "My *full Havana filler* rarely fails to give my friends delight. The fact is, special curing brings my choice Havana to just the right degree of mildness. My delicately neutral Sumatra wrapper leaf *helps* that mildness. Deft fingers fashion my well-proportioned, easy-drawing form.

"But after all, the test lies here: Suppose you ask my friends among the trade, *what luck they have with substitutes.*"

* * *

A WORTHY TEST, but here's a better yet: suppose you interview Robt. Burns himself. Keen smokers, men who *know*, declare he's an even better cigar than ever—which is saying much.

General Cigar Co.
119 West 40th Street, New York City

ROB'T BURNS
Invincible
[illegible]
Box of 50 $5.75

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE LATELY?

Rob't Burns Cigar

(Continued from Page 32)

support my argument but add largely to my modest claims, so I will devote no time to answering them.

But there are also the other objectors—those who will quickly point out that my argument is fallacious because to-day in certain industries the wages paid are not proportionate to the education possessed by the individual workers. This latter is the point I am trying to hit. No one can deny the existence of such instances.

I know several publishing houses where paper handlers, who can master the details of their job in ten or twenty hours, get as much pay as some of the junior editors of the same companies, who had to spend four years in a big university learning the basic principles of their different professions.

The foreman chauffeurs driving meat trucks in one of our big Eastern cities recently struck for a minimum wage of $102 a week. Other equally absurd demands are heralded frequently in the daily press. The only serious thing in the matter is that our celebrated American sense of humor seems to have also joined a union and gone off duty. How the wily agents of unrest must be laughing over the success of this scheme of effective free advertising, which deceives American workmen everywhere and rouses many honest and otherwise contented men to demand wages at least equal to those assumed to be paid to less skilled workers in occupations of lesser importance.

The history of civilization shows a recurrent effort on the part of mankind to break away from the basic laws that govern all life. Never has this effort been successful, and never will it be. Dark days may destroy the faith of a few, but final victory will always rest with those who stand solid and refuse to forsake the fundamental doctrines that have survived the storms of all the ages. The primary truth of life is that the educated nation will of necessity stand above that people which is not intelligent. Just so, the individual who knows will govern the person who is ignorant. Any disturbance of this truth in the United States must prove temporary, for we live in a land of free schools, where knowledge knows no caste, and becomes the property of those who are willing to pay the price.

Millions of workers throughout the world have been treated unfairly in ages past. But such injustice in the civilized countries during recent years has been decreasing in a most satisfactory manner. Public opinion was once a negligible quantity in government. To-day it rules with the certainty of death, even if it is sometimes slow of action. The majority of people are fair. Anyone who expects to establish a new order of things must base all his plans on a square deal. This means that we—the public—don't propose to be governed by any class, whether it is rich or poor; whether it works with its hands or its head. A bunch of millionaires tried to do that once, and failed. A group of labor leaders appear to be heading the same way, and they will likewise fail.

The common people of the United States are not just the few million members of labor unions, but that great conglomerate mass of unorganized Americans who just now are being hit fore and aft by two angry groups who have seen fit to start a little fight that isn't being confined to any prescribed boundaries and that is not governed by any fixed rules. In battles of this kind the innocent always suffer most.

But the so-called patient public are getting quite annoyed. A lot of folks are starting to talk plain. They are saying: "We are for the United States first and last. If anyone tries to oppose our Government we are against him just as much as we were against the Kaiser. We will fight the enemies of Uncle Sam just as quickly when they live here in the United States as we did when they came from the Rhine. If any of our brothers want reform they can get it by first convincing us of the justice of their claims. This may take a little time, but the result will be satisfactory and permanent. The quickest way home is frequently the longest way round."

Electric Heat To-Morrow

ELECTRICITY can be converted into three things—light, power and heat. The first two have become integral parts of our industrial and domestic life, but electric heat has not yet been developed to the same stage of perfection and economy that attends the use of light and power. No branch of science holds forth greater possibilities for infinite service to mankind than the gradual evolution of the art of electric heating.

At first glance it appears almost ridiculous to assume that a practical and economical process can be developed whereby fuel is first converted into electric energy and then is transformed back into heat again. Such a feat appears still more impracticable when we remember that the efficiency of the transformation of heat to electric energy is at best only about twenty per cent. Nevertheless, the present trend of engineering achievement points to the coming wide use of electric heat in our everyday life.

As is true in the cases of most of our great technical developments, the science of heating by electricity is receiving its early encouragement from the application of this comparatively new method to the necessities of our industrial life. Little by little the process is sure to be extended until it will finally become a welcome member of our domestic family. The present outlook fosters the belief that electric heating will soon consume more of the nation's electric energy than will light and power combined. We have all heard of the wonderful electrical plants that have been located at Niagara Falls to utilize the mighty force there furnished us by Nature. It will perhaps be news to many to learn that ninety per cent of the energy generated in the power plants at Niagara is consumed for industrial heating purposes. At the present rate of growth the half million kilowatts now used to generate heat in this country will soon be increased to several million kilowatts.

The chief reason why electric heating is winning out so rapidly in many of our industries is the fact that the high temperatures of the electric heater are not easily attainable through the medium of the direct use of such fuels as gas, coal and oil. The higher the temperature required the less becomes the competition of the latter fuels. At two thousand degrees Fahrenheit eighty-one hundred of the heat units in a pound of coal are consumed in raising the products of combustion and the excess air to the temperature of the furnace. If the coal used contains only ten or twelve thousand British thermal units of heat per pound it is readily seen that not much of the energy of the coal remains available for effective heating work.

In the automobile industry, where the industrial development is not hampered by tradition, we find the greatest advances in the art of electric heating. In this single industry one hundred thousand kilowatts are at work drying the enamel on more than three thousand motor cars each day. In another year the enameled car body that has not been dried in an electrically heated oven will be a rather novel creation. This is true notwithstanding the fact that electric heating itself in the automobile-manufacturing industry is more expensive than baking with gas or oil. The adoption of the new process resulted because the electric oven reduced losses, increased the speed of work and reduced the number of workers required, which advantages cut down the over-all expense to a figure that showed a saving in comparison with other heating methods.

Another great opportunity for the development of electric heating methods is in the drying of food products. During the war great impetus was given to the desiccated-food business. Uncle Sam was obliged to send tons of food to our soldiers in France, and it was found that great savings resulted when the food products were first dried. The drying of vegetables, fruits, and so on, leads to large economies in transportation costs. In every ton of fresh vegetables that is shipped the owner pays freight on approximately eighteen hundred pounds of water. It is evident therefore that if these foodstuffs were dried we could ship the equivalent of fresh vegetables instead of the eighteen hundred pounds of water contained in every ton. Thousands of tons of food are wasted annually on American farms. A large part of this loss could be eliminated if the products were promptly and properly dried before being sent to distant markets. The doctors tell us that dishes prepared from reconstructed vegetables show no loss in food value in comparison with fresh vegetables. Investigators also maintain that foods thus treated are as easily digested.

An Electric Oven Used for Baking Dolls' Heads

The desiccated-food industry in the United States is only in its infancy and with the development of this new business we shall see the increased application of electrically generated heat. The greatest opportunities for the drying of foods lie in our Western States, where the big farms and other sources of production are so located that the owners suffer a great handicap from high transportation charges in their competition for Eastern markets.

Other fields for the electric oven are in the melting of pitch for impregnating roofing paper; the heating of metals, particularly shell forgings and gun forgings; the reheating of billets; the heating of rivets in shipbuilding, and the substitution of this method for crucibles in the melting of brass. In all these cases it has been found that the higher fuel cost for electric furnaces over fuel-fired furnaces that might have been used for the same purposes has been more than justified by the savings on labor, the precision of treatment and the reduction in the number of parts rejected due to defective heat treatment. When brass is melted in the ordinary fuel-fired furnace there is a considerable loss of zinc through volatilization and oxidation, due to the high temperature of the applied heat as well as the atmospheric conditions surrounding the heat bath. Both of these conditions are under perfect control in the electric furnace. Up to the present time only one per cent of the brass foundries of the country have installed electric heating methods, so that the opportunity in this industry is very great.

In shipbuilding the investigators discovered that large quantities of rivets used to be lost by being burned in the coke forge and by failure to upset in the hole, due to uneven heating. In the old method two men were required, one to handle the forge blower and another to serve as passer. Also, the auxiliary equipment of the oil-burning rivet heater was expensive, requiring in many cases as high as ten horse power per oil burner to supply the air blast necessary. The equipment was not flexible. The burners could not be moved easily from place to place, and small

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Your Word!

Your letterhead is responsible for carrying not only your words but *your word*—that sign of good faith known as your signature and legally regarded as a part of yourself.

Systems Bond is worthy of any man's hand—fit to bear the *word* of the best. It has the "feel"—the crackle—the body. It is tough in fibre and pleasing in texture. It is a quality bond, but a business man's bond. And it sells at a business man's price.

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"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

The Necessity of Shoe Trees

SHOE TREES counteract the upward bulge of the "heated" shoe, and restore the natural shape. They thus add to the economy which you may secure from any shoe.

Fit your shoes each night with trees — the Crossett dealer sells them.

Wear in a shoe is hidden. Hence the necessity of a brand that means something to you when selecting a shoe. The name CROSSETT on your shoes is a definite guarantee of full value and longer wear.

Ask Crossett Shoe Dealer for Booklet:
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The CROSSETT Shoe
"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
for MEN and WOMEN

Sight-Seeing by Wireless

By ENOS A. MILLS

DESERT mirages are ever on exhibition in the land of little rain. I was riding an Indian pony along the margin of the Black Rock Desert in Nevada. The afternoon had been filled with a series of tantalizing mirages. A lake, a grove and green fields had again and again been shown to the right of us and to the left of us. Canteens were empty. All concentration for a spring, I ceased to notice the mocking pictures of the mirage. We were seriously wondering if we had made a mistake in failing to turn off to search for water in the mouth of that desolate cañon. The map placed a spring close, but finding a spring where not a tree stood and in a locality without distinguishing landmarks would be a case of mostly luck.

My pony with a sudden stop gave welcoming neigh. His eager ears pointed to two loose horses less than a quarter of a mile off. A bay and a pinto were standing in alkaline sand near the mouth of a cañon. They suggested camp and a spring. All concentration, my pony started gingerly for them. Head to head the horses stood; possibly looking at each other, possibly staring sleepily at the hot dull sand. I looked through my glass farther into the gorge beyond them. My pony made another sudden stop. The horses had vanished.

"Well, Piute," I said, "I am a tenderfoot in the Great Basin, but you—born on the desert—have let a mirage deceive you."

Light Becomes Wireless

He looked this way and that. He did not act foolish; he still had faith in his eyes and those horses. They simply had dodged while he was hustling over the high sand dunes. He wanted to look behind a rock ledge and I let him; then he clambered over the dunes. Unwillingly he turned back into our course along the dim trail. After going a quarter of a mile he turned, looked, neighed wildly, listened, then—puzzled—went slowly forward.

The wireless transfers sounds and music through uncharted space. On a desert light becomes wireless—transfers or transplants scenes. These may be brought from beyond the horizon and placed in the foreground or anywhere in the vision of the beholder. In looking upon a scenic desert it often is impossible to tell how much is real and how much mirage—scenes transferred by wireless.

We were on the edge of an old lake bottom as level as a floor. This large plain, or basin, was surrounded by detached mountain ranges. One of these on our left rose several thousand feet. It was so narrow and so abrupt there was a suggestion that its foothills were buried. Earlier we had passed the end of a similar mountain and dimly off in the southwest stood two others. Each separately pierced the level desert floor. The mountain slopes rose barren for two thousand feet, then had a broad belt of cedars, pines and spruces. All day we had not passed a single tree, and the total number of stunted sages and bunches of grass was less than a score.

Stretches of the level lake bottom were yellow pavement of sun-baked, sun-cracked sediment. But it was covered mostly with soda dust and fine sediment, sand borax and salt.

On Piute and I traveled, looking for a spring. By a barren water-worn rock we spent the night without water in the dusty sediment of an ancient lake. Piute stood near me all night, watching my every move and depending on me to get him out of this predicament. Far off through the night we saw a light high up on a mountain side; probably a camp fire of a prospector with burros in the woods with grass and water. A red volcano in the eastern horizon and dawn was on the desert. Green fields and cool lakes lay just ahead—false promises of the mirage. By seven o'clock the alkaline dust was sizzling.

We aimed straight across the level desert for a spring twenty-eight miles distant. All day I saw what I had come to the desert to see—deserted shore lines and dry bottom of a fossil lake.

Piute and I were tortured with thirst. A hot wind, fortunately behind us, showered us with dust alkali powder and filled the air for hours with salty sand. The storm ended and I walked to save Piute, who had been staggering along. He stumbled and went down; for minutes he lay groaning. After two desperate trials he rose and slowly followed me.

I was half blinded; the stinging alkaline dust burned my eyes. We were forcing ourselves along when Piute pricked up ears and turned gingerly off to the right. He headed straight for a mirage waterfall that seemed so close that one should hear its waters roar. But he was in home territory and brought up at a spring. The water was like Epsom salts and we dared use but little.

Visionary Waterfowl

Piute was restless and long before morning I obeyed his urging and we moved on. Evidently he knew where there should be real water. He was hurrying forward when we met a prospector. Still maddened with heat and thirst, I called to him, "Where are we at?"

"You are in the northwest corner of Nevada, with Oregon a few miles north and California several miles to the west," he said.

"But how far to water?" I asked, while Piute was pulling and stepping about trying to go on.

"About a mile—your pony knows the way," was the answer.

After an afternoon and night at the spring we started across a less barren desert for Malheur Lake, Oregon. Midafternoon Piute turned aside and stopped by a spring. I had planned to camp five miles farther along. But rather than disappoint the pony I stopped here.

At Malheur Lake I was to see thousands of waterfowl. While by this spring a mirage placed a lake teeming with waterfowl just beyond camp. Geese and ducks were swimming in the water, feeding and sunning themselves along the shore.

After two weeks with Piute and the desert I gave him up at the lake and hurried away by speedy transport; a dry-as-dust vacation but one decorated with mirages and everything for the imagination. As is common for those who know the desert for a week or longer, I went away from it

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Near Desert View Looking North, Grand Cañon National Park

HOW fortunate it is for us that the men who founded this business, set out with the simple idea of trying to build the best car of its class in the world.

That clear-cut determination has led us to adopt policies which are careful and conscientious, and manufacturing principles which are sound and substantial.

The net result has been a most unusual and cordial relation between ourselves and our public—based on the confidence which people have learned to place in the Hupmobile and in the company which builds it.

(Concluded from Page 36)

planning to return. That plan was not forgotten.

During my next desert visit, light—the desert magician—gave another lake picture. Early one morning a mirage lake appeared in the scene before my camp in Western Utah. As I looked a bighorn ram raised his head like a periscope through the silvery surface of the lake. The remainder of his body was not visible, but appeared to be submerged in the water. For a few seconds his head also was out of sight, then reappeared.

There was a blur and the next scene showed a ram, three lambs and two ewes, all knee-deep in the shallow water of the lake. Shallow short-lived lakes are common in the Great Basin. But how a moment before had the ram shown only his head, and where were the others of the flock which now stood by him?

The ram walked forward a few steps, stopped and turned his head. Others of the flock were starting to follow when the picture melted. After a few minutes the mirage vanished—but not the sheep. There on the desert, correct for distance and direction, stood the six sheep—a ram, three lambs and two ewes—that had been in the mirage scene.

Evidently the air was made up of layers of different density or of different humidity. The top of this obscuring layer must for a time have been just beneath the ram's head. Later it dropped to knee level or the sheep walked to slightly higher level. Here was a mirage stage setting with real and undistorted figures in it.

From this camp the following afternoon a scene of different type was staged. It was intensely hot and the sun seemed like molten metal in the hazy, coppery sky. Round me were level seared desert distances without a butte or a cloud.

A bit of seashore suddenly had a place in the hot dry landscape. A wave rolled easily in and flattened on the shore. Swell after swell, then breaker after breaker, rolled in upon the shore before me. Far out I saw a heavy breaker coming in. It rose higher as it approached the shore, curled and broke almost at my feet. But there was no sound. It was uncanny. A transformation came so quickly that I could not follow. In apparently the same scene, without a breeze, a heavy fog bank came drifting in. The sun touched its edges to glass as it came on. For a moment it obscured the sun. I said to myself this is exactly like real fog. If so it will be moist and cool, wind or no wind. For a moment there was gray obscurity; then again the soda-dusted sand dunes lay shimmering in the furnace air before me.

The Wish is Father to Mirage

A mirage is the reflection of something; sometimes the mixed reflection of several things. It appears that an object or a landscape is lifted, perhaps by reflection, projected afar and then set down in another place as a mirage. It may be of something near or of something miles off. It may be right side up or upside down. It may be photographically clear, or vague and cloudy, or a confused mixture. This confusion may be due to several reflections mingling in the same picture, like several images being taken on the same negative.

Few mirage river pictures are a realistic and artistic success. The best one I have seen appeared to be a loaned section of the Platte River out on the plains—low banks and a thin flow that covered parts of a wide sand channel. The remainder of the channel was of dunes, drift and ripple-marked sand. The short squatty shadow of a long-armed cottonwood said high noon. I expected a cowboy or a coyote to come into the scene, but none did.

Most of the striking and distinct mirages made for me their momentary place, their brief pause, in a western or southwestern desert. Museums are installing splendid natural history and other groups, and I hope that some time a grandly reproduced mirage will have a place of distinction in every large museum.

I was wanting a place to camp where there was wood. With canteens full, I was not concerned for water. In the dim distance to the right stood a cottonwood tree. As I did not want mirage firewood I looked closely before starting toward it. On the desert one cannot always believe his senses. There are deceptive illusions. The mirage shows many ambiguous images. Desire often insists we are seeing the thing we want. There were two old cottonwoods, one behind the other. Both carried the usual mistletoe clusters in their tops.

But as I approached them they leaped up and landed on a steep near-by mountain side. Except that they shot upward, the performance would have passed for a landslide. But it was without a sound. The trees sank slowly into the rocky mountain side and I turned away to search elsewhere for firewood. Surely these trees must have been reflected from another horizon; anyway they no longer stood in mine and I commanded miles of distance.

Camels once ages ago inhabited American deserts. They are so frequently pictured with palms and deserts that it is not easy to dissociate them. If one be seen separately the imagination either supplies the others or begins a search for them.

The camels are gone from the Southwest, but a few palms survive to give a touch of decoration and poetry to the desert's rim. In retreating from an adventure into Death Valley I looked eagerly toward the horizon where a cluster of palms with a proper topographic setting stood beside a pleasant spring. Near the seven palms were two camels. No one had heard of two camels in the desert, but prospectors are enterprising and it seemed likely that a prospector might have discarded burros for these higher-geared transports.

I climbed over ridges of sand and in due time arrived at the palms and the spring by the foothills. Two prospectors were in camp with two burros. But I had seen two camels; one with a pack on his back and the other with a pack on the earth by him. After a few drinks and an exchange of experiences with the prospectors I edged out for a look at the camels. Not seeing them, I walked over to the spot where they were standing when I saw them across the desert. I could not find a track. I called to the prospectors: "Camels!"

None were at the spring, nor had there been.

All one morning I sat on a foothill in a California desert watching an antelope below. Behind me the mountains rose in steep, sharp-edged, naked rock walls. There were a few scattered shrubs in the short cañons. Beyond me the desert was brown and level with widely spaced vegetation. Distant sage zones appeared like dwarf orchards and cactus groups like aggregations of weird, much-branched posts. Big ragged-edged spaces of sand in the sun shone dazzling in the purple distances. When the antelope moved out of sight I left the water hole to go down and out upon the endlessly level desert. But after a few steps a desert water hole came into view and I lingered to watch this institution. A shallow basin of water showed below a mere trickle of a spring. At two places a few steps from it white bones were scattered. Close to the spring lay a carcass, apparently that of a burro. At this three coyotes and twice as many buzzards were tearing and quarreling. Overhead other buzzards were sailing. All this seemed intensely real and it probably was. I did not go down to verify. Places in it, possibly sections of it, may have been modified or enchanted scenes superimposed over entire spaces.

Desert springs and water holes are far apart. All trails and air avenues end by them. To them come birds and antelope, rabbits and butterflies, skunks and snakes. The coyote comes to eat as well as to drink. Here animals and birds often rest for hours, and here they often play. This picturesque watering, gathering place, though often a life-saver in the desert, is not always set in poetry. It shows records of grim feasts; it has a circle of skeletons.

The turning of my field glass upon a mirage often changed it into nothing—or formless light and shadow. Now and then, however, the glass gave me a correct focus on the object.

One day steadying myself against a dead and thornless angle of a towering bent-armed cactus I turned my glass upon a newly created and barren mirage mountain. But through the glass it was forested and up a zigzag trail climbed a prospector with a pick upon his shoulder, leisurely following a burro with a pack. The burro stopped for a bite of something. The prospector stopped and used his pick. The burro lay down. The prospector rose up and looked at him. The burro started to roll. The prospector was hastening toward the burro when the mountain became barren and lifeless again.

The mirage can multiply and enlarge. One day a small vague village of one street hung against a distant sky. This, if I be not mistaken, was created from twin, face to face, square-cut cliffs on a ridge near camp.

I left a ranch on the Carson River, Nevada, to walk across the desert mesa to another ranch. Late afternoon I appeared to be arriving, for below me lay a stream, a fenced yard, a house and a scattering of trees. This answered the description of the place sought.

Prohibition's Effect on the Desert

A dark storm cloud with streams of silver was approaching the sunny ranch. Lightning, golden-crooked rivers of it, flashed against the dark background of cloud. Everything grew darker with the advance of the storm. Lightning flashed splendidly down and appeared to strike a cliff on the mesa behind the house. I stopped and listened, but thunder did not crash or toll. Slowly the dry mesa with its stunted and scattered sage returned and I went on looking for the ranch.

Reflection and refraction staged a scene before my Utah camp that caused me to do some reflecting. I was on the frayed outstretched margin of the desert; foothills half covered with scanty grass; acres of prickly pear; stunted and thinly planted cedars and pines; sand hills; gorges with southerly faced walls bare and brown, and northerly ones carrying a green tone of vegetation. I had just examined a near-by cliff with my glass and on lowering the glass a stout grizzly bear came walking along where a second before no bear was present. Along the bottom of the cliff, which was a block in length, the bear walked leisurely toward me.

His movement, size, stride and color were correct. It was a grizzly.

"A mirage can make the desert blossom, build mushroom cities and exhibit prehistoric life," I said to myself. "But it cannot when I am watching slip a real grizzly into the scene right under my nose."

Theoretically the mirage cannot do this, but there was a real grizzly and almost close enough for an introduction.

"If that is a real grizzly," I said to myself, "he will run if I yell."

He was close enough for me to see a scar over his left eye. Suddenly he stopped and rose up; he sniffed as though scenting me. He should see me, for I saw him. I yelled. He nearly fell over backward. He retreated with a rushing gallop. The third or the fourth jump the mirage fell to nothing. There was the cliff, sphinxlike, but not a bear in sight. I had not seen a bear. I walked round the cliff. Behind the farther end I found fresh grizzly tracks in the sand. The mirage had bent the light rays round the corner as it were. I don't know just how it was done. I saw the bear.

A mirage is occasionally seen over lakes, plains and the sea, but the desert is a prolific producer of mirages. On the desert the mirage is often weird, splendid and uncanny. But it is also peaceful and artistic. I have wished that more artists might see the mirages of the desert.

Apparently desert air is the environment of the mirage. It is a magician and master conjurer. It produces air castles, green fields, bits of paradise. Earthly horizons and landscapes in its legerdemain are mixed with mystery and color. The mirage is an artist—it creates new landscapes from old.

Sight seeing by wireless likely is near us. Ere long an Edison may seize these mirages and send them by science and show them as they are before assembled audiences.

Canon From Near Mohave Point, Grand Canon National Park

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AT the beginning of things when the world was made, the stage was set for life and the stage was set for Paramount.

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The heart-beats of men and women the world over are registered in shadows and brought from the ends of the earth for you to see, wherever you are—in New York City, in Lawrence, Kansas, in San Francisco.

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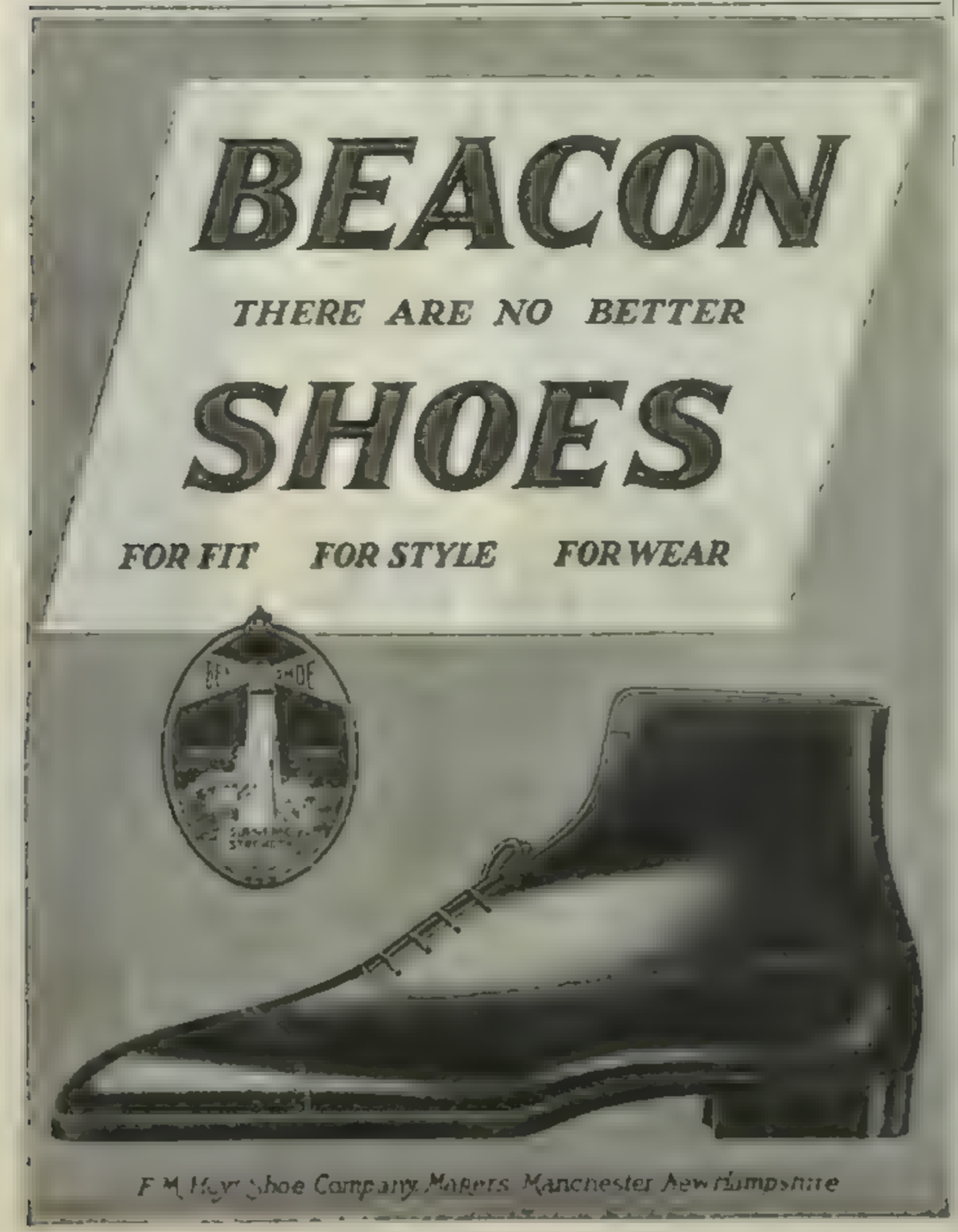

HARDIN THE BLACKSMITH AND THE UPLIFT

(Continued from Page 29)

private capacities, and watch them; but when they meet in congress or as a mob we accept their cheering as the voice of God.

The people have been taught rebellion so long that they have escaped from conservative leaders and are rebelling against many things as good as they can be made. Our private morals are bad enough, but public morals are worse.

A government so cumbersome that half the people are required to govern the other half will inevitably result in no government at all. Real reform means the simplest and least expensive government possible, in order that the people may consent to be governed at all.

The world is undoubtedly in a bad way. Who began it? A proletarian, who shot a crown prince and his wife. Who rushed into war with too much haste when a compromise might have been effected? A politician, the German Kaiser. It is the middle-class people, the patient workers, who have hesitated and saved the sound and good principles we have left.

When I meet a man on the road and stop to talk with him I usually note he is fairly intelligent, reliable and polite; only rarely do I meet a queer fish who is actually impolite or troublesome. But when I attend a public meeting I am ashamed of my sex; two or three control the entire proceedings and the hundreds of intelligent and worthy citizens who may be present submit to whatever folly is offered. Our favorite industry in public affairs is manufacturing white lies; and finally these have become black and troublesome.

As a single example of our habit of wantonly injuring ourselves by cheering bad public measures, take the railroads; an old example, but one worthy of frequent repetition. The railroads were a tremendous improvement; undoubtedly profitable and convenient to all. America led in railroad building; new sections were improved by extensions; towns and cities were built; millions of people became prosperous because of railroads. The Old World looked with astonishment at the efficiency of our transportation methods; our service was the best and our rates were the lowest.

Then a mass meeting was called, and an impudent fellow began abusing the railroads. True to form, worthy citizens in the audience did not fairly consider the other side. From that start the railroad industry has been paralyzed. Rates have advanced a third and service has been crippled. Nor is this all; we not only pay higher rates but are taxed to pay an enormous deficit owing to public management.

This is the situation, in a measure, as to street railways, electric lighting and water companies; all great blessings and conducted with rare ability and average honesty. The active enemies of the public utilities are in some cases dishonest men who would be impotent without the assistance of worthy people, but this assistance they have had in abundant measure.

Destroying Our Utilities

You may talk until you are black in the face, but the fact remains that we are destroying, without the slightest good excuse and with positive harm to ourselves great utilities necessary to all. And the fact also remains that we all know better than we are doing.

There was lately a strike of street-railway employees in Kansas City, the men demanding an increase in wages averaging five hundred dollars a year a man. I will not go into the details of the strike, but the mayor, speaking of it, said a rather good thing. One does not ordinarily expect a mayor to be wise, since these officials are nearly always elected as a result of the worst sort of clamor, but this one said:

"Of the one and a half million dollars it would take to pay the increases demanded I believe that more than one-half would come from patrons who perform duties as arduous as those performed by the employees of the street-railway company, but who receive nothing like the wages received by the railway men."

If people generally could see that point we should be on the way to a settlement of one of our greatest difficulties. But thousands still believe these increases are paid by the corporations, the plutocrats, the rich, the tariff or something else; whereas the increases come from people already too much oppressed.

Why do we do these foolish things when we all know better? Probably because of that old scream for higher life and lower rates than we are entitled to or can attain: because of the old song about democracy that has never yet been triumphant, and never will; because of violation of the precept "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you"; a precept much older than the Bible. It is plain practical advice coming from a pagan; a rule taught not because of religious belief, but in order that a savage people might get the most and best out of life.

When a citizen has a calf killed on a railroad he swears to high heaven that it was worth forty dollars, though his neighbors know it was not worth half so much. But if he brings suit his neighbors, as jurymen, will bring in a forty-dollar verdict.

Policies That Do Not Pay

Congress does the same thing; so do the national convention and the precinct convention; the general adoption of this policy has tangled our affairs until unraveling them may become the work of a receiver or dictator; both very expensive officials.

And finally we are discovering that the policy doesn't pay. We are discovering also that the universal love for which we have been clamoring never did exist and probably never will; that men hustling to do better than rivals they hate have done more for the world than those great souls who dream of universal peace. We long ago found out others; we are beginning to admit the truth about ourselves. We have discovered that what has happened in the past is a prophecy of the future, and that no fanatic ever performed a work of great importance; that the real heroes have been conservative men who had great respect for plain truth and common sense.

Simple fairness to himself is so necessary and important that a man living alone on a desert island should practice it. Such a man would find it best to be temperate, though possessing a great store of rum. He would find it best to be orderly, clean and industrious; he would find it best to accept the obvious in everything, and not depend upon dreams and idealism. But great masses of men living in a civilized country do not seem to have this primal sense; they expect laws to accomplish what they have not been able to accomplish themselves.

Except that we are not actually engaged in fighting each other with weapons, we Americans are engaged in revolution as certainly as are the Bolshevists in Russia.

Gossip is an idle and foolish thing: I may be unusual in that I do not greatly care for it. I even rejoice that millions of indiscreet persons escape without my hearing of their indiscretions, since I know they will be punished as they deserve. All I ask is that they be sufficiently scared to make them more worthy in future.

But what we call gossip has not been so busy in exaggerating the faults of the neighbors as the people generally have been in exaggerating the faults of capital. Yet we all know the dollar of the capitalist is no filthier than any other; when it arrives in his till the people themselves may have already contaminated it. The dollar that finally finds its way to the electric lighting or water company, for a service cheap, useful and agreeable, has been put to many disreputable uses before. The dollar is as dirty a thing at best as the sewer; but it will not do to say those who have progressed to the use of sewers are not so clean as those who dispose of their offal by less clean and intelligent methods.

The railroad serving a people was built by the same methods as the school where our children are instructed and the church where we worship. The money going into the construction of all three was earned in the same ways; the best ways we have. But every man who pays his money for railroad service is daily reminded of

(Continued on Page 42

It does not just happen that the Republic is the largest-selling truck in the world today. It goes back to such basic things as the Republic's performance, its wonderfully rugged strength, and real economy. More than 60,000 shrewd business men have now bought Yellow Chassis Trucks because the Republic convinced them that it actually does better hauling at less cost.

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What they mean to boys
Your boy's future is largely what you make it. You can train his mind while he plays by buying him the right kind of toys.
This is the big thought behind Gilbert Toys—the thing that has built up the biggest toy manufacturing business in America.
With Gilbert Toys the boy does the building and experimenting. In thought and action he is soon years ahead of the boy who does not have such toys.
Buy Gilbert Toys for your boy—"toys that are genuine"—boy teachers, boy helpers.
The A. C. Gilbert Company
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(Continued from Page 40)

handing out that which he very much wishes to keep, and comes to believe or to profess to believe that rates should be lower. All other patrons of the railroad have the same idea driven into their consciousness in the same way, and finally there is a general movement to lower rates. And the arguments of the men demanding lower rates are never fair; they forget that their own business practices are like the practices of the railway men. The result is, the railway corporation is compelled to fight. Fighting costs money; and in the end rates are advanced rather than lowered.

Every man is resentful because he wasted the dollar another man saved. In his resentment he is not just to the other man, and knows it; and here we have the seeds of revolution and rioting. The ruin of Russia would not have been possible had the middle classes been fair. The complaints of the Russian bourgeoisie against capital were as bitter, as untruthful as the complaints of the proletarians. Every man is against the man ahead of him in wealth and position. I do not know who among our millionaires is the American next to Mr. Rockefeller in riches; but whoever he is he probably assails Mr. Rockefeller as violently and unjustly as does the professional idler and mischief-maker. We cannot be fair to ourselves unless we are also fair to others.

Unhappily a considerable number of our writing men are propagandists for disorder. It is difficult in this day of excitement for writers to be really interesting if they keep well within the bounds of commonplace respectability and truth; so the temptation to aim too high overpowers many of them. Thus we have a situation in print not at all like the situation in fact. If the most modest country reporter tells of an incident you happen to be personally familiar with you recognize it with difficulty when it appears in print. And though you may recognize the exaggeration others will not do so.

Like the English butler of literature, the writing men do not deserve the dignity they assume. I do not here refer to those professionals who can see no virtue except in disorder, dissipation and idleness; the influence of this class is not great; the real mischief workers are those respectable men who demand more good than is possible; who exaggerate truth until it becomes falsehood and grossly overcompliment their readers. The manner in which we have praised ourselves has long been immodest, but it does not seem to have been convincing; Northcliffe, the Englishman, lately said, "The Americans are a very docile people." We liked it when the English said we were the most patriotic, high-minded, progressive, intelligent and rich people on earth; that we desired the good of others more than we desired our own good, and so on; but I'll be hanged if I believe we like that word "docile." If it fits us we don't know it.

I accept my part of the blame; I have been a fool and suffered, and am now willing to engage in a sensible revolution. After raising a good deal of hell I have become afraid of the devil. After telling a good many white lies, and being caught, I have the disposition to be more truthful. After a good deal of idleness in marching in parades and attending conventions I find my affairs confused. After injuring others I find they have injured me in turn; that all have been punished unnecessarily.

Propaganda Against Truth

You may say you are not as other men are or as I am; that you are still determined to reach the stars through difficulties, and believe in universal brotherhood, and so on. This was written to discourage that sort of foolish talk, and if a good many persist in it the country is helpless; we shall all go to the devil cheering.

Theodore Roosevelt once said: "The public does not take its own part." It is the wisest thing this noted man ever said. The manner in which propaganda is carried on openly against law, fairness, truth and the public interest is disgraceful. I can name a man, possibly one of the most useful of his generation, who owned a third interest in a coal property. There was a strike, and this man was accused of shooting women and children. He was not in the state when the disturbance was going on. The trouble was between the state authorities and the strikers; besides, no women or children were shot by anybody during the trouble. The man might have sued a thousand newspapers for libel, and recovered damages; but he never denied the charge. The corporations generally might sue the newspapers for damages and get them. Thousands of untruthful stories about capital are believed by the too willingly credulous because these stories are seldom denied.

The Magazine Villain

I recently read a magazine story in which a man called Old Wayne, a banker, was the villain. There was nothing wrong with Old Wayne, so far as I could see; he was the sort of banker we all select when we deposit money or ask financial advice; he demanded security before loaning money to a gentleman with large views and poor credit, and that was about the sum of his offending. Yet this man was made the villain in a popular story, and probably millions said again: "How grasping the rich are!"

In the most prosperous town I am familiar with, and where there is probably more average prosperity than anywhere else in the world, the union men lately printed a page advertisement in the papers. These men have everything their own way; they receive wages astonishingly high and work surprisingly short hours. Yet listen to their woes. I quote exactly:

"We offered our lives as a sacrifice on the altar of freedom, that the world might be saved from servitude; we bared our bodies and fought, bled and died that the people of the Old World might be free from the master and the portion of the slave. But, alas, how fickle the ways of fortune! We freed the peoples of Europe from their serfdom, only to return home and find . . . poor soldiers discounting Liberty Bonds in order to get a little money to tide them over. It is our very lives we are selling for the paltry pay you are giving us, and we refuse to allow you to deal in our lives as though we were merchandise. In the name of God, will you never be satisfied in your greed!"

This is the scream we have been cheering, yet it is so absurd, so untrue, so ungrateful I wonder we do not burst out laughing on reading it. Half the newspaper editorials are pitched in the same key. If we have dyspepsia from overeating we call it starvation. Prosperity with us has become almost as serious a menace as the poverty abroad. We know the increased cost of living is not what the newspapers and government investigators say it is; we know there is plenty to eat and wear, and money to buy it; we know that never in history has there been another people so prosperous as we are to-day. I know a woman who, alarmed by the newspaper cry of sugar scarcity, picked up seventy-five pounds, a pound at a time, and doesn't know what to do with it. In the morning when the newspapers come in we are excited with invented atrocities and talk about them until new ones arrive in the afternoon papers. The editors know better; we know better. It has become so tiresome and foolish that a sensible revolution would be actually agreeable as well as profitable.

In the storm of manufactured indignation about the depravity of Americans—their brutal wish to reduce us all to poverty and slavery—we are almost shocked to find thousands of decent communities inhabited by upright and prosperous people, and many institutions honestly and intelligently conducted. There is so much fault-finding that we fear the country is on the verge of irreparable ruin, when there is nothing the matter except that we abuse each other unjustly; we expect to see thieves and incendiaries at every crossroad, and find instead decent men and women and much to commend everywhere.

I believe a rapidly increasing number are becoming tired of it, and that those leaders who realize the wholesome discontent will do best in future. Many of our most disturbing newspapers have been frightened into conservatism; the opportunity for a sensible revolution was never more propitious.

Every one of us knows our best American accomplishments are the result of industrious men's working long hours. Some of them have become well-to-do. Why do we not esteem them as we pretend to esteem those who claim to have saved us from slavery? The answer is, we esteem them

(Continued on Page 45)

Ask Your Dentist Why You Should Use a Dentifrice—

And he will tell you, "to *clean* the teeth." That is the whole principle of Dr. Lyon's. It is the youngest old product you ever knew. The snap, thoroughness and *safety* with which it cleans the teeth win new users every day.

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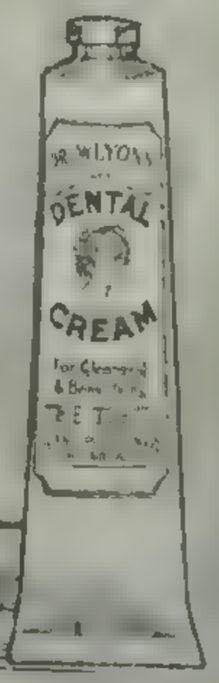

© 1920
for the Save the Surface Campaign

Illustration © Doubleday, Page & Co.

The varnished speed boat puts its surface [illegible] at [illegible] expense [illegible] where [illegible] be protected, when complete protection can be had so easily

You will never see surface protect[illegible] on the steel work of costly [illegible] or unloading and conveying machinery. Without surface coating such equipment would at once become a mass of rust and its destruction would be sure. Apply the same reasoning to your own metal property

Somebody Blundered

THIS house is not old, but look at its condition! Anything but an actual photograph might be considered an exaggeration.

Note the way the building has rotted away under the eaves, owing to neglect.

Paint—surface protection—would have prevented this ruin. The unpainted metal eave troughs rusted through, water got into the eaves and decay did the rest. Repairing will be expensive business.

This extreme case points an example which any property owner will admit is impressive. *Any* waste through lack of surface protection is unnecessary waste. Damage has to start at the surface. If the surface is undamaged the property lasts—repair bills are avoided—money is saved.

Your house may or may not be well protected—it will pay to make sure. And remember that surface protection is vital to everything you own—to all wooden and metal property, to outbuildings, to machinery, to furniture, to everything exposed to weather or wear. A thousand and one things grow old before their time simply through lack of surface protection.

Examine your property as closely as you would expect some one else to do it to whom you had intrusted its care. "Save the surface and you save all."

¶

We have prepared a book which you will find [illegible] It will tell you some new things about surface protection as a means to prevent loss. Thoroughly illustrated. Send for a copy. Address Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT

is issued by the Save the Surface Committee, representing the Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests, whose products, taken as a whole, serve the primary purposes of preserving, protecting and beautifying the innumerable products of the lumber, metal, cement and manufacturing industries, and their divisions.

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL"—Paint & Varnish

WOOD SURFACES | PLASTER SURFACES | CONCRETE SURFACES | MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS SURFACES | METAL SURFACES | BRICK SURFACES

(Continued from Page 42)

more; none of us believe there ever was danger of our being reduced to slavery, except such slavery as we are now cursing because of failure to take our own part against mischievous methods and leaders. And these leaders cannot be greatly blamed for taking advantage of our folly. We have prohibited the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, a really great accomplishment in human history; but there is no prohibition of exaggeration in describing our wrongs; in this we are still hopeless sots, and bartenders and brewers our leading men.

I have worked by the day, I have done piecework, and always found employers decently appreciative; as fair as I have been. If I have done anything well I have received the reward it deserved. I believe it is my own fault I am not rich; I have always been urged by everybody to prosper and behave myself, and have had the fullest and freest opportunity. This has been my actual experience in a long and active life, and it has been yours, whatever you may say when the reform germ is working within you.

Though it is the one thing we habitually deny, we all know big business is as respectable as little business; as worthy as old age. The smaller concerns are like young men learning a trade; behind nearly every great business success is a worthy old man who worked hard and intelligently, saved his money, and borrowed and begged until success came. And all these men paid their own expenses while making experiments; many of which failed, a few of which succeeded and became of use to the world. Some of them have become rich and big feeling. I can almost forgive that, since we can squeeze blood out of a leech, but cannot out of a turnip.

There has long been a safe, sane and sure way to get on in the United States. It is to begin as a good boy at home and in school; to become a good apprentice in shop or office or on a farm, and finally a good employer and citizen.

How good we are to the old in theory, and how in fact we too often wish them to wander off, die without bothering us and bury themselves. The greatest thing for the old is rainy-day money; it affords them more comfort than either love or duty.

If there is any honest and wise advice it is that given children by parents; and we always beg children to save their money and become useful men and women. And I warn them not to save only money for a rainy day; there are similar investments in character—temperance, industry, politeness and fairness—that pay even greater dividends. We adults should take some of the advice we have long given children. As grown-ups we have been poor masters of ourselves; the nursery, the school-room teach better and more important lessons than Congress and the mass conventions.

I watch everybody—those who are honest may be careless—and I give you my word that the safest men I know are those who know best that reliability is an asset. And those I have found least dependable are those gross sentimentalists who demand a great deal for me and reap such harvest as there is for themselves.

The First Lesson for All

The importance of laying up for a rainy day is the first lesson in good advice; the most universally taught. And probably the next most universal human tendency is to grumble at the man who heeds this good advice. We all know thrift and industry are first principles. Why do we so persistently abuse them?

I once knew a man who had retired from business. He told me that as a result of idleness his affairs as well as his body became clogged and he was compelled to work to keep things straight. I have never heard of a shiftless man succeeding at anything. It is the universal law; no one can help knowing it.

If abuse of thrift were no more harmful than idle gossip I should not presume to complain. But millions are poor because of lack of thrift in youth and middle age. Our bad habit is an injury to all, because of increased taxes to maintain almshouses, insane asylums and jails.

What is the object of saving? Nearly always to provide for sickness, old age; to educate children, to build homes, business houses, to pay taxes for colleges, schools and other useful public institutions; to help the weak and unfortunate. Every improvement in civilization comes from savings; every mob which destroys is formed among the shiftless.

How is a fortune made? In seven cases out of ten this is the process: A young man finds himself with a wife, and children coming on. He works and saves with a view of providing for them. From an expert workman he becomes a proprietor in a small way, and works long hours. He discovers that the more reliable and industrious he is the more his business grows. In course of time his little business becomes a big business, because of good management. Finally, along toward old age, he becomes well-to-do, and people begin saying he squeezes a dollar until the eagle screams. Unhappily, success comes very generally late in life and age is a legitimate excuse for success.

At forty and fifty a successful man practices fairness and politeness more steadily than he did when younger, having discovered with advancing age that these qualities are very important. At forty or fifty he is more reliable than he was at twenty or thirty, when a small business man or high-class workman.

The Poorest Profession

Of course there are exceptions to this rule; far more than there should be. But it is a matter of universal knowledge that the least profitable and most disagreeable profession of the world is that of the thief. There never was one who made a success. He can't marry unless he chooses a scarlet woman; he can't build a home, because he must always be ready to run away. He can't know the joys of honest friendship; or be elected county treasurer, to the legislature, to Congress; or be mentioned as a favorite son for the Vice Presidency. He cannot know the pleasure of doing good, honest, useful work, and being appreciated for it. He is a man without a country, without hope of success; a wretched cur constantly in the presence of thoroughbreds with good homes and good friends.

And the thief is a cheap scoundrel compared with the eloquent idlers who have accomplished the current mischief. The thief injures a family or an individual; the reflection on the community is not great, but cunning agitators may murder a nation or the world; they may assassinate common sense and the simple principles taught children by parents. The workers are kept humble by declarations that they love money more than they love principle. The money the workers strive for is really corn, and clothes, and homes, and education, and everything else we struggle for as a matter of necessity and right.

During my life I have saved a little for a rainy day. I know I did better than the man who frittered away his substance and time; if there is apology to be made let it be made by those who failed to save and are now public charges. I know I did my duty; and not all of it—or I should have more. I know I am a better man than the idler who says I am a skinflint; and, what is better, my neighbors know it.

I have lived a full life—by which I mean no more than that I have had many experiences, good, bad and indifferent. Experience, punishment—have made me a convert to everything taught in Sunday school, except the statement that a whale swallowed Jonah, and a few doctrinal differences of the same sort. I have had enough practical profits and joys to believe in them; no great sentimentalist ever helped or cheered me.

People are always saying with glee of a prosperous man: "He can't take his money with him!"

It is an important fact: The money a man accumulates for a rainy day, once the rainy day is over, is still in existence; and all have a chance at it under fair rules applying to all alike.

We actually have as much contempt for the spendthrift as we have for the drunkard. Life is a serious business; we know saving is as essential as industry or politeness or fairness. We know that a man who saves a part of his money is the most useful citizen; he is most likely to contribute toward worthy things. He rarely gives as generously as the committee experts, but he gives something, which the man who has saved nothing cannot do. When parents say to their son "Become a good man," they mean thrift as certainly as they mean fairness, politeness, temperance and industry.

We talk about the thrifty man, and say he is stingy, to give the impression that we

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are generous; but we actually think more of him than we do of the careless. If we have a good position to give out, he is the more apt to get it

No one can convince me that the men who earn ten dollars a day, and save a little of it, are not so honorable as those who earn five, and spend it all; and I believe the ten-dollar men a little more capable than their five-dollar brethren. And if the ten-dollar men are promoted, as is constantly happening in this fat country, I do not believe them to be less worthy than they were when working for less. A thousand well-to-do men will average a little higher in usefulness, integrity and industry than a thousand average poor men. It is one of the things Americans never admit, but everybody knows it is true.

The longer I live the more I am convinced that there are plenty of reasonably decent, agreeable and sensible people; I know many who surpass me in all these respects and whom I regard as examples to emulate. They are the class I believe to be most worth while. So I shall associate with these good people, so far as it is agreeable to them, and regret the others.

It is a misfortune that in our public affairs we accept simple fairness as we accept the dogmas of a religion; we open every session of Congress with prayer, but really we are a race of skeptics. But there is a religion we should soberly accept—the religion of good behavior for its own sake. He who neglects this will find there is a devil, and that hell is not the fairly comfortable place modernism teaches.

I do not want the best of it; if I should get it I should give it back as a precaution, for I have always been able to get along with a little the worst of it.

I have observed that the English seem to have more candor and fairness in their public affairs than we Americans; not because they are better, but because longer experience has convinced them that unfairness is an unnecessary handicap to any decent man. In an English publication called Land and Water Viscount Haldane lately wrote about the Germans without using the word "Hun"; something an American might not do gracefully. Haldane was once Secretary of State for War, and a British statesman of the first class. Yet he writes about the Germans without abuse; he admits their strong points and charitably points out their errors. To an American completely worn out with unreasonable, foolish abuse and brag it was a wonderful exhibit.

I have exaggerated in grumbling at my countrymen, whom I greatly admire; exaggeration in print has become so firmly established that no one can hope to reach the excited public understanding without it; but I do not exaggerate when I say I know of no greater mistake in our affairs than the manner in which we permit a small minority of cunning enthusiasts to control to the point of absurdity and danger. In our private affairs we know the folly of brag; in our public affairs we attempt to put into effect the programs of every braggart, providing he brags of patriotism, education, gallantry, human brotherhood, liberty or kindred subjects. And in pursuance of this policy we have raised rose-scented hell until we are beginning to detect the smell of brimstone.

I have a neighbor who is an impressive lesson to me: Hardin the blacksmith. He does not spend half so much as I spend, yet is more comfortable, healthier and happier. He is not crazy about a good time; he finds it in his work. Every night at nine o'clock I hear Hardin go out to the well to draw a fresh bucket of water and split kindling wood for morning; soon after his house is dark, and he is sleeping soundly, while others are having good times that do not pay and are not satisfactory. He has good children, and is justly respected by them. No committeeman or agent gets money out of Hardin without value received; for he is saving money for a rainy day. No man in the neighborhood is more generally respected and admired than Hardin, because of his many simple virtues.

His earnings are not great, yet he is a successful man. He is just to others; also to himself

The moral of what I have written is Hardin the blacksmith.

A STRIKE AGAINST STRIKES

(Continued from Page 7)

association issued later appeared such declarations as the following:

"Open shop here approves the declaration of the Dallas Open Shop Association: 'We are for unions. They have accomplished much for laboring men. But we insist that union men live up to their contracts and accord all workers a fair chance to make an honest living.'

"Open shop notes that in all the great labor wars of recent times hours of labor and wages have been secondary considerations. Control of industry has been the agitator's goal."

P. A. Heisig, John M. Conley and O. M. Stone applied for a charter of incorporation "for an educational undertaking, to wit, for the purpose of collecting and disseminating information to the public showing the advantages to the public of the open shop in the manufacture, sale and distribution of goods, wares and merchandise." The application went to Austin and of course the labor unions instantly made objection. They brought pressure to bear against the granting of the charter. The right to organize is the tenet they chiefly stress, but they opposed giving that right to employers.

However, the charter was granted and the Open Shop Association came into existence. They elected L. J. Black president and P. B. Doty treasurer. In its declaration of principles the association went on record as follows:

"To oppose restriction of output, sympathetic strikes, lockouts and boycotts and illegal persecution of individuals.

"To secure for employers and employees the freedom of individual contract and in the matter of employment.

"To insure everyone his right to earn a living regardless of his membership or nonmembership in any organization.

"By its teachings and good offices to prevent and avert industrial disturbances, to harmonize differences between employers and employees.

"To lend its aid and influence to protect everyone in his lawful right to conduct his business or affairs as he deems proper so long as he does not encroach on the rights of others."

Membership was divided into two classes, active and associate, the active members being employers of labor. In order to insure the decisions and regulations of the association the members agreed to subject to a fine ranging from $500 to $5000 any member who might violate or fail to comply with the association's declaration of principles. And to procure a fund for their work dues were fixed at one dollar yearly for associate members and one-fourth of one per cent of his monthly pay roll for an active member.

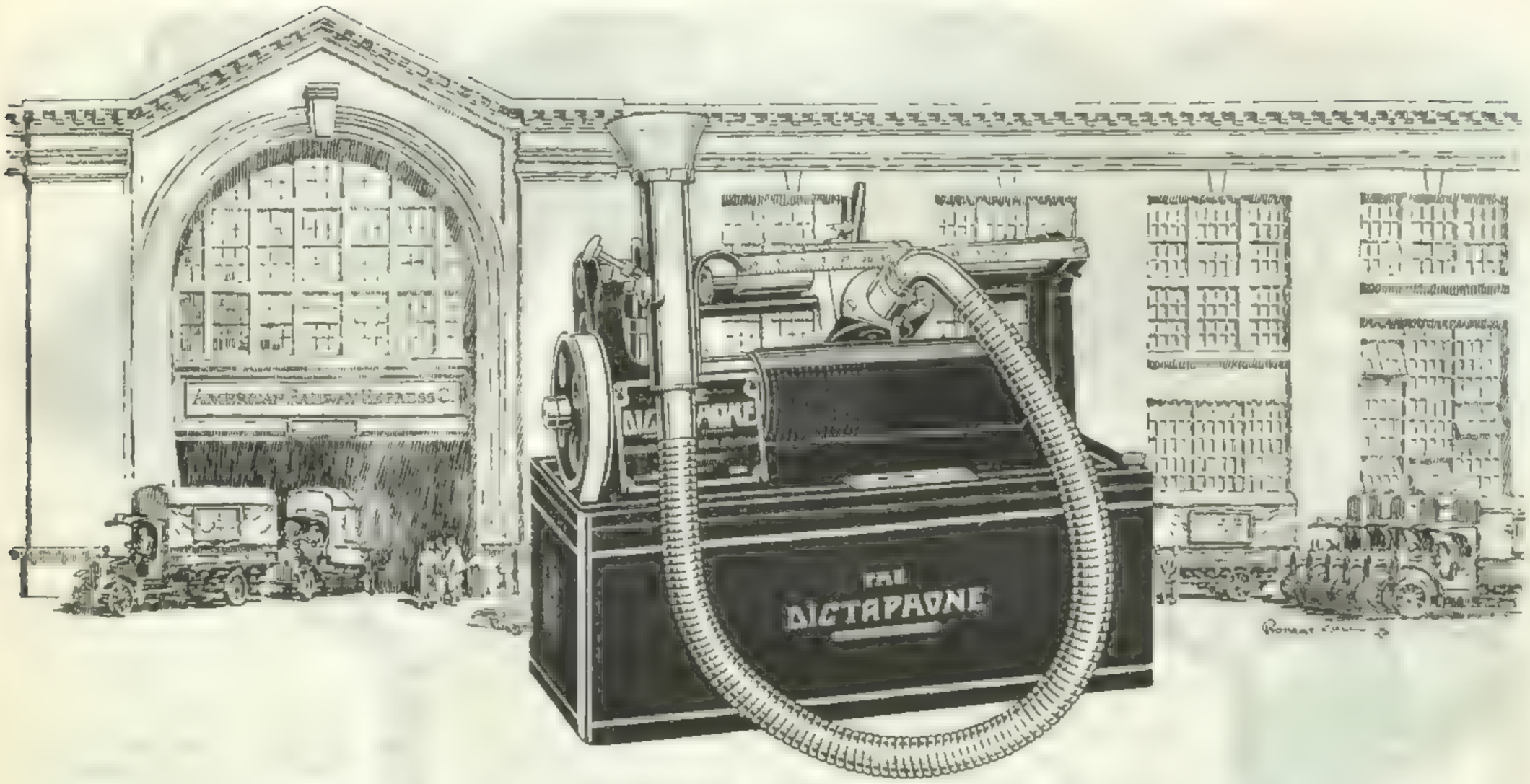
Organization of the open shop took place in mid-October and was the signal for the union leaders to call a strike. The millworkers were already out. Carpenters, electricians, plumbers and cooks and waiters joined them. When the movement was well under way about fifteen hundred employees were on strike and the lesser industries and retail businesses of Beaumont were crippled. No strikes took place in the big refinery or the iron works, as they had always been open shop.

The bakers waited a few days and then they too joined the strikers. Two weeks prior to this action they had signed a six-months contract with the master bakers covering all their demands, yet as soon as the open-shop movement got going they struck.

One master baker employed an entire family. The eldest son was head baker at forty dollars a week; the father drew twenty dollars; one son twenty-five and another twenty dollars. In addition to their pay each of them received free two loaves of bread a day. They walked out.

The bakers struck without warning. They drew their pay on a Saturday and did not show up for work next day, and the bakeries were closed a week. One out of the seven in the town kept going, but it could not supply the bread needed. So for seven days most of the housewives of Beaumont baked their own bread. At the expiration

(Continued on Page 49)



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Not a mere booklet but a compact collection of tested recipes printed on *gummed slips* (5 x 3 inches). These slips you can paste in your favorite cook book or on recipe filing cards for permanent reference. [In addition to a score or more of prune recipes there are also quite a number of apricot recipes.]

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SUNSWEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED PRUNES

(Continued from Page 48)

of that time the strike had fizzled and the majority of the strikers returned to their jobs. Bakers were procured from outside to fill the vacant places.

Fizzled! For the public was roused now. A strike that affected only an employer and his employees was one thing; general strikes that hit a long-suffering public were another. The bulk of the population rallied behind the open-shop movement. Not that the unions did not gain supporters in considerable numbers, for any bunch of workmen can do that anywhere any time, no matter what their cause; and of course there were some who made politics out of the situation. But the solid straight-thinking citizens—which is to say the majority of the population—lined up behind the association. They championed every effort made to break the strikes. It assumed the proportions of a public strike against strikes.

The unions boycotted the stores whose owners belonged to or were in sympathy with the open shop; they set up mail-order bureaus which failed to prosper, or gave their patronage to the few lesser retailers who did not join the movement. They even boycotted professional men for dealing with open-shop establishments, and some unions fined their own members caught buying in "unfair" places. In retaliation all those who espoused the association's cause did their buying in open-shop establishments. No boycott was inaugurated, but there is no law to prevent a man trading with his friends exclusively.

The Trades Assembly even boycotted professional men who signed the open-shop declaration of principles, and any merchant who dealt with a member of the association. Some of the local unions also imposed fines upon members who patronized open-shop establishments.

A movie theater suffered from a boycott of strikers. The association extended it financial assistance. The barber shops at first hesitated to antagonize the unions and join the movement. The open-shop people bought two of them and they've been doing a hair-scattering trade. Five of the shops went with the association.

The strikers' methods were to single-shot, as they call it. That is to say, they would concentrate against one establishment in a particular line of business for a while in an effort to force it to shut down or accept a closed-shop contract. A few victories of this character and the unions would have had the battle won. However, they couldn't gain any such victories, for back of every employer in distress stood the Open Shop Association, and back of them the bulk of the public.

Boycotting the Editor

A source of weakness to the unions was their colored brethren. The organizers from the North had worked among the negroes and formed unions, but when it came to a show-down the members would not stick. A Southern colored man is ready to join anything; it's one of his favorite amusements. But after the first dues are paid he is apt to get cold feet and dodge the second payment unless you can show him a parade at least for his money. Moreover they yield readily to the persuasion of the class of whites to whom they have always looked for employment. Consequently in the crisis they deserted the unions in droves.

Then there was an element among union men themselves which disapproved of the tactics employed by the Trades Assembly and considered that the radicals were carrying the thing too far. Conspicuous among them was Typographical Union Number 339.

As a measure of reprisal against the Open Shop Association the Trades Assembly placed a boycott on both of the daily newspapers. Neither had been affected by the general upheaval, neither was an open-shop plant; neither had joined the association. On the contrary both plants were unionized as tight as a drum.

However, the union leaders got it into their heads that these newspapers were not friendly to organized labor. They could point to nothing to substantiate this belief, for both papers had gone far out of their way not to offend the unions. In their news columns and editorial pages they exercised the utmost care to steer a middle course. Occasionally they departed from the middle course, it is true, but always to cultivate the friendship of union labor.

"Nothing would satisfy 'em," declared a Beaumont merchant. "I always thought the newspapers leaned strongly toward labor, but evidently the unions didn't."

The charge made by the Trades Assembly to justify the boycott was that the newspapers had been unfair in their news and editorial statements of the controversy.

Unionism Alienates its Offspring

And then along came the typographical union, the oldest labor organization in town, with this resolution:

"Whereas, by action taken at a regular meeting of the Beaumont Trades Assembly, a motion was adopted advising the members of that body and affiliated unions to discontinue their subscriptions to the Beaumont daily newspapers, which motion was and is in effect and intended to be a boycott of said publications; and whereas, this union is informed that under the auspices of, or at the direction of the Beaumont Trades Assembly, information of such anticipated boycott has been made public in other communities in East Texas and Southwest Louisiana, the purpose and intention being to persuade members of organized labor in such other communities to join in the proposed boycott, be it resolved by the Beaumont Typographical Union Number 339, in special session assembled:

"That this union and the members thereof declare the Beaumont Enterprise and the Beaumont Journal now and heretofore fair to union labor, having observed to the fullest extent the terms and conditions of their contracts with this union and employing only our members.

"That this union and the members thereof perceive in the proposal of the Beaumont Trades Assembly for a boycott of these papers a direct purpose and intent to control or muzzle the freedom of the press, a principle to which we cannot subscribe, whatever its source; and that we further declare that in our judgment the said newspapers have at all times been fair and impartial in their editorial discussions of matters affecting organized labor.

"That as a means of expressing their earnest disapproval of the said action of the Beaumont Trades Assembly, which was taken without their knowledge or consent and against the ordinary usages and ethics of trades unionism, that this union and the members thereof instruct their representatives to the said Trades Assembly to inform the said Trades Assembly at its session to be held to-night that unless the said action already taken by it at that meeting be rescinded and a public announcement thereof signed by its officers be furnished to the two newspapers in the city of Beaumont this union will withdraw from said Trades Assembly forthwith."

Coming from a strong union this action threw a scare into the Trades Assembly at its meeting. Debate grew denunciatory; invitations were exchanged to adjourn downstairs and settle it man to man. The Trades Assembly leaders perceived that the tide was setting against them and there seemed to be an inclination on their part to comply with the demand to lift the boycott, but the necessity of adding a public announcement of this step stuck in their crops. They refused. The boycott continued and Typographical Union Number 339 withdrew from the Trades Assembly, threatening to carry the matter to the highest authority in the federation. They did so and President Gompers ordered the boycott against the newspapers repealed. Up to date the Trades Assembly has ignored the order, which makes another organization in revolt against the central power of the American Federation of Labor. The printers assert they will demand revocation of the Trades Assembly's charter.

This row brought about a peculiar, topsy-turvy situation.

The Open Shop Association proceeded to commend the typographical union, which has been a staunch champion of the closed-shop principle in their own trade in Beaumont.

It did not hurt the newspapers' circulation to any extent. They received hundreds of stops, but most of those who canceled their subscriptions bought the papers on the streets, if street sales can be accepted as a gauge.

And scores of wives telephoned or wrote in to "leave the paper in the yard next door and I'll pay your collector if he will call in the afternoon."

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WARMWEAR
MINNEAPOLIS

It is to the town's credit that so little violence was indulged in, even when excitement was at fever heat. The fall festival given under the auspices of the Young Men's Business League was held on November seventeenth and was boycotted by the unions. A shipping clerk took a girl to this carnival and after escorting her home was attacked by several men and left in the street for dead. Three were identified and entered pleas of guilty of assault to escape more serious charges. They got off with small fines, but the county grand jury was in session and promptly indicted them for assault with intent to murder.

A carpenter was called to the door of his boarding house and jumped on. Two employees of a lumber company were attacked, one of whom was severely beaten by men dressed in military uniform.

To fill the strikers' places employers sought far and wide for workmen and brought them to Beaumont. Fifteen or twenty union members would meet every train, but the Open Shop Association provided escort to their boarding houses. However, the strikers succeeded in frightening some and persuading others to get out of town.

A bureau is maintained in connection with community center work to obtain employment for returned soldiers. Mrs. Smith is in charge. In the same place is the government bureau to place unemployed. The members of the Open Shop Association assert that the government officials discriminated in favor of union men. Throughout Texas there is a general feeling among all classes not affiliated with unions that the Labor Department leans strongly toward organized labor in every controversy, regardless of its merits.

The fight ran along for weeks, with daily defections from the ranks of the unions. Some unions called off their strikes. Open shop won. Conservative union men there freely admit that. Business began to pick up and when this is written only the building trades are still seriously affected. At a time when new houses and business expansion are needed building has fallen off eighty per cent in Beaumont.

Results from an open-shop basis have been immediate. Paying higher than union wages for skilled labor and paying unskilled labor according to its worth one contractor has succeeded through the increased efficiency of his workmen in cutting labor costs five hundred and ten dollars on each four-thousand-dollar bungalow he has built.

In order to secure a harmony of relation between labor and capital Mayor Diffenbacher appointed in late November an industrial committee of nine for the purpose of settling the controversy.

"In asking those associated to serve," said the mayor, "I have been careful to see that the Open Shop Association had representation equal to that accorded organized labor. The major portion of the personnel of the committee is purposely selected from among those citizens who while affected by the condition may be said to be neutral in thought and action, yet representative."

Up to the middle of December they had barely approached the problem. The open-shop people considered the fight was already won and that the mayor's move was a last-hour attempt to save the union leaders from complete defeat by opening the issues to argument, so they were dubious of this committee, though admitting the high standing of its members.

"It's an attempt to drag a carcass across the trail," is their contention. "The real issues are not what the union representatives will argue at a hearing by this committee. Instead they will spring collective bargaining—and collective bargaining as the Trades Assembly understands the term. We are not opposed to collective bargaining—we are for it—so long as it does not imply or compel the employment of none but union men or the use of such methods against business as Trades Assembly leaders, who were outside the establishments affected, have brought to bear in the past." To this industrial committee the open shop wrote: "There has been no lockout by any employer who is a member. We stand ready to employ any workman now on strike whose place has not been filled. We offer the same wages and the same hours and there shall be no discrimination against him by reason of previous acts or his connection with labor organizations." Excerpts from the Trades Assembly's communications to the same body are revealing. It is the firm opinion of the union that the real purpose of open shop is to destroy the union. The wage of labor is the easiest of all the factors that enter into cost of production to reduce where labor is unorganized. It is not claimed by the union that their organization is a perfect instrumentality or that it always operates justly, but it is the only means labor has or can have under which wages and working conditions can be maintained at the point that will give the workingman the necessities of life. It is contended by labor that the country was never so prosperous as to-day and that profits of the manufacturer and merchant are far greater than they have ever been in the history of the country and that the wages of labor, comparatively speaking, are less.

It is the contention of labor that they should have at least some portion of the wealth they produce.

So there the matter rests. Beaumont is gradually recovering from the woes into which the clash plunged her—and it is an open-shop town.

Seattle, Tennessee

THE bewildered, shy-looking young man who had entered the large Philadelphia bank was shown, at his own request, to the cashier's desk. This is the story he told:

"My name is Henry Blank and I am a son of Walter Blank, of Nashville, Tennessee. Father has for many years had an account at your bank."

The cashier nodded. "Yes, I know your father's account very well."

The young man continued: "Father wired me from New York to meet him at a hotel here yesterday. I arrived at the time he said, but he has not yet shown up. I do not know how to reach him. I have spent all my money and am in great distress, so I have come to father's bank to see if I could not get fifty dollars to tide me over until his arrival. I've never before been fifty miles from Nashville and I feel as helpless as a child in this big strange city without a dollar in my pocket."

"Too bad! Too bad!" murmured the cashier sympathetically. "I can't leave Walter Blank's son in such a predicament as this. Allow me to suggest that you draw on the old man and let me cash the draft."

There was a sudden gleam in the young man's eye that bespoke triumph rather than relief.

"And you say you have never been away from home before?" pursued the sympathetic banker, looking up from the blank draft he was filling out.

"No, suh, I've nevah been outside of Tennessee."

"Well, Mr. Blank, just sign this draft and after I've gotten your money for you I'll ask one of our messengers to show you Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell.... Yes, sign right on that dotted line."

As the young man took the proffered pen and leaned over the marble railing to sign the cashier deftly removed the visitor's hat and glanced inside it. This is what he read: "Hecker the Hatter, Seattle."

"Young man," he said, clapping the hat back on its owner's head, "you're a crook. I'll give you just ten seconds' start of our private detective."

In relating the incident afterward the banker said that two seconds would have been ample.

"But," asked the president of the bank, when the story was told to him, "what would you have done if there had been a Nashville hatter's name in the hat?"

"Oh," laughed the cashier, "I should have simply said, 'Allow me to hold your hat so you can see better!'"

To the Grocers of America

WE are going to advertise *your business* in The Saturday Evening Post for a whole year. Naturally, we want you to know of this in advance.

In a series of the most unusual full pages ever written about things good to eat, we shall tell the American people why they should use RED CROWN Pure Food Products, especially ready cooked canned meats. For the first time in the history of the canning industry they will learn all there is to know about the materials and methods used in the preparation and packing of perfect foodstuffs.

We shall acquaint every person who deals with you with the inside reasons for *this new kind of goodness in cans*. We shall reveal the scientific skill, care and cleanliness which, combined with knowledge and experience, have achieved something long thought impossible. And we shall prove the nutritive value and economic worth of these delicious products.

Our idea is to take the public into our confidence at every step, from expert selection of raw material to the rare flavor of the finished product. We shall do this so openly that none can doubt the right of RED CROWN Pure Food Products to a permanent place in every home which appreciates the best food, and values freedom from needless expenditure of time, work and worry.

Knowing what we have to tell, we can safely say that before our story is half told all lovers of good food will have become loyal friends of RED CROWN staples and delicacies. Our frankness will create a nation-wide desire to test the truth of what we say.

This will be an opening of our doors to the people themselves in such a way that they will see RED CROWN Pure Food Products as vital food-props of the biggest and best democracy under the sun. And since you are the connecting link between us and your customers, it is only fair that you should be the first to know of our plans.

Acme Packing Company

Chicago, U. S. A. *C. E. Martin, President*

THE KEY MAN

(Continued from Page 25)

When the stenographer had gone Goodlow lighted a cigar and for some time sat smoking and gazing out of the window. He had been expecting the reappearance of the trouble that was now confronting Steelburg Mills. A year before it had flared up for a few days, a week, when a number of agitators had come to Steelburg and effected an organization of some of the mill workmen, which they called the League of Steel Workers. The work actually accomplished by the organizers of the league had fallen far short of their aims, but the seeds of unrest and dissatisfaction had been sown and the agitators had gone away not disheartened, promising to return and see their work brought to completion. Now they were back, stronger in numbers, stronger in financial means with which to carry on their campaign, more determined than ever, and results of their new efforts were making their appearance quickly.

Goodlow sighed. He dreaded the days—perhaps the weeks—that lay just ahead, with all the disagreeable experiences they would bring to him. He knew he would be called on again and again to render unpleasant decisions, that he would be compelled to argue, to dispute, to cajole, to threaten. He knew he would have to behold vicious sights—men beaten and bruised and bleeding, men crazed with drink and foul and filthy; men wild-eyed with rage, unreasonable in their anger; men snarling and howling like wild animals. He knew he would see men—the men who would stand by him—worked to the point of exhaustion and collapse, and he knew that some of these, men of great qualities, would go away not to return, broken by the strain to which they had been subjected, disgusted and sickened by the sights they had witnessed. In his mind's eye he saw all the ugly, miserable, wretched scenes about to be enacted in and about Steelburg Mills if the league should grow strong, grow stronger, become powerful. For Goodlow was an old mill-man and more than once had he been through harrowing experiences.

He rose and began pacing up and down the room and again he sighed. It would have to be. As well pull the furnace fires, stop the engines, shut down the mills and close the gates as to surrender to this crowd of interlopers; to take dictation from these soft-handed, whisky-oozing outsiders who came from no one knew where; to have them say: "This man shall work here and in no other place; that man shall work there and in no other place!" To have them say: "This man, though we know he is more incompetent than that man, shall receive the same wage as the competent one!" To have them say: "We—we shall determine what hours the men of Steelburg Mills shall work, what maximum tonnages they shall produce, what they shall be paid for their labor!"

"Not more than twenty-five per cent of them!" he muttered as he walked back and forth. "But once that twenty-five per cent is organized, properly soused with bad whisky and started on their dirty work, another twenty-five per cent—the timid ones—will be missing."

To keep the gates open, the Bessemers blowing, part of the mills running, a number of the furnaces lighted up and making iron and steel for a week, two weeks, three weeks—whatever the time might be—to keep the pillar of fire above Steelburg by night, the cloud of smoke by day—that was what Goodlow hoped to be able to do, believed he would be able to do.

There was hard work ahead of him. He wished now that he had an assistant manager. He had never filled Lafayette Murdock's place. He had intended filling it, had intended finding a man all along, but he had delayed, put it off. His own capacity for work was so great that he had never felt any real need for an assistant. But now with all this trouble staring him in the face he realized he should have filled that vacancy.

Once he had gone to Pittsburgh to get a man, a man with whom he had years before worked, but he had returned without him. Then he had decided he would give the place to Manning, but Manning's health began to fail, grew steadily worse, and Manning had resigned and gone away.

He walked to a door, threw it open and stepped into an empty room adjoining his. It was the office of the assistant general manager. It had not been occupied since Lafayette Murdock had left. It was dusty in there now and close smelling. A big mahogany desk stood in one corner of the room and he walked to it and drew his finger a half dozen times over its dusty top.

"You've got to get a man in here," he told himself. "I believe I'll write to Manning and tell him what we're up against and ask him to come and help us out for a few weeks. He'll be of great assistance to me, though what I need is a man who can fairly eat up the work. Manning is rather slow, but I'll ask him to come—there's no one else just now."

He returned to his desk and wrote a letter to Manning. In three days he had Manning's reply saying he could not come.

The following morning saw more unrolled steel piled in the stock yard, more wrecked and derailed cars here and there about the yards; Purdy's rod mill was still more cluttered up with tangled rods and scrap and cobbles; a half dozen of the smaller furnaces were idle; the Bessemer was choked with all kinds of mill débris and a great crowd of men hung about each gate, hooting and yelling and gesticulating and threatening the watchmen and guards and the men who were going in to work or coming out from work.

Two days more and Goodlow's estimate of a first loss of twenty-five per cent of his employees had been passed—already the timid ones of the mills were dropping out. More stacks were smokeless, more furnaces idle and the fall in production tonnages in every department was so marked that a shipping clerk left his desk and his work in the middle of the afternoon and hurried across the yard to the office of Mr. Abel Eechy, a steam boss, to comment on the situation.

"What d'ye know about it, Mr. Eechy?" inquired the shipping clerk as he turned Mr. Eechy's galvanized wash bucket upside down and took a seat thereon. "Isn't it so? It's a bum blizzard that blows nobody some good. If production tonnages keep coasting down, coasting down, coasting down, Mr. Eechy, round this old dump, I'll get caught up with my work. I'm not more than six days behind now. It does look like the leaguers are loping to liberty or death, doesn't it? Let me see—you never flirt with Lady Nicotine, do you, Mr. Eechy? I thought not. Too bad. But maybe I can scrape up a few crumbs of comfort from one of my pockets.

"Well, Mr. Eechy, what d'ye know about it? They hauled Fred Skinner home this morning with a leaking roof. Fred came to work and some of these uplifters of labor that were waiting at the gate told him not to go in. Fred didn't say a word—he just put his thumb to the end of his beak, twiddled his fingers like he was playing Dixie on a flute and walked on. That's Fred. The uplifters went for him and got him, but not before Fred got three of them. From what I hear Fred was loaded for brown, black, white, grizzly and Teddy bear. What d'ye know about that, Mr. Eechy?

"A nifty little mix that was over at the Bessemer last night. They caught some Polacks and Russians trying to wreck one of the blowing engines. There was a scrap royal but nobody hurt except Joe Bender—he had the pipe stem of his pipe shoved up through the roof of his mouth into his Eustachian tube, as we used to call it in the physiology class. What d'ye know about that? Well, I'll be dogged! You don't happen to have an ear spoon about you, do you, Mr. Eechy? There's some kind of an animal strolling about in my ear. Playful little beast. Thanks.

"Well, as I said before, Mr. Eechy, it's a great old world we live in. Now this strike—but you can't call it a strike, Mr. Eechy! It isn't a strike—it's simply a hell-raising ruckus, with headquarters established at the boozeries of Eddie Cockshot and Mike Conway. Eliminate those two cesspools of sin, Mr. Eechy, and this so-called strike will die like an unwatered fish. If you could build a barbed-wire fence across the south end of Vinegar Gully this afternoon, Mr. Eechy—close it up tight, you understand—I'd be billing out steel products with both hands and both feet before to-morrow night and instead of being six days behind in my clerical chores I'd be nine. What d'ye know about it?

"And isn't the company wise to the strategical value of the Gully? The answer is yea, yea, Mr. Eechy. Messrs. Hackberry and Clybo, the company's attorneys, paid a visit to the Gully yesterday. Messrs. Cockshot and Conway are noising it about that the aforesaid gents offered them the last price they had put on the Gully property. They turned them down. Messrs. Hackberry and Clybo raised their bid—twice. Messrs. Cockshot and Conway laughed at them, told them they had decided not to sell at any price. Can you beat it, Mr. Eechy? But regarding the affair logically, Messrs. Cockshot and Conway are wise, for if the leaguers win out in this fight The Morgue and The Bucket of Blood will pay better dividends than any two South African diamond mines you could name, for then the can will be rushed in these mills night and day. That's one of the demands of these uplifters of labor—unlimited booze for the boys of brawn.

"Eddie and Mike own every foot of the Gully property now with the exception of Wally Gay's old shack. They've tried to buy that several times, I've heard, but Wally won't sell. What he wants to hold on to that old dump for nobody knows. That old fat slob of a Tellerinsky was the duck that let Cockshot and Conway get the bulge on the company. The company could have bought up the Gully once for a song and a dance and then squeezed out Eddie and Mike. Now they can't, and they need that property, too, if they ever expect to build more blast furnaces.

"And say, Mr. Eechy, what d'ye know about it? I was standing down here at the tower by the cross-over yesterday evening and a Midline passenger going west slowed down there. Who do you suppose, Mr. Eechy, was standing on the back platform of the last Pullman. Wally Gay! What d'ye know about that? Big as life, Mr. Eechy, and twice as natural. I want to tell you right here, Mr. Eechy, that he didn't much resemble the dirty wop that used to clean out sewers and flywheel pits in this plant.

"'Hello!' said he.

"'Hello!' said I, and he was gone.

"What d'ye know about that, Mr. Eechy?

"Wally's been away from Steelburg for a long while. If he's been going to school all this time and if he's been working at his studies as he always worked at everything else he undertook to do I'd say that by now, Mr. Eechy, he ought to be able to spell cat easy.

(Continued on Page 55)

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THERE is just one test for tires — the test of actual service. With Fisk Tires on your car, you have surety that you are getting the best in tires that human devotion to ideals of workmanship can produce or that money can buy.

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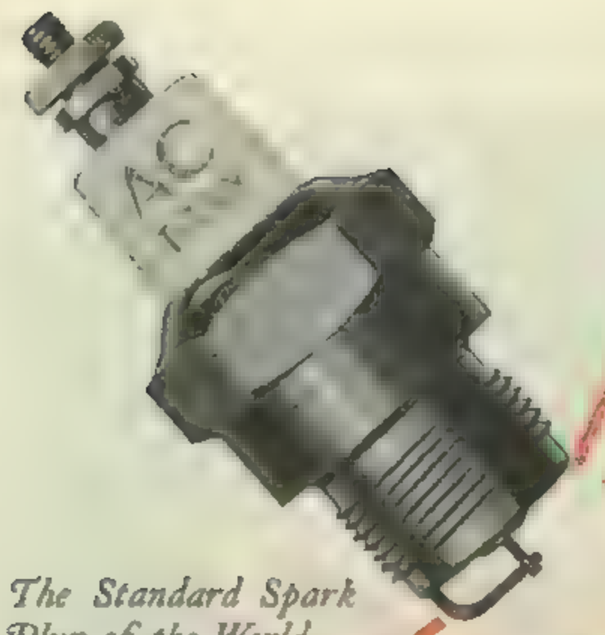

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

They Carried Roland Rohlfs to the Roof of the World

CLIMBING from Roosevelt Field into the unknown reaches of the air, Roland Rohlfs recently established a new world's altitude record of 34,610 feet.

His whistling Curtiss Wasp, developing four hundred horsepower, was equipped with AC Titan Spark Plugs.

Six and one-half miles above the ground, the cold pierces the leather and the fur of the aviator's suit and cuts to the very marrow of the bone.

And in flying to such a height, the aviator passes through many zones of constantly changing temperatures and densities.

Yet so perfect were the AC Spark Plugs that not once did Rohlfs' engine miss, nor did the porcelains crack under the intense engine heat or in that arctic, atmospheric cold.

To the automobile owner, Roland Rohlfs' record-breaking achievement has this significance:

The AC Titan Spark Plugs that carried Rohlfs higher than man had ever been, are of the same basic design as the AC Titan Spark Plugs which have been specially developed for automobile ignition.

They will serve just as faithfully in your less exacting service.

Champion Ignition Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727 April 13, 1915 U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,136 Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

GLENN H. CURTISS, PRESIDENT

THE CURTISS ENGINEERING CORPORATION

EXPERIMENTAL AND AERONAUTICAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES AT GARDEN CITY LONG ISLAND

GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

November 25th, 1919.

Champion Ignition Company.

Flint, Mich.

Gentlemen:-

It gives me great pleasure to have this means of letting the public know of the wonderful performance made by AC Spark Plugs on my world's altitude flight.

They were called upon to function under the very greatest of temperature differences. At one extreme was the motor's tremendous explosive heat, while at my highest point of climb the temperature was as low as 44° below zero.

Not one miss or cracked porcelain was noted, however, and I attribute no small amount of my success to their most remarkable showing.

Yours very truly,

Roland Rohlfs

RR:F

(Continued from Page 52)

"Isn't it so, though? The Old Man would smile if he could have Wally here to help settle this rumpus. It's going to worry the Old Man, Mr. Eechy—it's worrying him already. He's not as juvenilish as you and I are. I'm surprised that Wally didn't stop off and see some of us old-timers who helped him along in his upward climb. You know, I was the lad who discovered Wally Gay, Mr. Eechy. Oh, yes, I found out that Wally was there with chimes when it came to figures and a pen dipped in the ink, while everybody else was regarding him merely as a hammerheaded Vinegar-Gully dub. What d'ye know about that?

"But lend me your ear, Mr. Eechy. Between you and me and the pigpen gate, the reason he didn't stop off in Steelburg is this: He was bee-lining it to a little lady out in the West somewheres. He's going to marry her. Old Major Fronk tipped me off to the facts. He met her out there that time he got locked up in a car of wire here in the mill yard and didn't get out of the car until he arrived at the hamlet where she lived—out in Dakota or some other state. Oh, sure, Legget and Morehouse, the contractors, are building him a house up on Pine Street - I guess it's about finished by this time. Major Fronk is watching its erection with the eye of a bald-headed eagle. One of the carpenters told me that if he sees a nail driven crooked he howls bloody murder until it is pulled out and driven straight. What d'ye know about it? We'll see Wally walking in on us one of these days.

"Well, Mr. Eechy, by the time I get washed up and my hair combed it will be near enough quitting time to quit. I'm going out through the tunnel under the Midline this evening not so many of these uplifters of labor out there. And say, I've evolved a clever little safety-first device, Mr. Eechy, that isn't one-third bad. It is a shock absorber for the coco to be worn while these uplifters of labor are busy in their humanitarian work. It consists simply of a bag of sawdust which fits snugly in the top of my katy. If an uplifter of labor bashes me one on the bean the bag of sawdust lessens the effect of the bash. Pretty cute, eh, Mr. Eechy? I'm tender on top of the head can't stand much concussion. It dates back to youthful days. At school in my old-home town Honeyburg on the White Fork, Mr. Eechy—one of my school-teachers was always banging me on the nut with a hard maple ruler he carried as he would stroll about the room. He softened something up there and it's been soft ever since. What d'ye know about that?

"Good night, Mr. Eechy. And when you go out or come in the gate while the uplifters of labor are busy keep your eyes in high gear. You can't tell when one of the uplifters is going to start tampering with your health."

Goodlow had not been home for more than a week. He had had a cot placed in the room adjoining his office and the few hours of sleep he caught in the twenty-four-hour day he was on duty he caught there in the vacant office of the assistant general manager. The strain was telling on him. His face was haggard and gray, his hands trembled and he was in a constant state of nervous unrest. His clothes were wrinkled and soiled, red with ore dust, yellow with daubs of clay, black with grease spots, for wherever men were at work about the mills and yards Goodlow was to be found at some time in the twenty-four hours of the day, working with the men when help was needed, cheering them on, leading in the heave-ho-ing, urging them to stick it through the double-duty period that was on them and ahead of them.

At all hours of the day and of the night he was to be seen about the great plant. Often in the small miserable hours of the morning, in that hard killing portion of the night shift when men grow weak and weary, he would be on the blower's platform at one of the Bessemers working the shining levers, watching through colored glasses the flickering flames at the converter's mouth. For Goodlow was an old steel blower the blower's platform had been one of the steps of his upward climb.

Not infrequently he would make sudden appearance in a crowd of heaving, tugging, sweating men in one of the mills as they labored at changing a roll or straightening out a twisted bar or hauling away a glowing cobble, where he would lay his strength with theirs and heave and tug and sweat with them.

Nor was he the only one of the heads of Steelburg Mills that worked in this way; nor was he the only one of them staying at the mills twenty-four hours of every day. There were cots in every room of the big main-office building and there were cots in every little office about the mill yards, and foremen and subforemen, superintendents and assistant superintendents and engineers and inspectors and clerks were giving their whole time, using their every ounce of strength, trying to keep Steelburg Mills running, trying to keep aflare that pillar of fire that hovered over the mills by night, trying to prevent from floating away that cloud of smoke that hung over them by day.

But the pillar of fire was not so bright now nor the cloud of smoke so black and dense, for from more furnaces the fires had been drawn, more mills had closed down, more engines had ceased to run, more boilers to steam. The complement of men necessary to keep Steelburg Mills open and alive was dangerously threatened. The second twenty-five per cent—the timid ones whom Goodlow had counted to lose—had quickly disappeared and heavy inroads had been made into the number he had counted to hold. Fear had entered their ranks, for the leaguers, emboldened by their successes, were resorting to stronger means of intimidation. Men had been beaten at the gates; men had been grievously injured at the gates; men had been killed at the gates.

More days of twenty-four hours each and no signs of improvement. Another blast furnace was blown out and that followed quickly by another. There was mighty cheering in the Gully before the leaguers' headquarters when the news came there. But hot metal continued to roll into Steelburg Mills from Ferro Junction, and Stanley Kirk, owner and operator of the four furnaces there, offered to deliver his entire output to the mills and did begin making such delivery. Then the leaguers moved to organize the men at the Ferro Junction furnaces. Without the hot metal from Kirk's furnaces Steelburg Mills could not continue to run.

"What d'ye know about that, Mack?" demanded a shipping clerk, thrusting his head in at the open window of Yardmaster McNutt's office. McNutt's feet were not on top of his desk, as they usually were. His arms were spread out on a table standing near the desk and his face was buried in his sleeves. McNutt was at the point of breaking down, for the leaguers had taken from him man after man and he was working hard, hard, hard, to keep things moving, climbing up and down cars and setting and loosening brakes, coupling and uncoupling, throwing switches, putting derailed cars back on track, running about the yards from morning till night. And McNutt was growing old.

"What d'ye know about that?" repeated the shipping clerk, and he held up for inspection two very dirty hands in the palms of which showed great water blisters, some of them burst, with the raw flesh peeping through the slotted skin. "They were stuck for limestone over at the Open Hearth and I lammed in and unloaded a half carload of the stuff for them. I'll be dogged, Mack, if I don't feel like Jack Johnson had been using me for a punching bag, danged if I don't! My vertebræ squeak every time I stoop over. Listen! Didn't you hear it then? What d'ye know about that, Mack?

"Well, Mack, things look blue, blue—blooming blue, don't they? And they're going bluer. Indigo in a few more days, Mack. Devil Daggy quit last night and took about twenty with him. Goodlow was counting strong on him. That means the billet mill goes down. Say, Mack, d've know what this stir-off makes me think of? A great big arch with the keystone busted and slipping out of place. Goodlow's busted, Mack he's all in, he's done. The arch needs a new key, and that darned quick. Goodlow is all right; he's all there as an Old Man, but between you and me and the goose pond, Mack, he isn't quite big enough to cut this particular cheese, for it is a tough cheese—you know that. Well, I must amble on. My burnsides, mustache and goatee—if I ever grow the ornaments—will all be gray before I ever get caught up with my work now. What d'ye know about it?"

In the evening of that same day Wally Gay sat looking out of a car window of a Midline passenger train pulling slowly through Steelburg.

"That's the old place over there, Amy," he said to a happy-faced young woman occupying the seat opposite his. "That second tall stack right yonder is near the spot where you met me that night. Vinegar Gully lies over yonder and our new house in that direction, a half mile or so distant. Just about here the train stopped that night I came back from the West to Steelburg."

His face was close to the window and his eyes searched out every known stack and furnace and mill building.

"Something's wrong!" he exclaimed. "I never saw the mills so quiet. Those blast furnaces are down—either banked or blown out—and half the smoke stacks all over the plant are cold. I wonder what it is? I haven't heard of any trouble—though I haven't looked at a paper for a week."

The train moved slowly on—it was approaching a railroad crossing. One of the mill-yard gates came in sight. A great crowd of men was gathered in the street in front of it. The double gates swung open and he saw a throng of workmen coming out—it was the day gang going off shift. The crowd outside surged forward to meet them and he saw clubs shaken and men were gathering stones from the street. Then the scene passed from his sight as the train ran behind a high wall.

"Amy, I want to get off at the tower down here and go back to the mills. There's something wrong there and I may be of service to Goodlow. You won't mind traveling on to the city and going to the hotel alone, will you?"

Surprise showed in the young woman's face; a shadow crossed it and lingered there for a moment. Then she smiled.

"You know what is best, Wally," she said. "Of course I can go on alone. But you'll be down soon, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll just have a little talk with Goodlow, if he's at the mills and he's there, I know that and find out whether I can be of any assistance to him. It looks like a strike, though I can't imagine what they could be striking about. Get a cab at the depot, have a porter load the luggage and go to the Weston Hotel. If I'm delayed here longer than I expect to be I shall telephone you. Good-by, dear."

He stooped and kissed her and hurried out of the car, and as it came to a stop at the crossing tower a moment later he swung down to the ground and went running back along the tracks.

The crowds about the gate entrance had thinned—the workmen from the mills had fought their way through the leaguers and gone and only the leaguers remained. Wally had come up and passed in among them before he was recognized.

"Wally Gay!" a voice shouted.

"Hello, Wally! Ah, there, Wally! Hello, old horse!"

The greetings came thick and fast and in a few minutes he was busy shaking hands, for he knew a large number of the men gathering about him—with some of them he had worked many a long hard turn in the mills.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"Strike! Strike!" shouted a dozen voices.

"A strike? What kind of a strike? What about? I'm a member of the old mill union and I'm in good standing too—my dues are paid up. Maybe I ought to be in this strike."

"Sure you ought, Wally. But it isn't the old mill union's strike," said Joe Blakely, a gas-house man, who made it clear he was ready to become spokesman for the crowd. "That mill union is nothing but an old woman's tea party, Wally. This is something else, something bigger."

"Tell me all about it, Joe. What are you striking for?"

"Oh, everything—wages, hours, better treatment, rep—representation, beer ——"

"Beer? That's nice! Who's your head?"

"Why, there's two or three of 'em. I don't remember—hey, Bull, what's them fellers' names—them organizers?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" broke in Wally. "Outsiders, men you don't know, men you never saw or heard of before, men who never worked with you or with anybody else probably they're your leaders, are they? You're a brainy bunch, Joe! How much have your organizers taxed you so far in this game?"

"Well, we've paid in five dollars a head, but you understand that ——"

"Easy money for your organizers! You certainly are a brainy bunch! Oh, you simps, you suckers, you marks you make me laugh! I want to tell you, Joe and you other fellows—that you are in a pretty dirty business! I heard all about your league last year and I've seen something of its work in the East. In a month from now you'll be so disgusted with yourselves that you hooked up with this gang of floating thugs and took your orders from them that you'll deny, every one of you, that you ever stood here at this gate trying to prevent decent men from earning a living! If this was a strike of the old mill union and your demands were just I'd go in with you and help you win your fight, but I'll have nothing to do with your league! The old mill union always has handled the labor disputes here and it always will. Your league will lose out—it's too rotten to win!"

He pushed through the circle of men about him and walked toward the gate.

"Don't you go in there!" someone yelled.

Wally whirled about.

"Who tells me not to go in there?" he demanded, walking back toward the crowd. "Which one of you? Come out here and try to keep me from going in there!"

There was no answer to his challenge, no movement of anyone to come forward, and he turned and went on to the gate where he beat and kicked against the boards until the face of a watchman appeared at a hole. The gate rolled back and he stepped inside. A half dozen of the guards came up to greet him, and from them he had a short account of the trouble.

He walked across the yard to the Open Hearth, climbed the iron stairway and went along the floor in front of the long row of furnaces. Some of them, he noticed, were cold and black and the plant, he could see at his first glance, was in a sad state of neglect. He saw a foreman coming toward him, one he had worked with. The man's face showed worn and tired and it was ugly with a beard of many days' growth. He walked wearily and unsteadily.

"Hello, there, Frank!" called Wally.

The foreman stopped

"Is—is it you?" he asked.

He put out a hand that seemed all but lifeless, that trembled and was without grip, and then turned and sat down heavily on a bench. Wally looked curiously at him.

"What's the matter with you, Frank?" he queried.

"Done up—down and out from overwork! I haven't slept for nearly forty-eight hours and I've been on my feet practically all the time. I've simply got to throw up my hands and quit, that's all there is to it. I hate to drop out, but I can't go on any longer. And they're all just about in my fix I mean the superintendents and foremen."

"Get to the office, Frank, and flop. Come on, right now. Forget everything! I'll take care of your job to-night, and to-morrow, too, if you haven't caught up by morning."

They went to the office. The foreman threw himself upon a cot and in a minute was breathing heavily. Wally found a suit of overalls in the man's locker and put them on. He went out to the floor. Word that he had come back had passed from lip to lip and the old men of the plant, the men with whom he had once wedged and barred and sweat before the red furnaces, came crowding about him to shake his hand

"My furnace is ready to tap, Wally," shouted one of them as he came up

"All right, Blacky, here we go!" he laughed.

And he went to the furnace, thrust a test bar into the white lake of fire, found the temperature right and took out the heat.

"Slick as a whistle!" chuckled Blacky to his helper

All through the night he worked before the glowing furnaces, helping the furnace men, toiling with the short-handed crew of laborers, giving a lift here, a hand there, tapping steel, watching the heats poured, jollying and jostling the tired gangs. Once he came on two men sneaking through the building behind the furnaces, evidently bent on mischief. He stopped them, came to blows with them and knocked one of them down a stairway. The other he caught, threw down and sat on until the guards came.

By morning the palms of his hands were covered with blisters and his face was red and chafed where the fierce heat from the furnaces had beat upon it. His skin was soft, but his muscles were hard hard as gristle, for he had not been training his mind wholly to the neglect of his body while he had been absent from Steelburg. Constant gymnasium practice had kept him fit

Continued on Page 57

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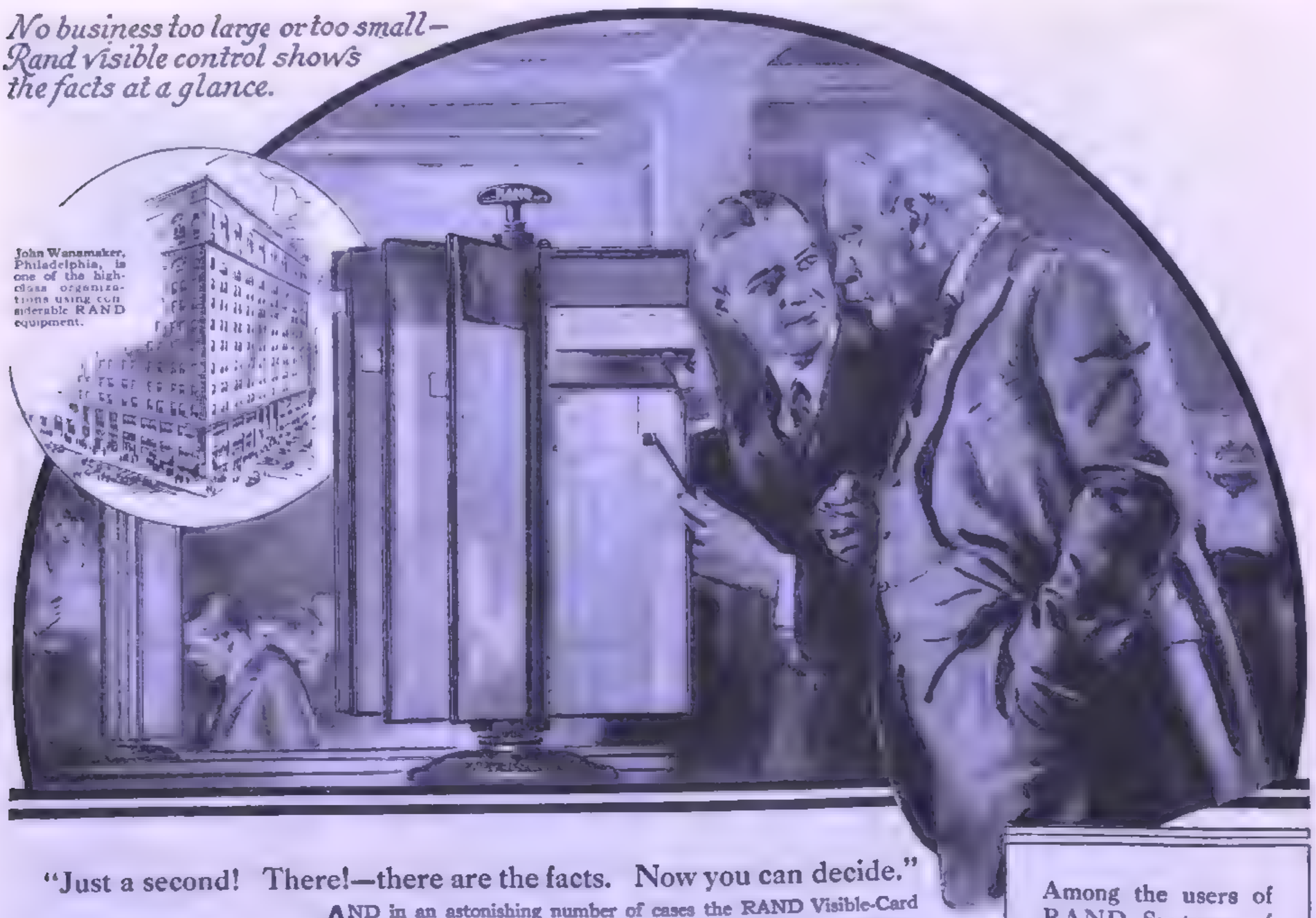

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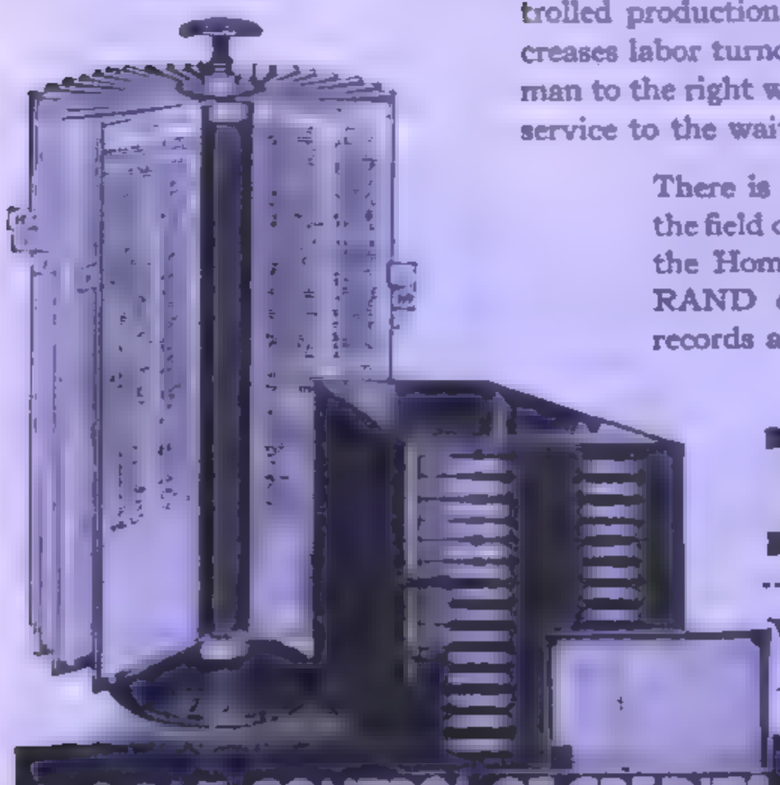

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VISIBLE CONTROL OF CREDITS · PRODUCTION · PERSONNEL · STOCK · SALES PROMOTION

(Continued from Page 55)

and in condition, and now after a long night of grilling and straining and tugging and hauling he felt none the worse for it, except as his hands, blistered and tortured by the rough handles of the tools he had used, hurt him.

At daybreak the foreman came out of the office yawning and stretching.

"I didn't miss a wink," he said, laughing. "I feel like a million dollars. Now I'm ready for another twenty-four-hour stretch or a thirty-six if it's necessary. Say, I forgot to tell you that there would be lunch brought here at midnight. Did you see anything of it?"

"I certainly did," replied Wally. "I ate it all—there's nothing left for your breakfast. Call up the cook. I feel as if I were good for a twenty-four-hour go too. If you're ready to take charge I'll saunter down through the yard and see where I'm most needed."

He left the Open Hearth without changing his clothes or washing his grimy face. The spectacle that met his eyes as he walked through the yard caused him to groan, remembering the clean and shipshape condition of everything when he was last there. Spilled materials of a hundred kinds lay along the broad-gauge tracks, with here and there a wrecked or derailed car blocking the ways; buggies, molds, stools, ingots lay scattered about the stripping houses and soaking pits; scrap, broken machinery, bent bars, twisted cobbles—mill débris of every imaginable sort was before him wherever he looked.

"It will take a year to get things cleaned up again!" he muttered.

As he stepped into the Bessemer building he saw Goodlow coming. He was shocked at the appearance of the general manager. He had aged—it seemed to him—twenty years since he had seen him last. He stopped and waited. Goodlow came on, glanced at him, failed to recognize him, seeing in him one of the mills' dirty workmen, and went on.

"Good morning!" called Wally.

Goodlow stopped and looked back.

"You son of a gun! Oh, you son of a gun! Where in Sam Hill did you come from?"

And he came hurrying back, his hand outstretched, his gray face illumined by a smile of happiness.

"Dropped from the clouds."

"Well, drop again—drop down here on this buggy and let's talk! Let's talk till the cows come home! By gee whiz, Wally, I'm glad to see you!"

They sat down on a derailed buggy at the side of the narrow-gauge tracks and Wally listened to the history of the fight the mills were making against the leaguers; answered a hundred questions Goodlow put to him, then listened to more history.

"But I'm afraid they've got us, Wally," said Goodlow with a sigh as he neared the finish of his long story. "From the very first they have drawn heavily from the number I was counting on to stand by us, far more heavily than I ever dreamed they would. Devil Daggy was a big loss to us—he has a gang of admirers that will go where he goes and stay where he stays. And early last night the big sewer back of the rod mill got choked—somebody threw something into that catch basin. The water is piling up all over that part of the plant. It will soon put the bar mill and Purdy's mill out of commission, and a few hours more will see the power house down. Then we'll quit. There isn't anybody to send up there that can open up that sewer. Ackerman might, but he went two days ago, saying it was worth his life to stay here longer."

Wally rose to his feet.

"I'll go and open up the sewer," he said.

"Oh, no, Wally!"

"Oh, yes, but I will! I know all about that sewer—I've been down in there many a time. There's nothing to it if you know how. After I get that done I'll go up in the Gully and have a talk with Devil Daggy. He and I used to be hoodlums together up there."

"You stay out of Vinegar Gully!"

"Why?"

"Didn't you just tell me you had a wife waiting for you to come back to her—a wife you shamefully deserted before your honeymoon had ended? You want to go back to her, don't you? You stay out of Vinegar Gully!"

"Pshaw! I'm not afraid of Vinegar Gully. I was raised there, lived there for years, and I own property there—I have rights in the Gully."

"Stay out of the Gully, I tell you!"

"Well, let's get that sewer opened up. Are you going along?"

"Yes, I'll go with you. I think I can scare up two or three men to help you."

And a little later, down in the filthy, nasty, roiling water of a great catch basin, Wally Gay labored and sweat, cleaning it out, hauling and pulling at the obstructions that had been thrown into the basin, shoveling out the dirty sediment that had washed in—labored and sweat in the noisome hole just as he had labored and sweat there many a time before.

No one was there to see him finish his Augean task—Goodlow had been called away, and someone had come and taken his two laborers—when with a whining, sucking sound the water broke through the barrier that held it back and ripped and gurgled into the sewer below. He stood leaning on his shovel, watching it eddy and whirlpool about his legs, and he laughed aloud at the success of his labors.

In a near-by shanty he left the hip boots he had pulled on for the job, put on his shoes, and still covered with the filth and slime of the catch basin, walked across the yards to the gate that opened near the head of Vinegar Gully. He recalled Goodlow's warning—"You stay out of the Gully!"—and he smiled. Why should he fear to venture into the Gully? He knew them all up there—they knew him. And he wanted to have a talk with Devil Daggy.

None of the leaguers were at the gate, but down the Gully in front of The Bucket of Blood he saw a crowd gathered and the sound of yelling and cheering came to his ears. He walked along the dirty cinder sidewalk toward the crowd. He came to the shack which he owned—the shack where he had been raised, where he had lived alone after old Joe Gay and Jane Gay had died. There he stopped.

It was a most disreputable-looking place. It was that when he had gone away from it a good many years ago, but now it was a hundred times worse. He saw the old For Sale sign which he had painted himself and which he had placed on the front of the building, now faded and battered and hanging awry. He had never come to take it down after he had decided not to sell the property. Cockshot and Conway had been to see him many times, trying to buy the little place, offering him far more than it was actually worth, but he had always refused to sell.

He went in and tried the door. His knee thrust it open and he stepped inside. It was dark and gloomy in there in the little rooms beneath the low ceilings, but he noticed there were no signs of dampness; the tin roof he had helped old Joe Gay put on years before—a few months before old Joe had died—had held against rust and corrosion. Boys had broken into the place and wrought havoc with the interior. Pieces of broken chairs were scattered about, boards torn from the wainscoting, paper from the walls, bricks from a chimney. But in his old bedroom he found the cot intact on which he had formerly slept, the cot on which he had lain awake so many nights staring up at the black ceiling, too tired, too exhausted from his killing labor at the mills to sleep. He sat down on it and sighed, for he was now beginning to feel tired.

"I wonder what Amy will think of me," he mused—"my leaving her in such a heartless manner for so long? There were tears in her voice both times I talked to her last night. It's too bad—but I know she understands. I must dress up and go down to the city just as soon as I get back to the Open Hearth."

He rested a few minutes longer, caught himself falling into a doze, and rose and went out into the street.

The gathering of men in front of The Bucket of Blood was scattering, with some of them coming back toward the gate. Wally met these. Many of them knew him and began speaking to him, some of them stopping to shake hands with him. Then a man larger than the others, taller by a head, a man coarse of features and brutal in his whole make-up, came along.

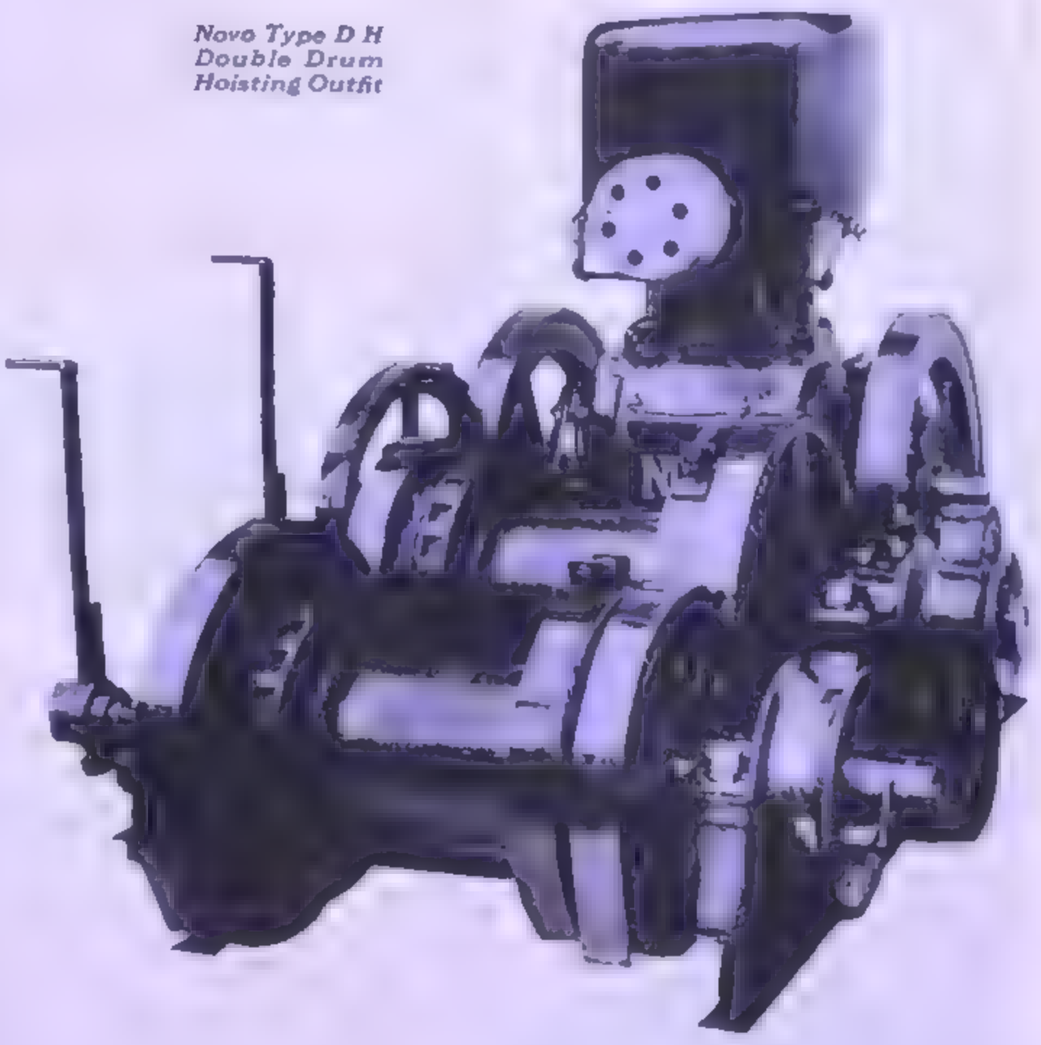
"Hello, Devil Daggy!" shouted Wally.

The man did not return the greeting. He stared for a moment or two, then asked harshly, "What're you doin' in the Gully?"

"Oh, taking a look at my real estate," laughed Wally.

"What're you doin' in the Gully?" repeated the man.

"Well, if you're bound to know, Devil, I came here to have a talk with you."



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"What've you got to talk with me about? Say, why don't you run with your own crowd? If you're hooked up with the high-hat bunch—and I know you are—the Gully ain't a safe place for you these days!"

"Is that so? You don't say so! Devil, I've been in this Gully nearly—not quite—as much as you have, and I've always found it safe enough for me. There isn't a man in this crowd or in the whole Gully that I know and who knows me that I believe I have any cause to fear. There may be some here now who would stick me in the back if they had the chance, but they're not Gully men."

"You've been workin' up there in the mills, haven't you?" roared the big man, coming closer. "You've been there this mornin'!"

"Say, Devil, chase some of that noise out of your voice!" said Wally sharply. "You know I'm not hard of hearing, and if you think you're scaring me—forget it!"

Daggy broke out into loud and abusive talk. The language of the Gully ran trippingly on his tongue and with unpremeditated art he poured forth the ugly oaths and foul obscenities, the vile profanities and strange blasphemies and maledictions that were peculiarly the Gully's own.

Unperturbed Wally listened until he made a pause, then spoke quickly:

"Devil, I came up here to have a decent talk with you—man to man. You don't want it. All right. But now let me tell you something, Devil. You could have kept all your threats, your cuss words and your rotten talk in your rotten mouth and I would have been just as much frightened, just as much afraid of you and the Gully as I am this minute! For I know you and I know the Gully! I've fought with you in the Gully, Devil, and I've licked you and I can lick you again! And I'll fight you again, right now, right here, if you'll agree to the stakes I propose."

"What are they?" demanded Daggy.

"This: I'll fight you to see whether you go back to the mills or whether I stay out of the mills. If I win you're to go back to work and stay at work and you're to take your gang with you. If you win I'm to stay away from the mills until this trouble is settled. Now take me up or sneak!"

"It's a go!" laughed Daggy. "I should say it is a go!"

Cheers, whoops and yells greeted the announcement and a ring was quickly formed.

"There's two pairs of fight gloves at The Morgue!" shouted a man whom those about him had been addressing as Duckbill. "Wait and I'll get 'em!"

"Never mind the gloves, Duckbill—I want no gloves!" called Wally. "But you might fetch a pail of water if you feel like it."

"Sure thing, Wally, surest thing!" And Duckbill hurried off.

There were those in the crowd surrounding the two men who smiled as they looked at Wally's soft white skin, and there were those there who chuckled and nodded their heads wisely as they looked at certain knots and lumps and cords crawling and playing about on his arms and shoulders beneath the thin gauze undershirt he wore—for he had pulled off the blue jumper and the white shirt beneath it and cast them aside. And when they had studied the fine lines and perfect symmetry of his figure they nodded their heads wisely again.

One of those who smiled as he looked at that soft white skin was Devil Daggy.

"I hate to do it, Bulger!" he whispered to Bulger the Bat, who stood near him. "It'll be like taking pennies from a blind man without arms!"

Bulger the Bat made no reply—he had been looking at those lumpy muscles crawling about on Wally's arms and shoulders.

"Yeow-ow-ow!"

The fight was on—the first blow had been struck. It had fallen on Wally—a glancing blow on the face, and blood oozed from a hundred little capillaries and veins that had been broken.

"Yeow-ow-ow-ow!"

The second blow had been struck—and Devil Daggy staggered back with a grunt.

It was an old-fashioned Gully fight—the kind of fight the Gully delighted in, brutal and cruel; the kind of fight the Gully gloated over, bloody and wicked, the kind of fight the Gully declared was the only fight worth looking at—fought without gloves, fought without prearrangement, fought without nice regards to the rules of the ring, fought for something bigger than money stakes, fought to a finish!

Wally Gay understood and appreciated the task that was before him. More than once in earlier years he had tested Devil Daggy's strength and he knew it was greater than his own; he knew he should not dare risk his power of muscle against the power of muscle of the giant before him. If he was to win he must win by skill, by the skill he had gained in the gymnasium at the hands of his boxing master; he must avoid Daggy's terrific lunges, his sledge-hammer blows, his bear hugs, his clinches.

So he danced lightly about his slow-moving, bulky opponent, stooping and retreating, ducking and bending and twisting, darting in at an unguarded moment to plant a blow, slipping aside to escape return punishment. But not always with complete success, for time and again the hard black fists of Devil Daggy found their mark, and because of his soft white skin Wally soon presented a sickening sight. And those who had looked only at that soft white skin howled in ghoulish glee, but those who had watched the lumpy muscles bulging the thin shirt continued to shake wise heads.

"It's few pennies he'll pick off'n that blind man!" muttered Bulger the Bat.

Once as a smashing blow from the giant's fist caught him on the jaw and Wally went staggering back against the ring of men a foot shot out and kicked him on the ankle. Instantly there came the sound of a blow, of clenched fist on flesh, followed by a howl of pain.

"Fair play here!" yelled a voice. And a dozen voices took up the cry, "Fair play! Fair play!"

Devil Daggy had seen the kick delivered and at once he had turned and walked back to his side of the ring and waited there while Duckbill massaged the aching ankle, while Wally hobbled and limped about—waited until his opponent gave a nod.

Then the fight went on and the Gully delighted in it, gloated over it, howled and whooped over it, for it was the kind of fight that was worth looking at—fought without gloves, fought without nice regards to rules of the ring and fought to a finish.

What the Gully did not like about the fight that day, the fight that was to go down in Gully history as the greatest fight ever witnessed in the Gully, was its short duration—it didn't last half as long as the Gully would have had it last. And another thing the Gully didn't like about the fight that day was that there was given no hint beforehand of its sudden termination. As Duckbill complainingly stated: "One second we was watchin' one loo-loo of a fight; the next second we wasn't watchin' no fight a-tall!"

For the ring of howling, yelling, gloating, excited men had seen Wally reeling beneath two awful blows from Devil Daggy's back fists; they had seen him, as they believed, going groggy, they had seen Devil Daggy come driving at him, seen him strike, seen him miss his mark and swerve and then seen him go crashing down from a thrust Wally had so quickly delivered that they had all but failed to catch it.

Bulger the Bat stooped over the fallen Devil. He began to count, counted to five and quit.

"I' could count a hunderd and twenty-seven 'n' he'd still be layin' there sleepin'!" he snarled in disgust and walked away.

The ring had lost its form when Devil Daggy opened his eyes. He twisted himself about, pulled himself to his knees, struggled to his feet, and swaying unsteadily looked about him.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"Right over here, Devil!" answered Duckbill cheerfully. "And fresh as a daisy!"

Devil lumbered heavily forward. Wally rose from the ground of slag and cinder where he had been lying.

"Shake hands, Wally! You done it, all right! Say, what kind of a horizontal pile driver have you got up your sleeve anyhow?"

"The same kind you carry, I think, Devil," replied Wally, trying to smile but failing completely.

Devil Daggy chuckled.

"You win, Wally, you win! And I'll stick to the agreement. I'll go back, but I can't go to-day. Tell Hornsby that me and the gang'll be on hand to-morrow mornin', and if he's in any kind of shape we can start the old mill up again. Just now I'm goin' home to fix up."

"I'll tell Hornsby, Devil. And I think I'll go up to my shack and do a little flopping myself. Guess I never sold my real estate in the Gully at a more convenient time than to-day."

"I'll go along with you," said Duckbill, and he took Wally's arm.

After he had rested a long while on the old cot in his little bedroom, and after he had—with the assistance of Duckbill and three admiring young Gullyites who had followed him to the shack—removed as many of the marks of the battle as could be removed there, Wally announced he was ready to go back to the mills.

"And I'm goin' back too, derned if I ain't!" declared Duckbill. "I'm gettin' a little ancient, but I can help McNutt out in somethin' or other. I'm sick and tired of this flim-flam-flummery that's goin' on round here!"

"Me too!" came in a chorus from the three youngsters.

"That's the stuff, boys! We'll all go together!" said Wally, and they left the shack.

Out in the street in front of the shack a small crowd of men stood discussing the fight.

"Fall in, you fellows, if you're going to the mills with us!" called Wally.

Their talk suddenly ceased and they were silent for a few moments. Then they began whispering and six of the men came forward. The others sneered and walked away.

"By golly, Ned, now I can go home to-night!" said one of the men as they moved toward the gate. "My old woman chased me outen the house with a club a week ago and I ain't been home since."

"I ain't had a square feed since this here rough-house started. I'm all caved in, I am!" groaned another.

"I wisht I had my five bucks back," sighed another.

Inside the gate the men scattered, each going to seek his foreman, and Wally went on down through the yards alone. He saw Goodlow hurrying to meet him—word of the fight had come into the mills. The general manager was breathing heavily as he came up.

"Didn't I tell you to stay out of that Gully?" he demanded angrily.

"Yes, but I didn't mind," returned Wally. "I wish now I had."

"Haven't you any respect for yourself? Haven't you any consideration for your wife? You're a pretty-looking thing now, I must say! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Rub it in, Mr. Goodlow, rub it in—I deserve it! I'm not a bit proud of my stunt—far from it. It was a silly thing to do, I know, but I went up there, intending to have a little talk with Devil Daggy and learn just how matters stood with him and his gang. I wanted to find out from him why he held on here as long as he did and then went out so suddenly. I saw the Gully, I smelled the Gully, and the old Gully spirit seemed to flow back into me. Then Devil Daggy used some rotten talk; I got mad fighting mad, and I—well, I just went in and whaled him. He's coming back to-morrow morning with his gang."

"Eh? What's that you say?"

"He'll be here, you may count on it. That's what we fought for—to see whether he would come back or whether I should stay out. And ten men came in with me just now".

"Get down to the office, Wally, at once and I'll telephone to Doc Lumpkin to go over and patch you up. After he's through with you take that cot in the room next to my office and get a little sleep."

"I think I will. I'll be all right in a little while. To-morrow, if you'd let me, I'll take on Ackerman's job. I used to be his roustabout, you know, and I'm acquainted with his work from A to Z. And I'm pretty sure I can rustle up a good-sized gang within the next two or three days."

"Don't ask me what job you can take, Wally—take any job you want! Take mine if you like! Now get out of my sight—you're as unbeautiful as a stuck hog!"

Amy Gay cried out in dismay when her husband stood before her the following morning. Then she put her face against his shoulder and wept bitterly. And after she had dried her tears and listened with smiles to his humorous accounts of his experiences at the mills since he had left her on the train she wept again when he told her he was going back.

He should not go! She would not permit him! She was wretched, miserable, lonely—she would not stay there alone any longer!

"But down in the hotel parlor, Amy, waiting to see you is somebody you know, someone you think a lot of."

"Who is it? I don't know a soul here besides you!"

"Come and see."

An old man came forward to meet them as they entered the parlor.

"It's Major Fronk!" cried Amy, and she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him on his gray, withered cheek.

The major stammered, blushed, wiped his face with his red silk handkerchief and all but swore. But he quickly recovered his composure and led Amy to a sofa where he sat down beside her and entered into a lively conversation to the complete exclusion of Wally.

"We'll ignore that young barbarian," he chuckled. "I trained him up in the way he should go, but he departed from it. Look at him now!"

A dozen rounds Wally made through the big parlor, then he came back to the two on the sofa.

"You said the house was all ready, didn't you, major?" he asked.

"Built, finished, completed, Wally—completed to the last nail and screw and shingle, and completed right, for I saw to it. The decorators got through just a few days ago. All ready now for moving in the furniture."

"Then I want you to help Amy buy the furniture and have it moved in. Take her to all the furniture stores in the city, and don't hurry her, whatever you do. Get Mrs. Yates, our laundry woman, to go up to the house and help set things up and maybe you can find a man in the burg who will go up and work a day or so."

"Why, the idea, Wally!" cried Amy. "The very idea!"

"Quite the idea, my dear. We've already decided—you've already decided what we want, haven't you? So there's nothing to do now but to go and get it. I haven't time to help you—I don't know anything about such matters, anyway—and the major is an expert at that kind of business. Right now I ought to be out at the mills—and right now I'm going. Good-by, dear. Major, I leave her with you."

"Golly, I love that boy!" murmured the major, gazing after the retreating figure.

Amy Gay looked up at him and smiled; and her eyes were tear-dimmed.

Back at the mills Wally changed to old clothes and went out to take up Ackerman's duties—more than Ackerman's duties, for he worked with as well as superintended the men; shoveled and picked with them, heaved and tugged with them, lifted and carried with them, sweated with them. He found that three of Ackerman's foremen had stayed on, each having a small gang of laborers. Late in the afternoon he went to the Gully and brought in a dozen men whom he found wishing to return to work. He passed them in at the gate and went back to the Gully—he might be able to pick up another man or two.

It was quiet there now, though gatherings of men were in front of The Bucket of Blood and The Morgue. Some of them called to him a word of greeting as he went by; others muttered and sneered.

Near the end of the Gully, behind an old building, he came upon two old men. They had not noticed his approach. One of them was tipping a bottle to his lips with his head thrown far back.

"Drop that!" commanded Wally sharply.

The drinker strangled, sputtered, coughed, strangled again and the bottle went flying from his hand. He turned about with tears streaming from his eyes.

"Jogs-jolly!" he exclaimed. "You scart that snort clean outen me!" Then he started and his eyes opened wide. "Jogs-jolly, Nicker, if it ain't Wally!" he cried.

Wally went up and shook hands with them.

"What do you two old devils mean by coming up here to hit the bottle at such a time as this? And both of you pensioners, drawing your pensions from the mills! Don't you know there'll be no pensions if the leaguers win out?"

"Jogs-jolly, Wally, ol' fellers like me an' Nicker has to have a drop now an' then to keep our courage up!"

"An' us not so peert as we used to be, Wally," said Nicker.

"An' our blood thinnin' fast, Wally," added Dicker.

"Dicker, you're an old soak! Why don't you pattern after Nicker? He's a moderate drinker. You're always six or eight drinks ahead of him!"

And Wally walked away, laughing.

The old men stood gazing after him.

"Jogs-jolly, say, boys! He's the same ol' Wally, ain't he, Nicker?" said Dicker.

"Just the same, Dicker—jokin' like he allus was. But some of them bloody leaguers is li'ble to hurt him down here in

(Continued on Page 61)

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(Continued from Page 58)

the Gully. I think we ought to go over to the Turk's an' take a drop to his health an' good luck. What say?"

"Come on!"

The crowd that had stood in front of The Bucket of Blood had moved away when Wally came back—it was now at the gate. He turned and went into the saloon. A good many years had elapsed since he had last entered the place. He found it unchanged—there was the same black, sticky floor; the big, tall, rusty stove; the faded whisky advertisements on the walls; the unpainted bar and the cracked mirror behind it, with the rows of long-necked bottles sitting in front of it; the old battered chairs and tables. The place was almost empty, there being only a few men in the room—a dozen or so—playing cards at the tables. A man was at work, stooping over, behind the bar.

"Hello, Eddie!"

Eddie Cockshot straightened up. He looked at Wally in surprise; he then quickly glanced toward one of the tables where four men sat playing cards.

"Don't you go startin' nothin' in here, Wally," he said in a low voice.

"Of course not! I'm not wishing to start anything anywhere. I just wanted to talk with you a few minutes.

"What're you goin' to have?"

"Keep it, Eddie—I'm off that stuff."

"You used to like to lap it up, all right."

"Oh, yes; I used to do a lot of crazy things. Say, Eddie, why don't you get out of here while the getting out is good?"

"What d'ye mean by that?"

"I mean that the league is going to lose, and you are, too, if you don't go from the Gully pretty quick."

"Oh, is that so?" sneered Cockshot. "Who told you all this stuff?"

"The league is going to lose!" repeated Wally. "And you are going to get squeezed. You've had a big offer, a bigger offer than you'll ever have again. Why don't you accept?"

"Are you pluggin' for the company?"

"I'm helping to fight the league. We're going to win, but we could win easier and quicker if we could shut up these two joints. Right here and over at The Morgue is where all the deviltry is hatched—you know that, Eddie."

"You're not goin' to get us out! And the league's goin' to win! It's labor fightin' capitalism and labor's goin' to win out! Me and Conway own this Gully—it's ours, and we're goin' to stay here! Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"All of the Gully isn't yours, Eddie—I've got a piece of property here and that little bit of real estate of mine is going to be the fulcrum—if you know what that means—by which we will pry you loose."

Cockshot stopped polishing the glass he held in his hand and looked at Wally.

"What d'ye mean by that?"

"Wait and see, Eddie. Only my real advice is—don't wait and see. Get out while the getting out is good."

"You might as well be goin', Wally—you're wastin' your time and mine."

"I'm going."

And he went.

Devil Daggy had kept his word and had returned to work with his gang, and the billet mill was again in operation. The huge ladles of hot metal from Kirk's furnaces continued to roll into the yards, for the leaguer's attempts to organize the furnace men at Ferro Junction had signally failed. And singly, by twos and threes, in little groups of six and eight and twelve, men who had listened to the smooth talk and the glowing promises of the organizers, men who had quit their jobs to go outside the gates, there to loaf, to drink and carouse, to destroy, to help beat up men less gullible than they—these were coming back and going to work, disillusioned, regretting the money they had lost, ashamed of the ugly deeds they had done. With them were coming the timid ones, those who had gone home and stayed home at the first indications of trouble. And the pillar of fire over Steelburg Mills was growing brighter and the cloud of smoke denser and blacker.

Ackerman's big gangs of workmen under Wally's management were steadily increasing in size and efficiency and a semblance of order began to be noticeable throughout the dirty and cluttered yards. He had placed himself at the call of every department head, and night and day he was running here and there about the plant with his men, helping to keep things moving, helping to clean up spills and messes, helping to repair breakdowns.

For there was trouble, much trouble yet to be combated—the league was still alive, active and malignant. There were mysterious breakages and stoppages and derailments and spills and tappings, for some of those who had come back had come not to work but to wreck. And crowds of leaguers still gathered at the gates and cursed and threatened and threw stones and wielded clubs.

A dozen times a day Wally was at the gates, urging men to come in, arguing with the leaguers, pleading with them. He was there against the wishes of Goodlow and against the advice of every department head, all of whom feared for his safety. But the leaguers did him no harm. While they sometimes cursed him, threatened him, called him vicious names, they had not offered to injure him. He continued to go into Vinegar Gully, picking up a man now and then, sometimes two and three, and bringing them to the gate and passing them in. And it was on one of these trips late one afternoon when he found Jack Stickney, a shearman, at the farther end of the Gully.

"Walk back to the gate with me, Wally," said Stickney, "and I'll go in. I've got enough—it's a fizzle."

"Come along, Jack!"

And they went through the Gully side by side in the middle of the street.

They were in front of The Bucket of Blood when a shot rang out and Jack Stickney pitched forward on his face. Wally stooped over him, raised him a little and saw blood flowing from the man's ear. Another shot rang out, immediately followed by another, and he straightened up, gasped, put his hand to his side and walked away—walked up the Gully, and coming to his shack turned to go in.

"Get a doctor to me and send word to Goodlow," he said to Duckbill, who with two other men came by at the moment. He dropped his hand from his side and the men saw it was dripping scarlet.

Duckbill leaped forward and put his arm about him.

"Get to the phone at the gate, Pippy, and call Lampson, the company doctor! Hurry up! Bill, you go through the mills and find the Old Man and tell him! Get a move on you! Come on in here, Wally!"

And he led the wounded man into the shack and assisted him to lie down on the cot.

The roar of the big whistle that had been heard at the quitting hours in Steelburg Mills for years, that had boomed out every morning and every evening all through the strike of the leaguers, was not heard that evening. And every man coming out of the gates or entering them knew the cause of its silence. Wally Gay was dying in Vinegar Gully. And those who traveled through the Gully on their way to their homes passed by the little shack where they knew he was lying, in complete silence. When they went past The Bucket of Blood, in front of which he had been stricken down, they muttered and growled and cursed and shook threatening fists at the wretched place.

Wally Gay was dying—the doctor had said so—Lampson, the company doctor whom they knew and whom they believed. And a second and a third doctor had come to the Gully, hurried into the little shack and sent out the same decision—Wally Gay was dying.

In the gathering dusk a cab came rushing up the Gully and stopped in front of the shack. Two persons left it and went in and a moment later those who stood in the street heard the wail of a woman, grief-stricken and in despair. And Goodlow came out wiping his eyes and old Major Fronk followed sobbing.

Wally Gay was dying in Vinegar Gully, but the mills did not stop. Over them that night the pillar of fire was brighter than it had been for many a night, and the grinding of wheels, the exhaust of mighty engines, the rumble of rolls was louder and steadier, and there was more steel blown and melted, tapped and poured and rolled and sheared and marked and loaded than there had been for many a night, for the league was going to pieces and the leaguers were coming back to work.

"Is he dead yet?" asked the men coming to work the next morning.

"Is he dead yet?" asked those going off shift—none of them omitting from their question that ominous last word. Those whose route lay through the Gully passed the little shack quietly, whispering if they talked, stepping lightly, holding their tin pails against their bodies that they might not rattle.

And well they needed to keep quiet thereabouts, for in front of the shack at the edge of the street sat a grim-faced white-haired old man, and a shotgun rested on his knees. Fastened to a post that stood near him was a broad board on which was painted in huge crude letters the word, "Silence." Two old men were hovering about him.

"Jogs-jolly, major," one of them whispered. "Nicker an' me can stay here all day an' all night too!"

"No, you boys go home and get some sleep to-day and relieve me here to-night."

"All right, major, if you say so. Jogs-jolly—say, boys, we'll come loaded for anything!"

"Don't you come loaded with booze!" cautioned the major severely.

"No, no, no, no! Jogs-jolly, no, major! Not a drop!"

All day Major Fronk sat beneath the painted board with the shotgun lying on his knees, and all day the doctors came and went, but they gave out no word of encouragement. And the cloud of smoke above the mills that day was denser and blacker than it had been for many a day.

At nightfall came Nicker and Dicker and relieved the tired major. Dicker took the major's gun, but Nicker had brought his own weapon, an ancient horse pistol with a jammed cylinder.

"Would you take a pop at a feller, Dicker, if he started makin' noise out here?" whispered Nicker.

"Would I? I'd pop him quicker'n I'd pop a Si-ox Injun! Say, boys, watch me!"

But only once were they disturbed. That occurred when Bulger the Bat at The Morgue started to sing in his raucous, unmelodious voice, Maggie, the Cows are in the Clover.

"I'll get him! Watch me, Nicker!" whispered Dicker, rising and starting toward The Morgue. But the singing suddenly stopped and was not resumed, for a thrown beer bottle had caught the singer on the lip, cutting it in such a fashion that for the rest of his musical life Bulger the Bat's singing was always marred by a lisp.

Another day.

"Is he dead yet?"

No, not dead, but they still shook their heads—those doctors. And they dared not remove the injured man from the wretched hovel in which he lay. And again Major Fronk sat at his post all day. And the rumble of the mills was growing louder and louder and the smoke cloud blacker and blacker.

Another night, with Nicker and Dicker on duty, with men passing by in the darkness, stepping lightly, pausing to whisper, "Is he dead yet?" And the pillar of fire above the mills was brighter still and yellow tongues of flame were beginning to lick the tops of stacks long cold.

Then in the dusk of dawning, before men had begun asking, "Is he dead yet?" came rolling into the Gully a gray motor vehicle and a black cab, to stop in the street before the shack. And men went into the hovel and returned, bearing a litter on which lay a still form. And Goodlow came out with Amy Gay, helped her into the cab and stepped in and sat down beside her. Then the vehicles drove slowly away down the Gully, and Nicker and Dicker with uncovered heads stood watching them go.

"Well, Nicker, our work is did," said Dicker.

"It's did," returned Nicker.

They walked to the open door of the shack and peered in.

"Goin' in, Dicker?"

"Not me, Nicker, not me! Jogs-jolly, no, boys!"

They pulled the door shut and walked back to the sidewalk.

"Well, Dicker, I've just got to have a drop! I ain't had a drop for so long that I'm fair rustlin' inside like dry leaves."

"All right, Nicker, you go get your drop; but don't you go to The Bucket of Blood for that drop! Nor to The Morgue, neither, Nicker!"

"No, Dicker, I'll trot over to the Turk's for my drop."

"An' I'll go up an' meet the boys comin' out an' tell 'em. You might mosey back this way when you've had your drop, Nicker, an' I'll meet you an' we'll go an' have another drop—maybe two."

The old men separated.

The van of the long line of dirty, grimy, tired-faced night workers pouring out of the gate nearest the Gully saw an old man standing by a telephone pole just outside the gate. In his right hand he held a shotgun. His left arm, in which his face was hidden, rested against the pole. His body was shaken by sobs and those who came near him heard him moaning as he cried. A crowd circled about him.

"What is it, Dicker, what is it?" they asked.

"They come—they come an' got him—hauled him off in the dead wagon! The little woman was a-cryin' an' the Old Man was a-cryin' an' I'm a-cryin' too! They hauled him off in the dead wagon! Oh, dear!"

"He's dead!"

The word spread about the crowding, growing circle, leaped back along the moving line, jumped from lip to lip, ran in at the gate and flew down through the mill yards, darting here and there into every nook and corner where men worked.

"He's dead!"

Lines of men moving toward other gates suddenly swerved, changed their courses, and with accelerated speed rushed toward the Gully gate. Workmen just beginning their day's work left their levers and their motors and their cranes and their sledges and their furnaces, left the white dripping ingot hanging in the crane dogs; left the red bar lying at the shears' jaws; left the rod racing through the rolls to twist and tangle and cobble; left the bubbling steel to pour out upon the ground, and with whatever tool they held in hand—sledge or ax or hammer or chisel or hook or bar or tongs—poured across the yards to the Gully gate, surged out into the Gully, crowded and milled about and pushed and swore, and then as at some prearranged plan rolled down the Gully, a black, rumbling, threatening mass, with Devil Daggy at their head.

Out of The Morgue rushed three men, out of The Bucket of Blood four, who fled away like animals hunted, looking not behind them as they fled. A fifth man appeared in the entrance to The Bucket of Blood. In one hand he carried a heavy bulging bag of black cloth. One glance at the onpouring wave of men he gave, then darted into the street. He tripped, stumbled and fell; the bag burst asunder and a shower of small coins—nickels and dimes and quarters—poured out of the rent and flew and skipped and rolled about in every direction as spilled corn would scatter. He scrambled to his feet and ran—ran, spurred on by terror and fright and fear of death.

An old man near the end of the Gully carrying a horse pistol tucked under his arm peeped about the corner of a deserted building and watched the flying figure coming, watched the flying figure going.

"Cockshot!" he gagged.

One half the crowd stopped before The Bucket of Blood, one half before The Morgue—stopped for a minute, two minutes, then rushed upon and into the two buildings. There came a sound of boards being ripped from their fastenings, of breaking glass and bottles, windows and doors disappeared and through the openings where they had been came flying matter all of a hundred sorts, a chimney came toppling down, a rope suddenly appeared attached to a corner of one of the buildings with men heaving and tugging at it, sledges and axes and hammers and bars were banging and clattering, and joists and studding and rafters and beams were snapping and popping and breaking, and a great cloud of dirty dust was rising from the Gully and floating lazily away.

In quicker time than men there had ever seen buildings pulled down, destroyed, razed to the ground, The Bucket of Blood and The Morgue were brought down. A few minutes' work and they were scattered up and down the Gully, with no two boards or timbers left nailed together, with no part of them unbroken that could be broken, trampled upon and kicked about by thousands of feet.

They who had done the work strolled about over the debris, chuckled, cursed, gloated over what they had done, talking in low tones.

"Here's where they got him," said one man to another, whispering. "Got Jacks Stickney at the same time, and Jack was one of the first to join 'em. Damn their black souls!"

"Wally Gay belonged to us—he was one of us—just bigger than us, that's all," declared another.

"Wally Gay licked me, licked me in fair fightin'," said Devil Daggy. "He was a bigger man than me!"

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"He was a bigger man nor any of us, Devil!"

"Wally told some of us at the gate that night he come back that we was a brainy bunch," said Joe Blakely, a gas-house man. "Wally had us sized up right—we was a brainy bunch!"

"I wisht I had my five bucks back!" moaned a voice.

"Me too!" sighed another voice. "I need them five bucks right now!"

They began to drift away, some—the night workers—going on to their homes, others—the day workers—returning to the mills.

When but few remained at the scenes of destruction, old Dicker, carrying his shotgun, sauntered up. He met Nicker with his horse pistol tucked under his arm.

"Jogs-jolly, Nicker, but they done a smackin' good job of it! Say, boys, say!"

Nicker looked at Dicker and winked—three times.

Dicker looked at Nicker and winked—returning wink for wink.

Fitzhugh Claiborne, a production clerk at the Bessemer, inexplicably known about the mills as Teapot Claiborne, came into his office back of the mixer building and found a shipping clerk comfortably slouched down in his swivel chair with his feet resting on the top of his desk.

"What d'ye know about it, Teapot?" asked the shipping clerk. "Here I came into your office to have a second's converse with you and you were absent therefrom, so I peeped into your desk, looked for it, found it, and bit off a hunk of your spit-quick special. What d'ye know about that, Teapot?

"Take the soap box, Teapot—I'll keep the chair, for I'm sadly blowed, played out, all in. I'm up to my eyebrows and over in work. I'll have great-grandchildren—if I ever get married—before I get caught up with my work, the way the old dump is turning out steel now.

"Too bad about Wally Gay, isn't it? Old Doc Lampson says he won't be able to get out and do a day's work for a month. But you watch—Wally will fool old Doc Lampson, just as he's already fooled him. Wally's made of iron. If he wasn't he'd be a dead one now, with those two holes the size of damson plums drilled through him. What d'ye know about it?

"But isn't it so, Teapot? While the ruckus was at its worst I said to McNutt that it made me think of an arch with the keystone busted and about to drop out. Then Wally came and dropped in. Goodlow couldn't cut the cheese, Teapot. Not that Wally is a bigger man than Goodlow—I don't say that—but I do say that Wally pulled the trick that did the work and Goodlow didn't pull it. And if they hadn't stemmed the tide when they stemmed it you and I, Teapot, would now be taking our orders from Levi Orlikowskywowsky, Tony Tontitti, Emanuel Kus and other saviors of humanity. When you're doing persuasive work with the kind of a bunch Wally did his persuasive work with, Teapot, you've got to know them from the ground up and they've got to know you from the ground up, if you're going to garner any fruit from your efforts. They knew Wally and Wally knew them—he was one of them—both from his viewpoint and from theirs.

"But for all that he was one of them, between you and me and the chain pump, Teapot, it took guts to go out to those gates as Wally did and call those fellows fools, idiots, suckers, skunks, yellow scroots, snakes, buzzards, murderers, hellhounds and jackasses, as he did—or so I've heard he did. And it took a surplus of the article, Teapot, to go up into Vinegar Gully as he did that first day, and walk through it as he did, and talk as he did. Without a surplus of the article, Teapot, he would have lasted about as long as a one-cylinder peanut would between an elephant's molars—just about. But dang me, if I wouldn't like to know just what was the convincing argument he used that got 'em going—for he had 'em going days before he was plugged.

"As Professor Tidd at the high school in my old home town—Honeyburg on the White Fork, Teapot—used to say so often: 'Tro-ja flew-it,' or something like that. So I guess we can now say, 'Vinegar Gully flew-it,' for it will soon be not. They're already laying tracks along both sides of it up on the hills and it won't be long before you'll be hearing the merry rattle of cinder, slag, old brick, ashes, dirt, sweepings and scrapings, débris of all kinds, as they dump the hoppers there, filling it up, filling it up. They tell me Cockshot and Conway wept real tears when they woke up to the fact that they'd waited too long before plucking their cantaloupe, and discovered when they did pluck it that it had shriveled. What d'ye know about it, Teapot?

"But doesn't it rouse your risibilities, Teapot, when you think of old Dicker's pulling the stunt he did? Leaning up against a telephone pole and boo-hooing and bawling out, 'They took him off in the dead wagon!' when he knew all the time they had moved him up to his new house. What d'ye know about that for an old stiff like him?

"'Jogs-jolly!' he said when I put it up to him. 'I was sore at The Bucket of Blood because they'd shot Wally out of it and I just kind of s'mised the boys'd do somethin' like that, everybody likin' Wally, so I deceited 'em. But I didn't expect 'em to gut The Morgue too—jogs-jolly, no! Conway kept a mighty tasty brand of redeye-tastier nor anything else in the burg.' What d'ye know about that?

"It certainly got the Old Man, didn't it? Aged him, grayed him, made him nervous, pulled him down, tired him out, slowed him down. He won't be so keen for so much work as he has been, I'll bet, from now on. You'll see he'll be having Wally help him with his chores when Wally gets out. Wally will help him a while and then—biff! Bingo! A. G. M.! And when it happens, Teapot, don't forget, don't forget that I discovered Wally Gay and started him on his meteoric career! If it hadn't been for your Uncle Dudley, Teapot, Wally Gay might be Ackerman's goat yet. I don't say he would be; I say he might be. Isn't it so?

"D'ye mind if I take a smallish nap in your chair, Teapot, while you get out your reports? Honest, I'm all in. Too much of the toil that ennobles. What d'ye know about that, Teapot?"

Wally Gay came out of the room adjoining Goodlow's office.

"Here are fifteen or twenty letters I have written that are ready for you to sign."

"Sign them yourself!" said Goodlow, not looking up from the cost sheet he was studying.

"You mean for me to sign your name to them?"

"Sign your own name! Here, let me see one of those letters."

At a buzzer's summons a stenographer came hurrying into the room.

"Take these letters, Tom, and write 'assistant' before that 'general manager,'" said Goodlow. "And hereafter when Mr. Gay dictates a letter write 'assistant general manager' down there. That's all, Tom. Look here, Wally! Some crazy cost clerk over there in Calla's office has it doped out that it costs seventeen cents to unload ore at Dolly Furnace! It's wrong! Look at it!"

Wally was bending over the general manager's shoulder studying the rows of black figures on the cost sheet.

"It should be sixteen and a half cents," he said.

"I knew it! I knew it was wrong! Why, I could take a scoop shovel and unload it myself for seventeen cents! Fine stuff! Show that sheet to Calla sometime and ask him what he thinks we are over here! Take all these cost sheets with you, Wally, and keep them in there where they'll be handy. And here are the estimates on the two blast furnaces from Barlow and Holliday and from The Fullwood Engineering Company. Look through them, digest them, and let me know about them. Take this bunch of correspondence with you, too, and go over it—it has to do with that rejected export stuff we sent to Canada. I can't make the Western Mills people understand our methods of steel distribution. Take these schedules and dope out something that will keep them quiet. They'll drive me crazy pretty soon. You might as well check up Bolling on this sketch of the new tumblers for the ingot mill—I guess he's wrong. Here's a howl from Hornsby—something about Castrow's tramping on his toes. Straighten them out."

With his arms full to overflowing Wally went back to the office of the assistant general manager. Goodlow glanced over a thoroughly cleared table before him and smiled. He reached into a drawer, took out a cigar and lighted it. He lifted his feet to the table, leaned back in his chair and locked his hands behind his head.

"Pretty soft!" he chuckled. "Pret-ty soft!"

Poise and Charm

These are usually possessed by the woman who knows that in the careful execution of her toilet, she has left no opportunity for slighting comment. Every detail has had attention — particularly her complexion.

She is at ease on any occasion because she knows that her skin is smooth, soft — delicately lovely.

RESINOL SOAP is often found among the toilet requisites of such a woman. Its wholesome, cleansing qualities, together with its freedom from anything which could injure the skin's texture, make it a favorite.

It refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to oiliness, roughness, blotches, chapping and other blemishes.

Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Let us send you a trial size cake, free. Dept. 3-H, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP

RESINOL SHAVING STICK
cannot be excelled for the man
with a tender skin

FOR over thirty years, this has been the distinguishing mark of good tailored-to-measure clothes. It stands for sincerity of purpose, and a genuine desire, on the part of one thousand skilled tailors, to make Kahn clothes as nearly perfect as is humanly possible. Furthermore, it carries with it a responsibility, which we are always quick to recognize and live up to. It is your guarantee that the clothes you wear are pure wool, contain nothing but the best materials; that they are correct from a standpoint of design—and in ultra good-taste.

Nearby you will find this label in the window of a dependable dealer who is well equipped, skilled, and ready to take your measure.

Look him up.

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MADE-TO-MEASURE-CLOTHES

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CON

(Continued from Page 9)

begin by exposing a series of schemes aimed exclusively at banks and bankers. I guarantee that all these devices have been successfully demonstrated by myself and others and that they are being worked at this very hour. At least two of these tricks originated with me, though I wish now I had been better employed.

It must be borne in mind that these devices represent the refinement of the swindler's art, for he is dealing now with men used to finance, trained to investigate, practiced in caution. That I and other men have been able to victimize the occasional banker hardly reflects on the astuteness of bankers in general. There are bankers and bankers, and the swindler naturally uses discretion in selecting his quarry. There can be no doubt that the average banker is pretty well informed in the matter of swindles and not to be taken in. But there are men in the profession who are not too well up on the most modern expressions of the subtle con game.

Any time you feel in the mood to buy shares in banks and so become a banker I can tell you how to begin. In many cities are brokerage houses which regularly hold auction sales of assorted blocks of bank stocks. To these concerns consignments of bank stocks are sent by estates and individuals with instructions to sell to the highest bidder. Men who buy such securities are always conservative. They calculate the earning power of the stock and fix their top bid before they go to the auctions. Thus by bidding a fraction of a point over the top anyone can get bank shares. Naturally a schemer can always afford to pay more for any article than a legitimate investor.

Encouraging a Boaster

These auction sales of bank stocks had been interesting me for some time, when a number of years ago I found a way to make use of them. Another broker and I were out of operation at the time and looking for a scheme. I explained my idea to my friend and we promptly pooled some resources and bought forty-five shares of the stock of a prosperous bank in a Central Illinois city. We paid, as I now recall it, $122 a share. I then boarded a train and went to Illinois. As soon as I reached the town I made some inquiries to find out who was the attorney representing the bank in which I was now a stockholder. Having discovered the name and business address of this person, I went at once to the bank and approached the cashier.

"I've just bought some shares in your bank," said I. "How soon can I have them transferred?"

The cashier was very polite and genial. It would take a few days to make the proper transfer on the books and issue a fresh certificate. Would I have it sent or would I call?

"I'll be back next Monday if that will give you time," I told him, and we fell to talking.

"Did you buy this stock for investment or speculation?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, I buy anything," I answered. "I considered this a good buy when I made it, but I'm always ready to take a profit."

My man grew pardonably enthusiastic. The price of $122 a share was very low. It was, in fact—as such prices always are—considerably below the book value. My banker, however, exalted the stock far beyond its book face. His institution was prospering. This year would show much greater returns than the last. No doubt the stock was actually worth $175 and should go to $200. This ebullition of hopes I expected and took advantage of. To make my man stress his boasts I asked him to repeat. Then I called for a bank report, which was given me, and I went my way.

Now anyone who is shrewd enough can find fault with the average bank statement. If he can discover nothing worse he can always cry that the loans are too heavy. As a fact, this is an evil of some frequency in banking and one at which much recent legislation has been aimed. It is called loose lending, or spreading too thin. The point at which overlending may begin is extremely variable and opinions will differ greatly about it in every case. Thus a crank may object to the methods of the most conservative bank. This was what I did in this case. It was my first leverage.

For several days I had to lounge about the city, seeing the sights, motoring to surrounding places or gassing with the hotel keeper. Then Monday came and I went for my transferred stock. It was ready and the banker brought it to me, smiling and cordial. I examined the new certificate carefully and put it into my portfolio. Then I went to work.

"I am now a partner in this business, am I not?" said I.

"That's what you are," smiled the banker.

"Well, since that's so, I want to call your attention to something. In looking over this statement I find that the loans are pretty large compared to the surplus cash on hand."

"Not at all, not at all!" protested the banker. "Our loans are all very conservative. We know our borrowers personally. All the money we have out is practically call money. No, indeed, we consider our lending very small in view of the conditions."

"That may be," I went on, "but I have had a good deal of experience in such matters and it is this overlending that breaks banks. I've got considerable money tied up here now and I'm naturally anxious ——"

"No reason for it," snapped the cashier.

"So I wonder if you'd mind if I were to look over the books and examine the list of borrowers?"

I said it blandly and innocently.

The banker went through the roof, as the word goes. No, indeed! That was the business of the board of directors. They were all conservative and clever business men. Look at the books? Not by a good deal! The more he talked the angrier he got, and I pretended to get as hot as he. Then I went out in a huff and directly to the office of the bank's lawyer.

Plans for a Forced Run

Mr. Black, the attorney, was in. I told him I was a stranger in town, having come in connection with some stock I'd bought in the local bank.

"Now I don't come for advice," I told him with a great air of determination. "I know what I want to do. All I require is a lawyer to conduct the legal matters for me."

"I guess we can accommodate you, Mr. Crosby," he assured.

I told him that the bank had refused to allow me to see the books or list of borrowers. I was suspicious of the overlarge loans and wanted to get a court order forcing the bank to give me access to its records.

The attorney paled just a little and fidgeted. "You intend going to court and asking for such an order?" he asked, almost incredulous.

"That's exactly what I'm going to do," I said, closing my jaw and looking angry.

He was silent for some time, pondering this dilemma. He saw from my attitude that it was useless to try to dissuade me. Finally he said: "I'm sorry, Mr. Crosby, but I can't represent you in this. I am the attorney for the bank."

I expressed great surprise and regret, got up and went my way as gracefully as possible. When I got down on the walk I began to chuckle, for I knew what was happening at that moment. I hadn't left the lawyer's floor before he was at the telephone calling the bank. The cashier assured him that I was a stockholder and that he didn't know what had got into me. I must be mad, asking to see the books.

"Do you know what he's going to do?" asked the lawyer. "He's going to court for an order to see the books."

"What?"

"Do you know what that means?"

"Good Lord! What's wrong with the fellow?"

"It means a run on the bank the moment the news gets out, whether he gets the order or not."

I can see the poor bank cashier trembling and stuttering.

"What can we do?" he demanded.

"Get hold of Crosby," said the lawyer, "and stop him at any price. Get his stock away from him if you have to."

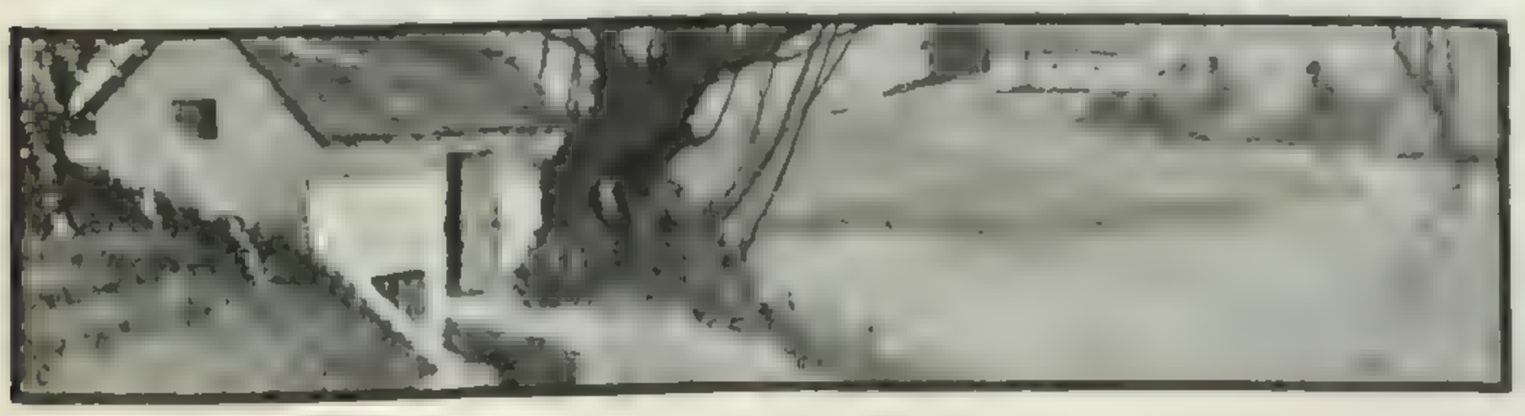
Con Verging on Blackmail

And they did. I soon received a summons to the bank, where I found the officers angry but frightened. They didn't dare let me see the books, because to do so would be to establish a very dangerous precedent. Besides, they now had reason to doubt my good faith and could not risk letting me have access to such information as their books might have given me. No matter how faultless their business conduct, I had them in a hard knot. I had to be bought out and get rid of. They made me an offer and I laughed at them. Hadn't the cashier told me three days before that the stock was worth $175 or $200? Well, if it was worth that then it was worth it now. There was much argument and passing of hot words, but I got $50 a share profit on my stock, forty-five shares of it.

When I got back to New York I found that my partner had done almost as well. He had bought thirty-two shares in a small Ohio state bank and forced the bankers to buy it from him at an advance of $55 a share. We now set out and began working this scheme steadily. For some months it went along smoothly and profitably. Then I was lured away to something still more lucrative, but my partner continued in the game with various assistants, and these men are still holding up banks by this simple and effective means.

Here the secret of success is that no bank wants to have such an action brought against it as we invariably threatened. No matter how high its standing, a run will result, and runs are always troublesome and occasionally disastrous. The bank depends on the confidence of the community and will protect this confidence at any price. So I have often referred to this scheme as con versus confidence.

It may be as well to notice right here that this game of bank-stock selling is not properly a con game. It is more than anything else a gentle, but not too gentle, form of blackmail. Its mechanics are far removed from those of the old bunko conspiracy. In all except that confidence men worked it, this little jewel stands apart. But that means only that it is one of the most recent developments. The most remarkable thing about the scheme is that the banker is not gulled and no confidence of his has to be won. In other words, the banker is not victimized through the slightest fault of his own. No amount of banking



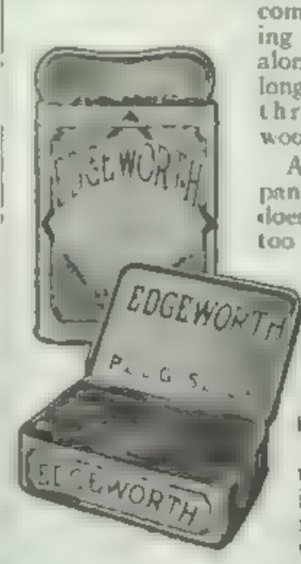
What Men Smoke on Real Holidays

A man packing for a real holiday isn't at all likely to forget his pipe.

In summer, when he's off to country, woods or seashore, he takes his old pipe and one or two new pipes he plans to break in. In winter, when going South to meet the spring, he lugs along his pipe, some old clothes to go fishing in, and a bountiful supply of the kind of tobacco he won't be happy without.

He takes no risk. He takes that tobacco along, even though there's a good chance of buying it in the neighborhood of where he's going.

He knows that when relaxing from a long period of hard work a pipeful makes his comfort complete. He knows he'll find other good fellows smoking pipes. He knows that whenever he's alone the feel of that pipe in his mouth will be companionable, as companionable as having an intelligent dog along with him on a long, solitary tramp through the silent woods.



A pipe is a good companion all the time. It doesn't argue or talk too much. It hands out the golden silences of perfect companionship.

And what tops off so perfectly the satisfaction of a good meal?

All due credit to the pipe, but a pipe is mere wood in the mouth, if not filled with exactly the right tobacco.

Just the right flavor, that particularly rich fragrance—these you have to have!

Each man's taste in pipe-tobacco is so individual that for each man there is only one entirely satisfactory smoking tobacco in the wide, wide world.

When you run out of yours, how unsatisfactory another man's tobacco tastes in your pipe.

That's why you pack a good supply of your tobacco when off for a real holiday and why as a gift it's among the most welcome.

A man may be humorous about it, but—one of the saddest men on earth is the one given a whole lot of tobacco not his particular and very special brand.

Have you found your particular and very special kind yet?

If not, we ask you to try Edgeworth.

Edgeworth doesn't suit everybody, but those who smoke it seem to have a pretty good opinion of it.

Simply write on a postcard your name and address, then that of the dealer filling your smoking needs, and we will send you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed, then sliced. Rub one thin, moist slice for a moment between the hands. That's an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is just that—ready to pour straight into your pipe. It packs rather well. Now see how freely and evenly it burns.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and in economical in-between quantities for smokers desiring more than a small package, yet not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

J. HENRY
'Ever-Ready'
Safety Razor
There never was and never will be a neater, handier, more efficient article for a man to own than "The Little Barber in a Box." Costs $1.00—Lasts a lifetime.—Sold the world over.
Extra Radio Blades
6 for 40¢
American Safety Razor Corporation
Makers of the famous
Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes
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shrewdness can prevent a crook from buying bank stock and putting it to illicit uses. Thus there is only one effective armor against the sharpers who are working this trick—and that is being forewarned. Since I wish to stamp out the evils I expose I desire to recommend a remedy for this flagitious practice.

I recommend that the American Bankers' Association send to every banker in the country an account of this swindle, warning him to be on the lookout for the stranger who suddenly turns up with a purchase of bank stock. As soon as such a person appears the approached banker should immediately make inquiries of the Post Office Department, the detective bureau and reliable rating and investigating houses in the city where the stock was purchased. The bank may legitimately refuse to transfer the stock until such an investigation can be made. The banker need merely say to his new stockholder that many blackmailing swindles have been perpetrated in the manner I describe and that the bank has the right to protect itself. If this is done the schemers will invariably, I think, take to flight. Generally men who work at such devices have criminal records. They will take no chances with a man who says he is about to investigate. This is the cure for bank-stock holdups.

I have said that the banker is now a favorite mark of the cleverest confidence men of this day, and I cited the foregoing experience, first, because it reveals clearly one of the conditions of banking which draw the swindler to the banker. Banking is based on public confidence and this faith of his people the banker must attract, sustain and protect always. But this necessity is but one of several characteristics of the banking business and the banker himself which make him prone to the attacks of the con man.

If the banker must keep the faith and respect of his clients and the public at large at all costs, the criminal translates this fact into immunity. The banker will not holler, he says, and too often truly. Again, the banker always has available money to swing a deal that interests him. This is quite as important, for the con man deals in cash only—on the receiving end. Third, the banker has business experience and faith in his own judgment. He is ready to act without seeking outside advice. Rarely, but still in instances enough, minor bankers allow this faith in their own astuteness to run hard upon rashness. It is these occasional men that the swindler is always on the watch for. Finally, bankers are everywhere available, and it is a natural thing to go to them with business propositions. For these reasons the con man has lately been picking on men of finance.

On the other hand it takes a first-class operator with a highly organized scheme to trick even the rashest banker, who is ever cautious and very much from Missouri. But the virtue of a truly fine confidence scheme is that it can be demonstrated. It will stand a reasonable amount of investigation and is plotted with such care that it contains in its own technic various elements of conviction. Against such plots only the most astute are proof unless forewarned.

It is perfectly certain of course that the vast majority of bank men cannot be and never have been victimized by swindlers. They are either too conservative, too well informed or too perspicacious. But there are occasional dunces in banking houses and these are the men the swindlers bleed.

Why Depositors are Secure

I need not point out that whereas most bankers are men of unusual talent and ability who have raised themselves to positions in their communities, there are men who have come to the control of money matters in their towns through inheritance or blind chance or mere hoarding. Among these men, whose number is negligible when compared with the vast number of bankers in this country, are those to whom I wish to address special warning. At the same time it is only fair to say that, while bankers have been and are being victimized through confidence schemes, I know of no instance in which a bank has been wrecked by such depredations and I doubt if the depositors have ever lost a cent on this account. There are two reasons for this: Even the rashest banker is too cautious to risk in any one scheme a sum large enough to ruin his bank. Again, the confidence man himself does not try to take too much from a banker, for to do so would mean bank failure and exposure. That is the last thing the swindler wants.

I have said that only the most modern and skillful scheme is likely to succeed against the man of finance. Yet the rare exception to this rule springs to mind at once. The ludicrous adventures of the notorious Maybray gang in the Missouri Valley deserve to be mentioned.

Maybray and his confederates, of whom more than eighty went to prison about eight years ago, operated various antique con games throughout the Middle West, and for many years. The organization comprised hundreds of lieutenants, employees and hangers-on. It was so large and unwieldy an affair, with so many chances of betrayal through its numerous entourage, that no careful operator would have any connection with it. Eventually the conspirators came to grief through a banker. The tale contains humorous virtues.

The Fraudulent Prize Fight

A Middle-Western banker, pillar of his church and arbiter of local social and business morals, was in the habit of going to St. Joseph once or twice a year for such diversions as were taboo in his home town. One of Maybray's steerers roped him, captured him and let him win some small bets on fixed horse races, prize fights and wire-tapping games. After a time this upright but jejune gentleman felt himself one with the urbane conspirators. In other words, he was fattened for the slaughter. A fixed prize fight was now proposed in which the banker was to put up a large sum on the obscure amateur who had been framed to beat a well-known champion. The banker knew that local faith in the favorite was unshakable and that odds would be bet against his money. He accordingly went home and returned with about forty thousand dollars. He committed a flagrant dishonesty when he bet on what he knew—or thought he knew—to be a frame-up. No need to dwell on the painful result. Something went wrong. The champion won by what looked like an accidental punch and at that very moment there was a prearranged raid by the police, who had been "seen." The banker fled to save his reputation, leaving his money in the hands of the Maybray crowd.

But in this case something went awry. Either the banker was in a position to indulge his revenge or he was overpersuaded by government agents, who were just then bending every energy to stamp out the evil of the Maybray crowd. At all odds, the banker did squeal, wholesale arrests followed, and wholesale convictions.

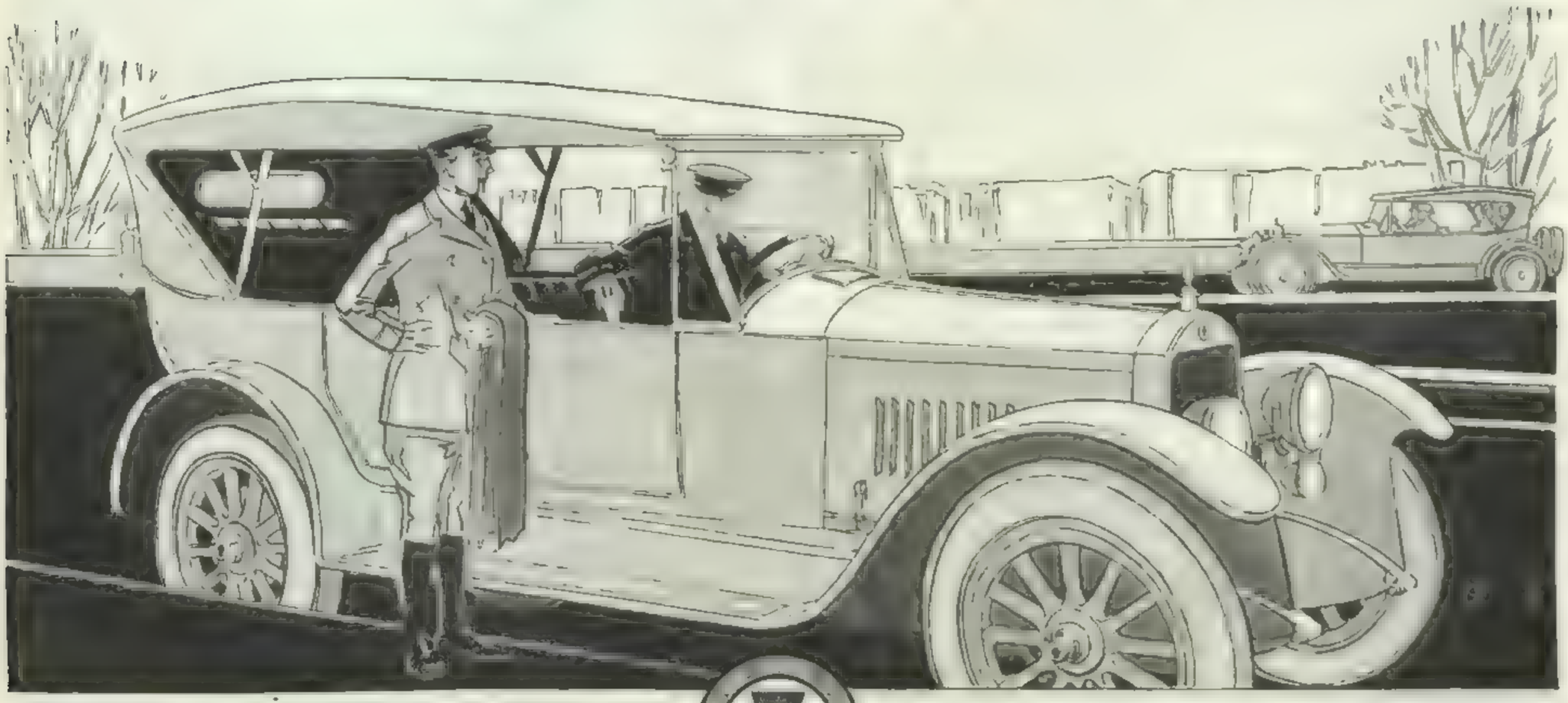
A good deal more modern than this ancient hurrah was a little plan we worked on a banker in Indiana a few years ago. This type of swindle is current and very popular. I do not know how many bankers in small communities have been victimized, but their number must be considerable. Recently I was told of a fresh instance:

I heard—through a young man who had been discharged from a broker's office and wanted to take his revenge—of this banker and the fact that he was taking flyers in oil stocks. I paid nothing for the information, though it proved to be highly valuable. The scheme which immediately came to my mind required three conspirators. I picked up my two assistants and hurried out to Chicago, where we fitted up and opened a brokerage office. Here the first of my lieutenants began to deal—or pretend to deal—in the shares of an Oil Lease Company, a decrepit concern whose half million dollars' worth of beautifully printed and worthless shares I had long and vainly been trying to foist on other brokers.

After establishing my second partner, a young woman who should have been an actress, in a neighboring small town, where she settled down and passed herself off as a widow, I hurried to see the banker. I found him a rosy, overfed, side-whiskered old fellow who knew more about the quality of Kentucky's best than about finance. What is called a cold approach was made. By that I mean that I walked in on him without the slightest preparation, which is contrary to the con man's habit. I told him that I was interested in a block of oil stock which could be bought at fifty cents, whereas there was a market for it at $1.10. The old man was interested enough to ask numerous questions, but was cautious. If I was sure of a market why did I need him at all? Why didn't I buy an option on the stock and then dispose of it?

(Continued on Page 68

STANDARD EIGHT
A Powerful Car



Power for Any Emergency

The Standard Eight has power to meet any emergency of traffic. It delivers that power so easily that its performance is as unostentatious as are its finish and appointments.

Coupled with the pride of ownership in its beauty and performance is the lasting satisfaction that comes from its economical operation and reasonable upkeep charges.

Built by the Standard Steel Car Company, world famous as master builders of railroad rolling stock, the Standard Eight does not develop weaknesses in construction which sometimes show even in high-priced cars under rough usage.

STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Automotive Department PITTSBURGH, PA.

(Continued from Page 66)

For this I had been waiting. I explained that the holder of the stock was no fool. If I tried to buy an option the stockholder would immediately make inquiries. She would learn at once that her stock was worth $1.10 and my profit would go glimmering. The stock must be bought outright and had in hand. I must go to the woman with the money and push through the deal in a hurry. This appealed to the banker's good sense, but he was by no means satisfied. For this we were of course prepared.

"What makes you think you can get a dollar-ten?" he asked.

"I know what the market is."

"How do you know it isn't a fake quotation?"

The old man was wise enough to understand this patent fraud. Evidently he had been burned by that candle.

"I have an offer from a reliable firm," said I.

"How reliable?"

"Known them for years."

"That's not good enough to get my money," said he.

I pretended to be puzzled and baffled. Then I asked him what would satisfy him. He said he would have to have some guaranty. Again I considered. Then I proposed tentatively, as though I had my doubts about its feasibility, a purchase and sale agreement between us and the brokers I had mentioned, whereby the brokers contracted to buy the stock and put up a cash forfeit to bind the contract.

"That would satisfy me," said the old banker, and took me to his club for a drink of his private stock, which I downed for policy's sake. Drink was never one of my failings. It mixes badly with sharp business. As soon as I could get away I hurried off to Chicago and pretended to negotiate the contract with the brokers, which was not difficult inasmuch as "they" were my first confederate in his office suite. In a few days I summoned the banker to Chicago for a conference. He was led into the excellently appointed offices of my confederate and we talked business.

Yes, the broker would buy the oil stock in any amount at $1.10. How much did we have? We had to hedge a little here. We were not sure how much we could scrape up, but probably about 70,000 shares.

"Well, what do you want?" snapped the broker abruptly.

"It's this way," began the banker. "Of course your firm looks solid and responsible to me, but I don't know you and I can't do business with strangers on a chance. If you are willing to enter into a contract and put up a cash forfeit we can do business."

"How much?"

"Twenty per cent."

"Ridiculous!"

"I think not."

"Well I do," snapped the broker. "This firm is just as reliable as your bank. But we want the stock, so I'm willing to do what's reasonable with you. You say you can get 70,000 shares. At my price that would amount to $77,000. Well, I'll go half way with you. I'll post ten per cent—$7700—if ——"

"That's satisfactory," the banker interrupted.

"If you're willing to put up some sort of forfeit on your side," the broker finished.

Questions That Should be Asked

There was consternation in the banker's face. He was once again on the defensive and highly suspicious. This was just what I wanted, for nothing is so effective at this stage of a game as suddenly to rearouse and as suddenly allay the suspicions of your victim. I jumped into the breach.

"How about some of Such-and-Such oil stock?" I suggested.

"Nothing better," said the broker. "How much?"

"Well," I said, "I've got a thousand shares that are my personal property, but I'm willing to put them up if that will satisfy you. We're on the level, and so I'm taking no chances."

The banker's face settled with the immediate relief I had been praying for. The broker grumbled some at the small forfeit we were willing to put up against his money, but he finally acquiesced and a regular purchase-and-sale agreement was drawn. The broker's $7,700 and my thousand shares of oil stock were put up at a large Chicago trust company and the banker and I set out for his home town.

On the train I was jubilant, as well I might have been. Laughingly I pointed out to my ancient partner the iniquity of taking 70,000 shares of stock away from a foolish woman, paying her $35,000 for it when it was worth $77,000.

"Business is business," said the banker philosophically.

The next day we called on the little widow with the cash in hand, the banker having first given me a demonstration in cold-blooded business that would have curled my hair had the transaction been genuine. When we arrived at his bank he had sat me down in his office and calmly told me that my share of the profit would be five per cent. I could take it or leave it. I had protested vehemently, to carry off my part. I wanted half the profit. He laughed at me. I came down by degrees, but nothing could move him. At last by threatening to go back to Chicago and draw down my stock I had forced him to grant me ten per cent. So my banker having hogged the deal—as he thought—we called on the widow.

"Sacrificing" the Forfeit

He took the whole matter into his own hands, made short work of the woman's objections, laid down the cash on the parlor table and fingered the bills temptingly. She acted her part well and sold the shares after just the right amount of hesitation. That night she disappeared from the town with the money.

We were in a position to close the matter at this point, taking the banker's $35,000 and leaving him our forfeit of $7700. But the old man had played hog and I was determined to save our money if I could, so I began to play on his greed from a new angle.

When we got back to his home town I managed to extract from the old gentleman an invitation to spend the evening with him and I used it to slip into his mind some new wrinkles in avarice. I reminded him that the Chicago broker had been very anxious to get the shares at $1.10. What did that mean? Either the company had struck oil in paying quantities, in which case the stock would go much higher, or the brokers were getting ready to bull the stock on the market, in which case we would do better to wait and sell at the top. When I had my man fairly sweating cupidity I came into the open and suggested that we refuse to sell our stock.

"And lose your thousand shares?" he inquired.

"Why not, for the sake of the 7000 I own of this block?"

This was the final blow. My willingness to lose the forfeit utterly confounded the old man's judgment. He put the 70,000 shares into his vaults, allowed the contract with the broker to lapse and thus let us take down our money. We had made $35,000 clear out of him. It had taken about three weeks and cost us $2000 in expenses. The banker pocketed his loss without a murmur.

What shall be said of so crude a fraud as this? Certainly this banker was an exception, for I think the average man of affairs could not have been victimized, could not even have been approached with such a scheme. But this man was really inexperienced in spite of his years. He thought he was cautious when he was merely stubborn. His greed was far stronger than his judgment. He was a common human, but an uncommon banker type. Nevertheless, he is by no means a solitary figure. This scheme has been worked many many times and is as effective to-day as ever it was. The right man for the fleecing has to be found—and he does exist.

Means of protection against this device are so obvious that I hesitate to set them down. In the first place no conservative banker in these days has any right to dabble in unlisted oil stocks. He probably would not dream of using the bank's money for such a purpose. Why then, his own? Again—and here is a rule which I lay down as absolute in all cases—it is good sense to investigate the man you deal with as well as their proposition. If my banker had shown the slightest disposition to inquire into me and my confederates we must have stopped instantly and given up the game. Why did it not occur to this shrewd man to ask how long our Chicago broker had been tenant of his fine offices? Why was no rating asked on this broker? Why was I never asked for references or credentials? All these questions and others I might answer, but what's the use? All I have to say to business men is: Investigate the stranger who comes to you with a proposition and investigate him thoroughly. If he is straight he will demonstrate it. If he is a crook he will decamp at the first sign of inquisitiveness.

The confidence man of the better sort is not always bent on crookedness. In his ranging and wandering he often comes by chance upon excellent opportunities at legitimate business, but nothing is easier than to convert a straight enterprise, once under way, into a fraud. The temptation always rises in any venture and the conspirator always falls. This happened to me many times, as in the ensuing instance.

A partner and I were doing a general brokerage business in New York within recent years when I came upon a town where there was an excellent opening for a trust company. We went there and organized the concern on a commission basis. The existing bank in the town fought the scheme hard, but ineffectively, and thereby taught us a lesson that was shortly to result in an elaborate and successful swindle.

After this enterprise we continued on the lookout for towns where trust companies might be organized and soon found one. I set out at once for this place, but did not immediately disclose my plan to the citizens. Instead I investigated minutely the affairs of the two existing banks in the city and possessed myself of a list of the stockholders and the amounts of their holdings. This done, I went quietly to an obscure shareholder and bought of him fifteen shares of the stock in the stronger of the local banks. I asked him to say nothing of the deal for the present and did not then have the stock transferred to my name. Instead I launched my scheme.

I first organized a committee of prominent citizens who were not interested in either of the existing financial houses and proposed to them the incorporation of a title and trust company by popular subscription. The capital stock was to be $250,000 and my firm was to receive five per cent of the total amount subscribed when all shares had been sold. All money collected was to be made payable to a great New York bank as trustee and we were to handle no money. This gave the scheme the air of absolute honesty—and honest it was in so far as the people of the town were concerned.

The virtues of our plan as outlined to the committee and the public were numerous. Not more than ten shares could be held by any single individual. In this way the new bank would have a numerous stockholder list and assure for itself from the outset the deposits of these many interested persons. The depositors would share in the profits and would work automatically to bring other depositors to the new concern. It would be a cooperative affair. Everyone felt its success assured.

The Schemer Tries Publicity!

The committee formed, I began to sell the stock, opening an office in a ground-floor store in the town's main street. I worked quietly for a few days and got in several thousand dollars in subscriptions. Then I began to advertise in the papers and make a great hurrah. The opposing banks were on my neck in an instant. It is not unusual for newspapers in smaller cities to be indebted to the banks to the limit of their borrowing power, and the two weeklies were bank controlled and I had known this from the start. But the single daily had some independence. The established banks now began to attack me savagely through the two weeklies.

"Trust it not!" they screamed in black headlines, making a bad pun on the trust company.

"Why summon New York sharpers to organize a bank in this city?" demanded another lampoon.

And the papers were full of denunciation of the scheme, asserting that the town had capital and enterprise and business acumen enough to run its own affairs without summoning assistance from Wall Street.

I immediately bought the back page of the daily paper for a fortnight and answered the arguments of the local banks. I pointed out to the working people of the city, which was a thriving manufacturing town, that they were taking their wages from their employers on Saturday night and handing their surplus back on Monday to these same employers in the shape of their bank deposits, for the manufacturers owned the banks. I asked the working people if this wasn't tantamount to working for food and clothing. The banker-manufacturers did not relish it a bit. The fight got hotter and hotter. I sold more and more shares in my trust company. Two weeks passed. Now I felt it was time to strike.

One fine morning just as the officers were arriving at their desks I walked into the biggest bank and into the office. The bankers were surprised to see their enemy, to be sure. They were vastly more consternated when I laid down my certificate for fifteen shares of their stock and asked that it be immediately transferred to my name. I have seen some badly flabbergasted people in my busy life, but none to compare to these banking gentlemen. They knew what they had said about me, the insults they had flung and the insinuations they had made—and they were not fools. They saw in an instant that I had them foul. With those fifteen shares of stock in my hands I could demand to see their books. If they refused to transfer the stock I had only to announce the fact in the daily paper, whose back page I had optioned for some time to come. If they refused to show me their books I could announce that fact, or I could apply to a court for an order and thus precipitate a run. If they were nice and let me see the books I would be certain to find discrepancies—real or fancied—to exploit in my newspaper page. It was a bad situation and my banking friends knew it.

How to Thwart the Game

That very morning there was a hurried running together of the directors of both local banks. An anxious conference was held to which I was politely summoned before noon. When lunch time was at hand I had been bought out by the local bankers, bought out completely. They took my fifteen shares of stock at a handsome profit and they paid me in cash the five per cent which I had planned to make from the organization of my trust company—a matter of twelve thousand five hundred dollars. They contracted to undertake themselves the promotion of my company and asked me to leave for parts unknown with all due haste. I went! The bankers built up the trust company by popular subscription, in part at least. Somewhat later a fine building went up in the center of the town to house my creation and it is there still, doing a very nice business.

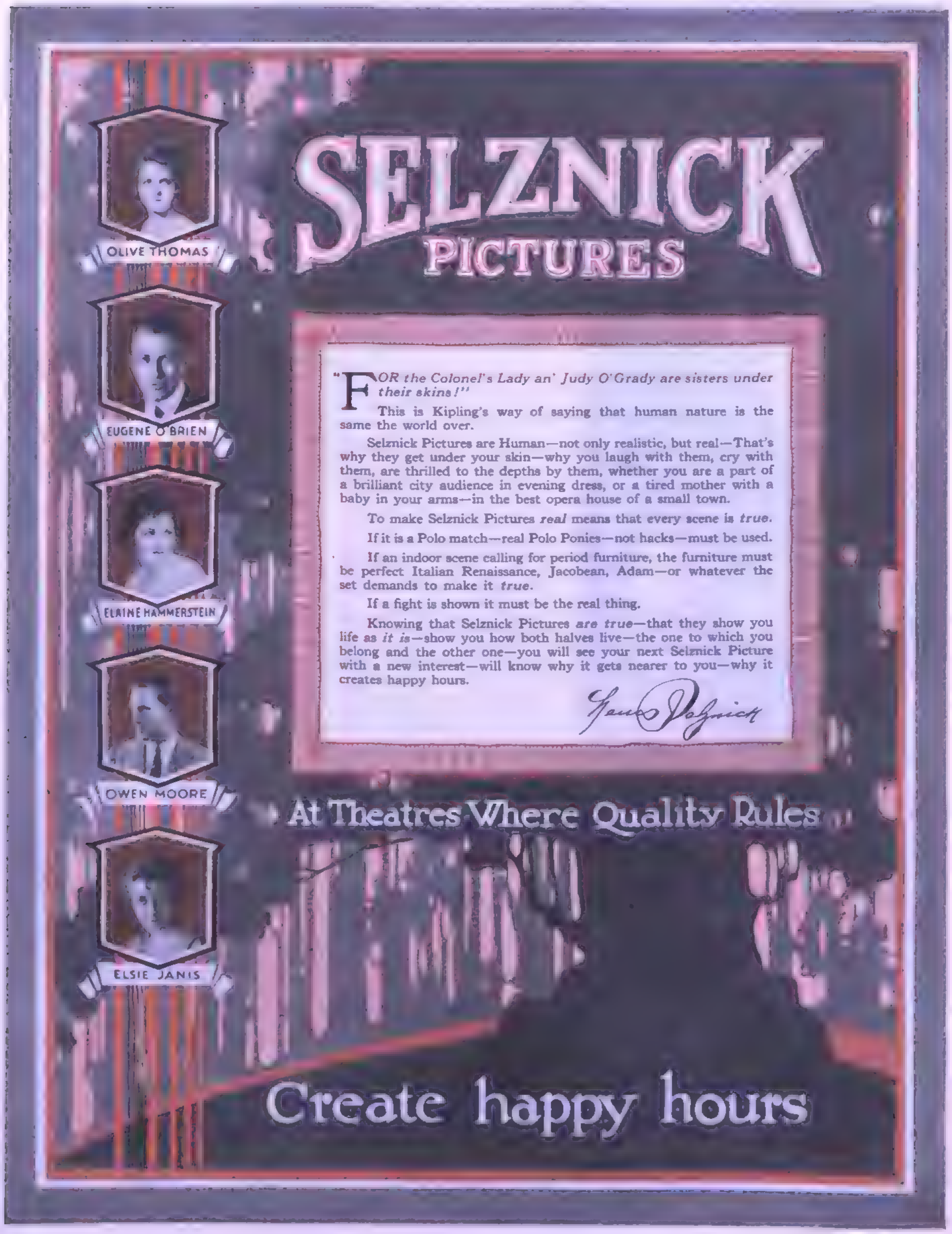
My partner and I continued in this game for some time. In nearly every instance the local banks bought us out before we got well started with our company. We always incorporated for a large initial capital, so that our five per cent might come to a respectable figure. Usually we were conveniently relieved of our task at the end of two or three weeks. If not we went on with our stock selling and started the new bank in motion. This sometimes took as long as ten or twelve weeks, but in the end the profit was the same. Heads we won, tails they lost. A quarrel with my partner finally caused the collapse of this fine conspiracy, but I understand that other men are now plying this almost impeccable trick.

Here again it is no fault of the banker that he is bled. He is in no sense deceived or misled. He simply comes up against a piece of sharp business and has to deliver or allow a competitor to spring up at his side. Nevertheless, with the information I hereby put into the hands of the banking interests it will not be difficult hereafter to defeat most of such machinations. If the bankers in this town had wired to New York and asked the post-office inspectors, the commercial rating houses and the confidential investigators, who are in constant touch with men and affairs in Wall Street, they would have come upon information against me sufficient to defeat my scheme.

I had not at that time been convicted of any crime, but both my partner and I had been in many shady and even criminal transactions which had not been brought home to us. Of many of these things the agencies I mention were thoroughly aware. If my local bankers had taken the trouble to get this information and to publish it or merely to confront me with it I would have been forced to clear out. Instead they contented themselves with hurling vague and unsupported insinuations, which did not terrify me at all. Hereafter legitimate business will know how to defend itself against this form of mulcting.

(Concluded on Page 71)

Barrett Everlastic Roofings
Why your roof is so important
THE roof, peeking through the tree boughs or standing out above the shrubbery, always gives your friends their first and most important impression of your home.
If the roof is Barrett Everlastic, that impression is one of unusual beauty and substantial quality—an impression which is afterwards confirmed as the years roll on.
Yet, in first cost, Everlastic Roofs are very inexpensive and as time goes by, their economy becomes still more pronounced.
The natural color tones of the slate (red or green) are permanent and become softer and more beautiful with age.
We give below a brief description of four styles in which Everlastic Roofings are made.
Everlastic Multi-Shingles. The newest thing in roofing—four shingles in one. Tough, elastic, durable. Made of high-grade waterproofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather- and fire-resisting. Need no painting.
Everlastic Tylike Shingles. Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles; size, 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Tylike Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and, in addition, costs less per year of service.
Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.
Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. This is one of our most popular roofings. Thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.
Illustrated booklets giving full information, will be sent free upon request.
The Barrett Company
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit New Orleans
Dallas Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City
Atlanta Duluth Milwaukee Bangor
Lebanon Youngstown Toledo Columbus
Bethlehem Elizabeth Buffalo Baltimore
THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.


SELZNICK
PICTURES
OLIVE THOMAS
EUGENE O'BRIEN
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN
OWEN MOORE
ELSIE JANIS
"FOR the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins!"
This is Kipling's way of saying that human nature is the same the world over.
Selznick Pictures are Human—not only realistic, but real—That's why they get under your skin—why you laugh with them, cry with them, are thrilled to the depths by them, whether you are a part of a brilliant city audience in evening dress, or a tired mother with a baby in your arms—in the best opera house of a small town.
To make Selznick Pictures real means that every scene is true.
If it is a Polo match—real Polo Ponies—not hacks—must be used.
If an indoor scene calling for period furniture, the furniture must be perfect Italian Renaissance, Jacobean, Adam—or whatever the set demands to make it true.
If a fight is shown it must be the real thing.
Knowing that Selznick Pictures are true—that they show you life as it is—show you how both halves live—the one to which you belong and the other one—you will see your next Selznick Picture with a new interest—will know why it gets nearer to you—why it creates happy hours.
Lewis J. Selznick
At Theatres Where Quality Rules
Create happy hours

(Concluded from Page 68)

I come now to what I consider the final development the perfect flower—of my con creations. Like the foregoing schemes it is aimed at that small body of inexperienced bankers who are the con man's meat and drink, and how well aimed you shall judge. Before I begin to recount this adventure I must call attention to the elements which constitute the full-blown technic of confidence gaming, otherwise you might not appreciate this trick.

There are six definite steps or stages of growth in every finely balanced and well-conceived confidence game. One follows the other with absolute precision. In some games one or more of these scenes or acts, to use a theatrical comparison, may be dropped out, but where that happens the game is not a model one. The reference to the stage is apt, for the fine con game has its introduction, development, climax, dénouement and close, just like any good play. And this is not the only analogy to the drama, for the scenes are often as carefully set: the background is always a vital factor. In the colorful and mirthful language of the bunko man, all these parts of the game have their special names. I give them with their definitions:

FOUNDATION WORK: The preparations which are made before the scheme is put in motion, including the elaboration of the plan, the employment of assistants and so forth.

APPROACH: The manner of getting in touch with the victim—often most elaborately and carefully prepared.

BUILD-UP: Rousing and sustaining the interest of the victim, introducing the scheme to him, rousing his greed, showing him the chance of profit and filling him so full of anticipation and cupidity that his judgment is warped and his caution thrown away.

PAY-OFF or CONVINCER: An actual or apparent paying of money by the conspirators to convince the victim and settle doubts by a cash demonstration. In the old banco game the initial small bets which the victim was allowed to win were the pay-off. In stock swindles the fake dividends sent to stockholders to encourage larger investments are the pay-off.

THE HURRAH: This is like the dénouement in a play and no con scheme is complete without it. It is a sudden crisis or unexpected development by which the sucker is pushed over the last doubt or obstacle and forced to act. Once the hurrah is sprung the victim is clay in the schemer's hands or there is no game.

THE IN-AND-IN: This is the point in a con game where the conspirator puts some of his money into the deal with that of the victim; first, to remove the last doubt that may tarry in the gull's mind, and second, to put the con man in control of the situation after the deal is completed, thus forestalling a squeal. Often the whole game is built up round this feature and just as often it does not figure at all.

In addition, some games require what is called "corroboration," which means what it says. This is important in games where a banker or other shrewd customer is to be the victim.

The Automatic Typewriter

And now to my story, which illustrates this whole elaborate mechanism:

As an electrical and mechanical engineer I have always been deeply interested in inventions and this bent has swallowed up much of the money I have taken from the unfortunates who were foolish enough to enter into my schemes. But inventions have also made me much evil profit, as we shall see. Some years ago I made exhaustive and vain experiments with an automatic typewriter—a mechanism to be guided by the voice, which was to do away with both the stenographer and the dictating machine. My invention was a failure, but I have no doubt someone will one day solve this problem, perhaps on a principle different from mine, for the idea is a sound one mechanically.

I did not contrive an automatic typewriter, but I made some people believe I had—to their sorrow. My apparatus was a cabinet equipped at the top with a number of microphones, which were to receive the sound of the operator's voice. Beneath on a projecting shelf was a regular typewriter of standard make, and over each of its keys was a round solenoid magnet with a central core or armature. According to theory, at least, when these magnets were energized by the voice the armature pressed down on the keys in their proper sequence and caused the dictated letter to be written. The inside of the cabinet was supposed to contain the mysterious mechanism which strained the voice and put the pressure on the proper keys in turn. In reality it contained a device of another sort, though hardly less ingenious.

The operator sat down before this cabinet and slowly dictated a letter, which the machine faithfully wrote out—faultlessly and swiftly. I explained to my victims that sound waves controlled the electrical energies which were arranged automatically to operate the typewriter. In reality the microphone conveyed the dictated letter into an adjoining room, where an expert stenographer took the dictation directly upon another typewriter. This was pitched by electrical means to the typewriter at which the victim was sitting, so that when my stenographer in the next room pressed a key the corresponding key on the automatic typewriter was depressed and caused to write. An elaborate and wonderful deception to begin with, if I must say so myself.

The commercial possibilities of such a contrivance were apparent to the most stupid. And when you sat before the cabinet there was no way to tell that the machine was not actually responding to your voice. The physical demonstration was absolute.

Now the old-fashioned con man of one type would have incorporated for a couple of millions and tried to vend his worthless stock to the general public. Another type would have gone to some city and victimized the professional men and small business people. I chose a more dignified if more difficult route. I went after bankers.

A Cashier for Foundation

Two confederates and I set out one early autumn for the Virginia city whose possibilities we had previously examined. It was a manufacturing and mining center of some size and we had located a fair-sized unused factory, which we rented. Here we made the necessary alterations and set up our typewriter. Then I summoned from New York my expert stenographer, a young woman who was long associated with me in various deals. One of my confederates was now sent to the principal local bank with twenty-five thousand dollars in cash, which he deposited to the credit of our new manufacturing firm. In order to do this he had to interview the cashier, who was naturally curious. Our man explained that we had come to the town to manufacture our wonderful automatic typewriter. We represented men with large means in the North. We would require and ask no credits of any kind, since the backing was more than ample. We made the deposit in order to pay for materials and to foot the expenses of the factory, and we purposed keeping our balance up to a good figure.

The bank cashier did not know whether to be more pleased or inquisitive. On our man's next visit he again engaged the cashier in friendly talk. The banker was more curious than ever. He hinted round until he was most cordially invited to the factory to see a demonstration of the wonderful machine. Of course anything he might see of the manufacturing process was to be kept confidential.

The banker put on his coat without delay and was driven out to the factory. He was taken directly to the cabinet and instructed in the operation of the device. He sat down, put in a sheet of paper, cleared his throat and began to dictate. The machine followed him rapidly and accurately, turning out a perfect letter. He stared and rubbed his brow. We were volubly explaining the alleged mechanical and electrical principles at work.

The poor banker stared even harder. He tried a second letter and a third. He was like a child with a toy. We let him play to his heart's content, supplied him with cigars, told him the sad story of the untimely death of the inventor of this marvelous machine and sent him back to his bank in our motor car. I feel sure he came very near asking about stock in the concern, but he decided from our attitude that he would be wasting his breath—and so he would have been. He was not our intended victim.

All we had done to this point comes under the head of foundation work. Now for the build-up.

The banker in this larger city having been thus thoroughly prepared and filled with confidence in us, I departed at once for a smaller city about twenty miles distant, where I planned to make my coup. After establishing myself I went to the local bank and opened an account with a deposit of $1000. In answer to the usual inquiries of the banker I explained that I was in the town to do a little business. I was, in fact, quietly buying some shares in a company out of which I hoped to realize a nice profit. To avoid all suspicion I explained that the shares would come with a draft attached, but that I did not want him to assume any responsibility in the affair, even in the matter of taking up the draft.

"I will drop in personally to see that the stock is O. K. and I'll pay the draft," said I.

"Perfectly satisfactory," chuckled the banker, who was already betraying his interest.

This visit constituted the approach.

In a few days came a certificate calling for shares in the Automatic Typewriter Company with a draft for eight hundred dollars attached. I paid it out of my deposit of one thousand dollars. Immediately I sent the shares to the company through the bank in the larger city with a draft for fifteen hundred dollars attached. This draft was immediately paid out of the twenty-five thousand dollars we had on deposit with the larger banker.

Now followed a series of similar transactions in varying amounts. My one thousand dollar deposit grew in two weeks to be more than five thousand dollars. My small-town banker was in a sweat of interest and avarice. He began to ask me questions and became more minutely inquisitive every time he saw me. Thus little by little, without any definite steering from me, he was made ready for plucking. This part of the operation contains both the build-up and the pay-off, if you will observe.

Now my small-town banker was quite convinced that this business was straight. He had seen a demonstration of it through his own bank. But he was cautious, as I had expected. To make sure, he made a trip to the larger city and called on our banker there. This man was, by virtue of our excellent preparation, full of our praises. We seemed to be an exceptional concern, he said. We had opened an account with twenty-five thousand dollars and kept a large balance. We had asked no credits of any sort and appeared to be amply backed, and he had been out to see the invention himself. Of that he could speak definitely. It was a wonderful thing. My small-town financier went home in no pretty mood. He was out for a share of the cream.

Working Up to the Hurrah

Naturally I had taken the trouble to observe the movements of my banking friend. As soon as I knew he had been to see his brother banker I remained away from his place for a few days and then dropped in on him after banking hours one afternoon. He was glad to see me and careful to conceal it. After some preliminaries I told him that I had a chance to make sixty thousand dollars or better and wanted his assistance. I wanted no money of him, but only the use of his prestige as a banker and I was willing to pay handsomely for its use. The widow of the inventor of the wonderful automatic typewriter, in whose stock he had seen me make some profitable deals, had a big block of the shares and did not know of the recent developments. I felt sure we could get her stock for about forty thousand dollars and sell it to the company for one hundred thousand dollars. The backers were trying to buy up all the outstanding stock. They would be certain to approach the widow shortly, but I meant to forestall them to my profit and her loss.

"And how do I figure in this?" he asked.

"I want you to go with me and help me influence the widow to let us have the stock. You can get her to send it here with a draft attached. Then we can sell it immediately and pay her. It will take no money, only the use of your name and your aid—and I'll pay you ten per cent of my profit for your trouble."

Here was $6000 to be made without the risk of a penny. The banker agreed to aid me.

The visit to the larger banker was the corroboration step in this scheme and these latter negotiations completed the build-up, or nearly completed it. That night I took my banker into an automobile, drove him to the factory of the Automatic Typewriter Company, where I had the stage set for him, and gave him a demonstration of the machine. This was done clandestinely, or so he was made to believe. The marvels of the machine did their work impressively. We were ready for the hurrah.

Next day my banker and I called on the widow of the unhappy inventor. That girl could run a typewriter and act a part equally well. She received the banker with grace and reserve, listened to his proposition and raised some slight objections, which he smoothed away. She could trust him, he assured her. He was a banker and certain to keep his word. Would she not send the stock to his bank with a draft attached? He would remit forty thousand dollars or return the stock within three days.

"I see no objection to that," said the little widow at last. "But I'm really no hand at business. I'll have to consult my lawyer first."

The hurrah!

I got the banker out of that house in less time than it takes to say it. On the walk I turned to him excitedly.

"Do you know what that means?" I cried. "If she sees that lawyer it's all off."

"What'll we do?" he asked helplessly.

"We must act in a hurry," said I, pretending to think rapidly.

Suddenly I seized him by the arm and dragged him to our car.

"There's only one way," I shouted into his ear as we drove off. "You rush back to the bank and get the money. Take my five thousand and get thirty-five thousand of your own. I'll give you half the profit. It's our only hope."

No Hurry About Reselling

We broke all speed laws along the road to his little town. He went to his bank on the run and came back in a little while with the money. By two o'clock in the afternoon we were at the widow's home and were again received.

She had not yet seen her lawyer. A sigh of relief went up from both of us. The banker displayed the cash and renewed his persuasions. Real money the widow could not resist. She brought out her stock certificates, which we examined minutely and found correct. Then we handed over the forty thousand dollars in bank notes and went away jubilant.

Please observe now that I had worked the in-and-in on my victim at the last moment, when I put my five thousand dollars in with his money to pay for the stock. We were now joint and equal owners of these shares and—as my partner believed—stood to profit thirty thousand dollars each on the deal. But here the purpose of my in-and-in and the rub of the whole matter developed. My banker could not sell the stock without my consent and I temporized, pleading that there was no hurry. This gave the little widow time to get back to New York. It also gave the factory opportunity to vanish in the night—I mean the contents of the factory. This done, I made a pretext of going to the big town to arrange for the sale of our stock, but I did not stop there—and I have never been back.

No complaint was heard from this banker and we went on our culpable way with this marvelous wealth-producing device. My arrest, in fact, interrupted a later setting out on renewed adventures with the automatic typewriter.

A word to bankers in parting before I pass on to the frauds that are perpetrated on the humbler members of our society. I need not repeat the apparent fact that the first hint of an investigation outside the lines carefully prepared by ourselves would have sent us scurrying to cover. If my banker had shown the slightest tendency to find out who were the alleged men of wealth who stood behind us, we should have dropped him as a bad prospect. But he did not and there lies the sink into which so many excellent and intelligent people fall. The person you are doing business with is all important, his project secondary. If your man is above cavil his scheme is likely to be. If your man is a crook his project may be thrice wonderful and by that sign thrice perilous. *Caveat Emptor*, my friends. Look up the man. And you will keep in hand much good and highly useful money.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by W. C. Crosby and Edward H. Smith. The next will appear in an early issue.

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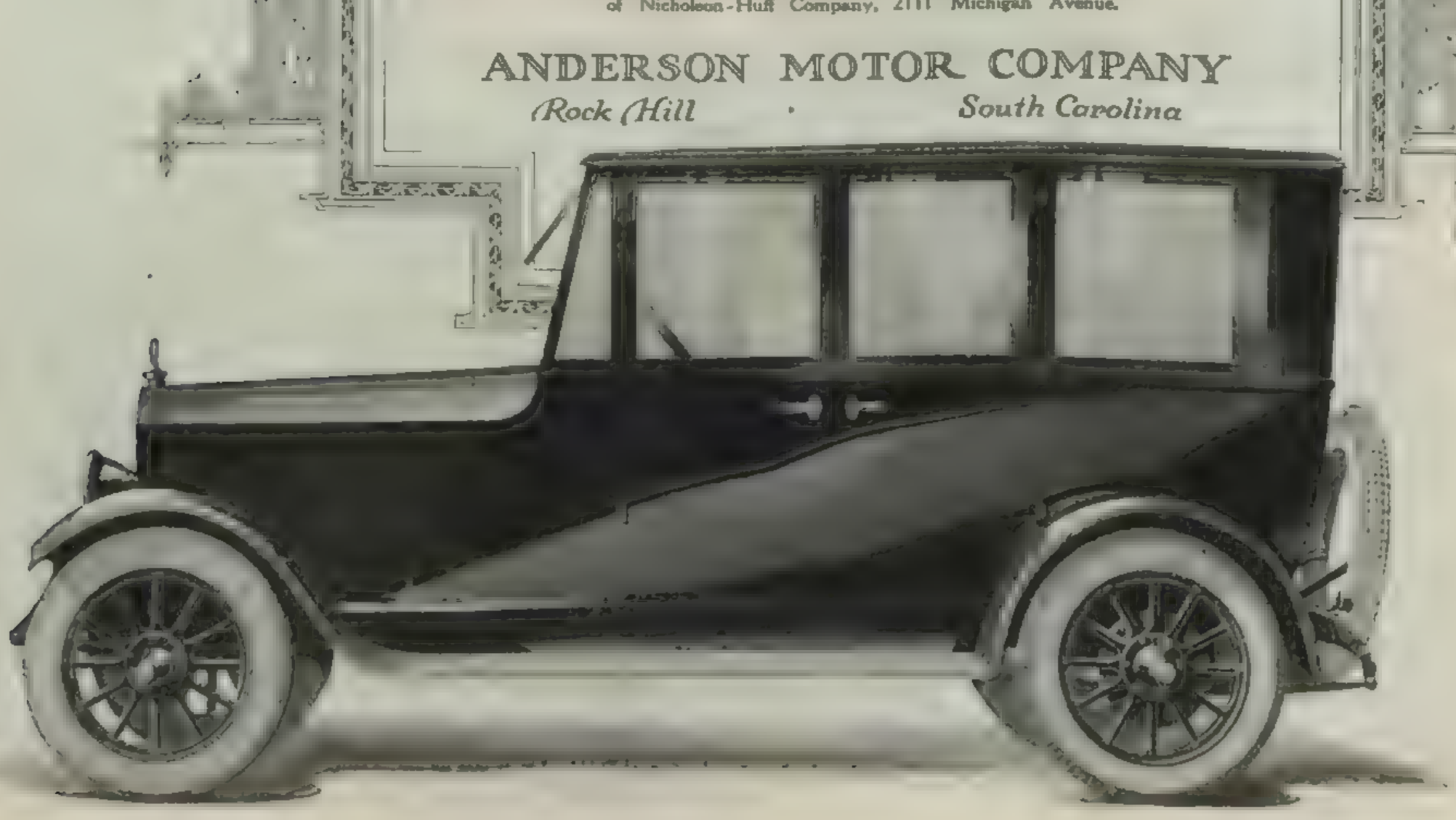

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 34)

forges could not be utilized in many places, due to the inability of the operator to get fuel to the forge as well as to handle the ashes and rebuild the fire daily. This old method of heating rivets also caused bad atmospheric conditions when the work was being carried on down in the holds of the ships, all of which has led to the adoption of the electric-heated rivet as the ideal process.

For some time in the book-manufacturing business the gluepots have been successfully heated by an electric current. These pots are clean and can be quickly moved from one location in a plant to another. Now comes the electric soldering iron to supplant the old type which was heated with gasoline. The new iron maintains the correct temperature at all times, whereas in the old method the soldering iron starts out too hot and ends by being too cool.

There appears to be no good reason why this application of electricity to heating should not be applied in our homes as well as in our manufacturing plants. I do not doubt that before long the electric soldering iron will be popular and common in the average household as the electric flatiron is to-day. When this happy moment arrives we shall all have a chance to get even with our plutocratic friend the plumber.

I shall not go on and tell how electrically heated irons will soon come into general service for branding lumber and dozens of other daily uses, nor will I dilate on the charms of Pittsburgh as a residential city in the coming era, when electric heating will be applied not only to the steel furnaces, as is already coming to be the custom, but to hundreds of other different industries. Let me conclude by saying that here is another art of great importance that has entirely passed the laboratory stage. What we are all aiming to accomplish is the maximum of work with a minimum of labor. In this day, when the human element is the most uncertain thing in industry, any process that cuts down on labor attendance is worthy of the most careful attention. The electric furnace will save thousands of dollars through reducing the number of rejects. Floor space is reduced to a minimum because of the absence of piping, storage tanks, and so on. Working conditions in a heat-treating room equipped with electric furnaces show a great improvement over other methods, due to a lower temperature of the room and to the absence of fumes and noise. This new method also reduces the fire hazard, and by lowering insurance rates saves dollars for the owner.

Best of all, this rapid introduction of electric heating into our industrial life will soon be followed by the greater application of a similar development in our homes and offices. The cost of coal and oil is certain to go higher as the years pass. The cost of electricity will undoubtedly continue to show a decreasing tendency in the decades to come. The more uses we can find for electric current the bigger we can build our central stations. The whole idea appears to be a long step in the right direction.

IN THE LION'S CAGE

(Continued from Page 23)

attention to the band and showed a tendency to move round while it was playing. I encouraged and developed this inclination until it became a regular feature of the act. The rest of the lions would sit in a row in their places and at the proper cue the band would strike up a certain waltz. I would back round the cage making movements with my hands and the lion followed with a sort of waltzing movement on all fours.

I never knew for certain just what caused him to do it, whether I backed up too close to him or accidentally stepped on his tail or what, but at any rate as I was doing this waltz act one of the lions in back of me suddenly reached out and bit me clear through the thigh. I reached round and struck him over the head with the butt of my whip as hard as I could. He let go his hold and sank to the floor. I got out of the cage as quickly as possible. When I reached my dressing room I bathed my thigh in arnica and bandaged it up. At first I did not think it was much of an injury, but it was enough to keep me laid up for three weeks.

Of course while I was laid up there was no one to take my place and work the lions, so their act had to be omitted. It made quite a difference with the show, for the act was billed as one of the principal attractions and it was hard to satisfy the crowds with any explanation of my being hurt. They were quite inclined to think they had been swindled. Finally my not working made Kelsh, the manager, so impatient that he came to me and told me that I would have to come in and do my act anyway. I explained that my leg was still stiff and I could not do it. In a day or two he came to me again and insisted that I must go to work. We had quite a heated argument and I told him I would get through before I would try to work until I was all right. Thereupon he paid me off.

Jack Tries My Act

The next morning Jack Williams came to me and wanted to borrow my tights and pistol. I asked him what he wanted with them and he explained that he was to do my act with the lions. Jack had always worked round the elephants and did not know anything about lions anyway. My tights were covered with a thick layer of spangles, had a fine leopard skin round the waist and cost me a hundred dollars. I did not see why I should loan them to a fellow to get himself killed in trying to take my job from me, so I advised him to keep away from the lions and if he wanted tights to go buy himself some.

Jack had talked the manager into the idea of performing the lions and neither of them paid any attention to what I said but went ahead and got Jack fixed up to do it and had the elephant push the cage into place, but when it came to opening the door and going in with the lions Jack's courage left him and he backed out and nothing would induce him to try it. That ended Jack as a lion tamer.

Sidetracked in a Museum

Meanwhile O'Brien had heard something about the matter and he came round to me and said: "Conklin, what's all this talk about your leaving the show? You ain't going to leave the show. Don't you know Kelsh can't fire you without I let him? Now you give me back that money an' you stay. Don't you try to work until yer leg's all right. It don't make no difference how long 'tis, and yer pay'll go on just the same."

I was satisfied to have it that way and I gave O'Brien the money and stayed with the show.

O'Brien had a coachman that he wanted to do something for and he asked me to try and make a trainer of him, so when we came in off the road I started in and during the winter taught him how to handle a couple of lions and a leopard. He took to it nicely and by spring he could put them through quite an act without any trouble. So far as it went the act was like mine, but it was not so long and did not have so many features. In the spring O'Brien sent the fellow, whose name was Joe Whittle, and his cage of lions out on the road with a show which did not use O'Brien's name, though it was managed and owned by him.

When the show came in off the road in the fall Whittle thought he knew all there was to know about animals and much to my surprise he had scrapped me to O'Brien and tried to have him get rid of me. O'Brien did not do this, but sent me down to Colonel Wood's Museum at the corner of Ninth and Arch Streets in Philadelphia with my lions. I performed them twice a day and had charge of some other cages of animals that O'Brien had furnished the museum for the winter.

In the spring I asked O'Brien for more money and he would not give it to me, so I left him. I did not see how he could get along without me, for he had no one to perform the lions that I had worked with and I knew of no one who could do it. Whittle was the only one who had had any experience of the kind and he had his own cage to look after. But a few days after

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I left he gave my cage to Whittle to perform. I think probably Whittle had asked for it, though I never knew.

Had I known that Whittle was planning to try working my cage I could have warned him not to do it, but neither he nor O'Brien said anything to me about it before he tried it. That part of my act which was similar to Whittle's he had no trouble with and, of course, the animals would not start in to do the balance without their cues, but unfortunately for poor Whittle there was one part of my act which he did not know about and could not be prepared for and at the same time could not help giving the cue.

I had taught George to jump for me as I went out the door. It had been done by blowing on his nose and then jumping back as you would play with a dog. It always made a great hit with the crowd, who supposed it had seen a lion try to eat a man and that I had had a very narrow escape. I worked it this way: After I had finished the rest of my act I would get George all stirred up and growling. Then I would fire my pistol two or three times and jump out of the cage as quickly as I could. At the same time George would give a big lunge and come up against the door which I had just shut behind me. George had got the trick learned so well that I frequently had to turn on him once or twice and work him farther back from the door before I dared to attempt getting out.

When Whittle went to get out of the cage, of course, George sprang for him and without actually meaning it he caught him in the leg. Whittle got out with no trouble and was not much hurt. An elephant man by the name of Cooley, who had seen the trouble, advised Whittle to go back into the cage at once and conquer the lion. This was bad advice, but Whittle took it. The second time he attempted to come out the lion sprang again and before the attendants could drive him away he chewed Whittle's leg nearly off. The injured man was rushed to the hospital, but in spite of all they could do for him he died in a day or two from blood poisoning.

Adventures With a Pepperbox

It was not long after Whittle's accident that O'Brien hunted me up and made arrangements for me to come back to the show. All the men round the menagerie advised against my going into the cage with George again, for they believed he would attack me after his experience with Whittle. I did not think so. They were a pretty nervous set the first time I tried it and stood ready with irons to beat him off if he gave me any trouble. I put him through his regular act and came out as usual with no difficulty and I never had any trouble in all the times that I worked with him after that. He was needlessly shot years afterward in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The winter quarters of the Barnum & Bailey show caught fire, when George, getting loose, ran into a dwelling house and into a room where a woman was working. She did not realize that he was anything but a big dog and calmly drove him out with a broom handle. He was found in the street by a policeman, who shot him to death without waiting for any effort to be made to catch him. If I had been there I could have led him in without trouble.

At the time I was performing my cage of lions the modern revolver and cartridge had not been invented. The pistol which I used was what was known as a pepperbox. Its six barrels were combined in one large one, which revolved so that the barrels could be fired one at a time. Sometimes all six barrels would go off at once and at other times I could not make any of them fire. Each barrel had to be loaded separately, the powder and wads being forced down tight with a little ramrod.

My old pepperbox came near making a lot of trouble on one occasion. I had a little trunk in which along with other things I carried the pistol and a can of powder. One day I could not make the pistol fire in the cage and when I came out I handed it to the property man, who threw it in the trunk beside the can of powder. Then he shut the trunk, put it on his shoulder and carried it out by the baggage wagon and threw it on the ground. When the trunk struck the ground the pistol went off—and so did the can of powder, blowing the trunk all to pieces.

More Lions, Less Danger

Like many other popular beliefs about lions, it is not true that because one walks rapidly up and down his cage he is ugly. The contrary is more likely to be true. A lion that will walk round when you get in the cage with him is all right as a general thing, but look out for the one that goes and lies down in a corner.

Another widely popular belief is that a lion will not look a human being in the face. This, too, has no basis in fact. It is true, though, that you should never let one get behind you if you can help it, though in many of the acts it is not possible to keep all of them in front of you every minute of the time.

Another thing that never fails to make an impression on the public out of all proportion to its merits is for some performer to go into a cage with a large number of lions at the same time, the general notion being that the greater the number of animals the greater the trainer's skill. As a matter of fact, lions are like sheep in that they will always follow their leader. If you can get one lion to jump over a bar all the rest in the cage, no matter how many, will follow him. If you have got two or three trained lions which you can depend on you can take a hundred into a cage with them and it will not be so dangerous as to go in with only two or three which are badly trained or not trained at all. Neither does a lion's growling mean anything. A lion that growls frightfully and acts very ferocious when you are outside the cage may be one of the easiest to handle and get work out of when once you are actually in the cage, and on the other hand a lion that is mean and dangerous to do anything with in the cage may be exceptionally docile from the outside and allow you to pet him freely.

One of the most successful parade features used to be a tableau wagon on the top of which was a group of smiling girls and lying in the center of the group a great shaggy-maned lion. The indifference of the girls to the big brute never failed to astonish the crowd nor the possibility of his leaping down to send a chill up their spines. The supposed danger did not exist, however, for hidden under the mane of the lion was an iron collar to which was attached a strong chain running through the roof of the wagon and round a windlass inside. When the lion was placed on the wagon the chain was wound up on the windlass until the lion was drawn down tightly in place and then the chain was fastened. It was an impossibility for the lion to move out of his position, and his mane and the girls hid the chain from sight.

Still another popular theory to account for its being possible to go into a cage with lions used to be that we fed them until they couldn't eat another mouthful and therefore they had no inclination to taste of us. Nothing could be farther from the truth. We had to be most careful what and how much we fed the lions or they would have sickened and died. Of course we gave them nothing but meat, and from this we cut all fat, for if we did not they would have had boils. And the only cuts of meat we gave them were chuck and neck pieces with the bones in. Meat without the bones they would gulp down without chewing and bring on indigestion. With the bones in it they had to eat slowly, biting and licking the meat off.

On Sundays we never fed them at all. The one fast day each week was necessary to keep them healthy. If too well fed or overfed they were sluggish and dumpy and would do their work in an indifferent way; so if for any reason I was especially anxious to give a fine exhibition I always let them go without anything to eat for a couple of days. Then they would be quick about their work and do it in fine shape. I could never see that it made them any more dangerous to have them hungry.

Trainers To-day and Yesterday

There is a vast difference between the lion training of to-day and that of two score years ago. Now practically all the trained lions are born in captivity. They are acquainted with humans from their earliest recollections and training may commence as soon as the cub is strong enough. As a result the trained lion of to-day is more like a big rough dog than a fierce wild beast. Contrary to the popular supposition, lion cubs are very tender, especially their backs, and it is not an unusual thing for one to be ruined by rough handling when small.

In the old days the lions which came to us were caught in the jungle and brought with them all their native fear and hatred of man. They were always several years old at best when the trainer got hold of them, and to bring them to a point where they could be depended upon to go through certain acts at the word of command without hesitancy and at the same time make no effort to injure the trainer was a task which called not only for fearlessness but a keen judgment of animal traits and infinite patience as well.

Practically every animal but the lion is taught to do what you want by giving it a reward every time it does it or makes an effort to, either a lump of sugar or a vegetable or a bit of fish or some other thing of which it is fond; but this is impossible with the lion as it eats only meat and is only allowed a certain amount at that. This increases the difficulty of the lion trainer.

First Ventures Into the Cage

I never made any attempt to enter the cage of a lion or teach him anything until I had an opportunity to study him and allow him to become accustomed to me. I would hang round his cage, talk to him, if possible stroke him a little, and in every way try to get him to realize that he had nothing to fear from me. At the same time I was making up my mind as to his disposition and personal peculiarities. When the time came to make an attempt to go into the cage with him I partitioned off one end and went into that and observed the effect on the animal. Some paid little more attention to me than when I was on the outside of the cage, while others would throw themselves against the partition with their whole weight and do their best to get at me.

The first time that I ventured into the cage without the partition I fastened the lion in a corner. This was not always an easy matter. In order to do it it was necessary to pull him down with a rope and put a collar on. It is not only difficult to get a hitch on the animal anyway, but unless it is done just right there is danger of killing a valuable beast. As a full-grown lion can bite a large rope in two with one snap of his jaws it is necessary to have a few feet of chain on the end of the rope used in pulling down. On the end of the chain was a large ring which made it a simple matter to form a slip noose, which was dropped over the lion's head with the aid of a two-pronged meat fork with a handle six to eight feet long, which was used to feed with.

The noose was allowed to come down on the floor just in front of the forefeet. As soon as he placed one foot through the noose it was drawn tight as quickly as possible. In this way, with the noose round the neck and one leg, there is no danger that the animal will either be choked to death or break its neck in trying to turn over. I have known a lion to be killed struggling with a noose only round its neck.

Once securely noosed, it was possible to draw the lion into a corner of his cage and put a strong collar round his neck. On the collar was a ring. Into the ring I snapped the end of a chain and could then fasten him to one end of the cage. With the animal chained to the cage I opened the door and went in. No matter what he did he could not get at me. At first I only stayed in the cage for a few minutes and made no attempt to get near the animal, but went in a couple of times each day.

After a time he would pay less and less attention to me. I would move about the cage more and also gradually lengthen the hitch on his chain. It would not be long before it would be unnecessary to rope him down in order to snap the chain to his collar. He would allow me to do it without.

When he had become sufficiently accustomed to my being in the cage I took an ordinary broom and cut two or three inches off the ends of the straws so it would be good and stiff, gave him an extra length of chain

Continued on Page 77

Old-Time Circus Train

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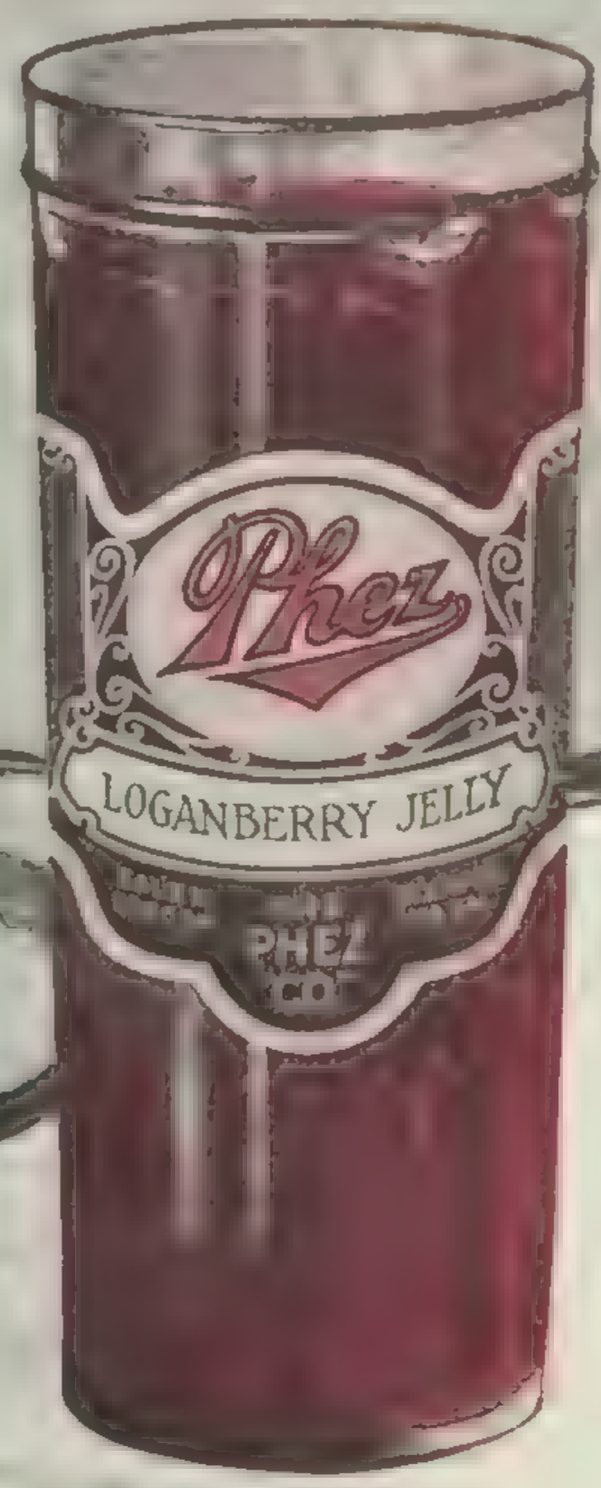

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(Continued from Page 74)

and, taking the broom with me, went in as usual. If he paid no attention neither did I, but moved round as usual, pretending to sweep the cage and gradually going nearer him. When the time came that he attempted to come for me I gave him a good smart punch in the tender end of his nose with the broom. His teeth slipped between the straws. With nothing to fasten on, baffled and in pain, he would curl back into his corner. It did not take many such treatments to convince even the most stupid animal that I was a good thing to let alone.

Handling Lions With Gloves

The next step in his education was to teach him to mind his business without being chained while I was in the cage. As a precaution the first few times the attempt was made I put gloves on him. These were made of canvas and resembled boxing gloves. One was drawn onto each front paw while he was pulled down and securely tied round above the paw. With the gloves on it was impossible for him to open out his claws and, of course, without doing so he could not catch me and cut me open. At the same time the gloves were put on a muzzle was slipped over his nose and fastened to his collar. This muzzle was made of catgut cords and was similar to an ordinary dog muzzle. I bought the largest size bass-viol strings to make the muzzle and when it was in place the lion could not open his jaws, nor could the muzzle be seen a few feet away. With these two things on he was let loose in the cage and I, taking my broom, went in as usual. At first he would act like a dog with a muzzle on for the first time—lie down and roll and try to paw it off. Then as day after day the same thing was repeated he paid less and less attention to the muzzle, the gloves and to my being with him until there came a time when it was possible to begin to train him for actual acts.

As with any other animal, in trying to teach an act the first and oftentimes the most difficult thing was to make him understand what was wanted. It was possible to teach some lions to stand up against the cage by working them up gently with a little whip. Others it was necessary to pull up with rope several times before they grasped what you wanted. Once they know what you want, it is simply a matter of constant and patient repetition, the doing over and over again day after day of the same thing in response to the same cue. As time passed one after another of the aids and precautions was discarded. It was no longer necessary to pull down the animal. The chain and snap were dropped. The gloves, the muzzle and finally the collar were left off and you were dealing with a trained animal. Only the whip and pistol were needed as a protection. With experience came the ability to tell by the look of a lion if he was dangerous and how slow and cautious one must be in his education.

In all my experience I came across but one lion that I could do nothing with. It was a big, black-maned African which W. W. Cole bought from Carl Hagenbeck. Lions of this kind are the most difficult to do anything with. He was ten or twelve years old when he came into my hands. The first time I went into the cage he lunged at the partition over and over again with all his force, trying to get me. I tried all sorts of things to tame him down, but never succeeded, even with hot irons. At last I gave up trying to do anything with him and had a bar with a ring on it put in the cage along one side. Before going into the cage I snapped his collar to the ring. He could go back and forth the length of the cage with the ring sliding on the bar, but he could not get his head away far enough to touch me. With him secured in this way I went in and worked two other lions that we carried in the cage with him.

Old John Robinson said to me once "Conklin, I wouldn't go in with that lion the way you do for all the animals and money Cole's got."

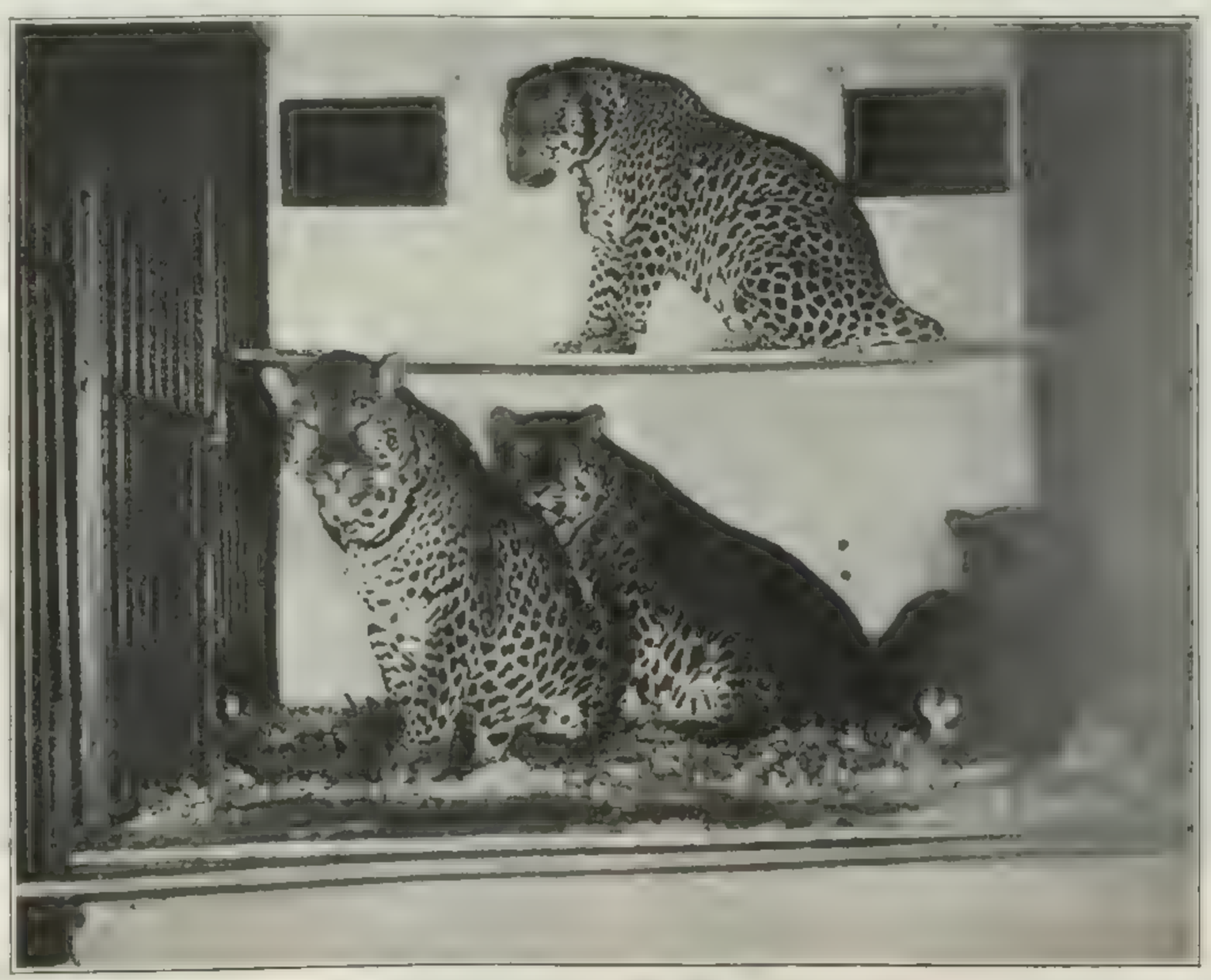
In those days a circus crowd expected to see a performer go into the lions' cage and put them through a variety of acts. Most of the old acts were what would be known to-day as hurrah acts—that is, the lions would be made to jump and run round, hop over one another and simulate great excitement.

To-day I do not think there is a single show on the road which performs lions in the old way. At most they have a man ride in a cage on parade. I have broken many a cage for this purpose. All the lions are taught to be indifferent to a man sitting in the cage and to pace up and down while he is there. I used to get the lions accustomed to my being in the cage and then I would take a man in with me and get them accustomed to him, after which I could leave that cage to him.

The Bear's Terrible Squeeze

I think the worst animal to try to do anything with in a cage is a big bear. He is up on his hind legs where he can box with you. He has a most terrible squeeze and, of course, has a tremendous advantage in weight. Another bad feature is that you cannot force him at all. A lion you can punish and force to a certain extent, but the bear you have to coax all the time. There is nothing any more treacherous than a tiger or big Brazilian jaguar. In fact I would any day far rather handle lions than any of the large animals with the exception of elephants.

Wreck of a Barnum & Bailey Circus Train in 1889



One Cage of Leopards Broken In and Performed by George Conklin

Old-Time Circus Train and Boy

In World Wide Use

Significant in itself is the fact that Macey Filing Equipment in both wood and steel is used throughout the civilized world.

Macey Steel Files are of ***Reinforced Trussed Steel Construction,*** moulded into solid steel by the oxyacetylene fusion process combined with electric spot welding. In all wood equipment, ***Laminated Stock*** is used to insure against splitting and warping.

The Macey line consists of Filing Cabinets in wood and steel, Filing Supplies, Steel Safes, Office Desks, and Sectional Bookcases. Separate catalogs of all lines are mailed on request.

The MACEY COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Manufactured in Canada by The Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Ltd., Woodstock, Ontario

I was the first man to train hyenas. They were supposed to be untamable. I found that you could do very much the same with the spotted ones that you can with a dog, but the striped ones will only sit in a corner and make a noise. I was with the O'Brien show the first time I went into a cage of hyenas. I made a three-sided shield of boards that came halfway to my waist to prevent their getting at my feet and legs. In that way I protected myself from their attacks.

In spite of all precautions it sometimes happens that animals escape from their cages and keepers. It may be the result of carelessness on the part of the keeper, some unsuspected weakness of a fastening or bar or an accident that breaks open the cage. Whatever the cause, the knowledge that a great savage animal is at large usually creates a panic and his size and ferocity are not lessened by the telling of the hysterical story that always spreads like wildfire.

An animal in a secure cage and the same animal running loose are quite apt to be two entirely different propositions and even old and experienced menagerie men are loath to attempt or help in the capture of the larger and more dangerous beasts that have broken out of their confinement. As it is always imperative that they be secured, and that as quickly as possible, and as it has to be done by someone, it has fallen to my lot a number of times during my forty years with animals to be the one to face and drive back into a cage captives that have escaped.

My first experience of the kind occurred the third winter I was with Pogey O'Brien. The show was in winter quarters in Philadelphia. A man by the name of Scaddegood was night watchman at the time. He was alone in the big building in which the show was quartered, with the exception of Henry, a colored man who rode the trick mule and who was sleeping upstairs on the hay. O'Brien's house was just across the yard and I lived a block away on the next street.

Scaddegood made the rounds of the place about midnight, looked after his lights, fixed his fires, sat down beside one of them and fell asleep without meaning to. About two o'clock he woke up and was much startled to see George, the lion, on the floor in front of him and only a few feet away. In some way the animal had managed to work the fastenings on his cage door loose and it was probably his hopping down from the cage to the floor that had waked Scaddegood. At any rate the watchman was a desperately frightened man and lost no time in grabbing up a couple of chairs, which he held in front of him while he backed out of the door on the double-quick, ran across the yard and began pounding on the window of the room in which O'Brien, who could not lie down on account of his asthma, was sleeping in his chair. At the same time he called out: "Pogey! Pogey! George is loose! Pogey! Pogey! I say George is loose!"

O'Brien did not so much as get out of his chair, but with a wheezy drawl answered: "Well, you tell Henry ter lay low and then you go git Conklin."

Queen Anne Wields Her Trunk

I dressed as quickly as possible and hurried back with Scaddegood, who was white as a sheet and trembling from nervousness. I was afraid George might wander upstairs and find poor Henry before I got there, but much to my relief as soon as I stepped in the door I saw the lion quietly munching at a pile of bones under the stairs that led to the hayloft. I picked up a long iron scraper used to clean out cages and gave George as hard a punch as I could with it, at the same time letting out the worst yell I was capable of. The lion, entirely taken by surprise, started out from under the stairs with an angry snarl.

Standing fastened in the middle of the floor by a chain was the elephant Queen Anne. With a great spring George landed on her shoulder and sank his claws into the thick hide. Quick as a flash the elephant wound her trunk round him and threw him to the floor with such force that it knocked the wind out of him. There happened to be some light wooden doors standing handy and shielding myself with a couple of them I began to drive George toward his cage as soon as he could stand on his feet. After a few moments we had him securely locked in again. Then we went to look for Henry. We could see nothing of him when we got to the head of the stairs, but after considerable calling and reassuring the hay began to move over in one corner and presently there appeared a face as white as a colored man's ever gets.

After taking a careful look round to see that everything was all right I went back to bed. O'Brien did not appear at all until his usual time next morning.

We had no further trouble with George, but Scaddegood did not sleep any more while on duty that winter.

My second experience with an escaped lion was several years later at Defiance, Ohio. At that time I was in charge of the menagerie of Cole's circus. The show was over and we were getting our things on board the cars in the freight yard ready to start away. I had my cages on the cars and the yard engine was coupled on to move them over to the main track. By the siding on which they stood to be loaded was a long row of chutes used in filling cars with coal. Dangling from the end of each chute was a rope that when pulled released a trap and started down the coal.

As the cars began to move out one of these ropes caught on the top of a cage in which were three lions and a leopard. This sent tons of coal down the chute with a rush onto the top of the cage, which was broken open and half filled by it. At the sound of the crash the engineer stopped at once. We hurried up to see what had happened. Crouching in the corner of the cage was the leopard, but the three frightened lions had made their way out over the coal and were nowhere in sight. It was dark as pitch and we had not the slightest idea which way they had gone. Every man in the yard declared he had felt one of them brush past him in the dark.

Chasing Escaped Lions

All hands took hold and helped hunt lions. With such torches and lights as we could find we made a systematic hunt over the freight yard and soon had two of the lions caged again, but of the third, which was the largest and most dangerous, we could find no trace whatever. Finally I heard in the still night air from away in the distance across the Maumee River the muffled bellow of a cow. Taking a few men with me I hurried off in the direction of the sound as fast as I could.

After considerable search we found a barn attached to which was a cowpen, whose door was in two parts, the upper half open and the lower closed. I crept up quietly and looked over. There was my lion and in its great jaws the nose and mouth of a cow. I shut and fastened the open half of the door and went across the road to the house and routed the farmer out and told him there was a runaway lion out in his cowpen which had killed his cow, that I was going to catch it again and would pay him for the cow, but I did not want him to come out for fear he might get hurt.

"Don't you worry, son, about my coming out," he answered. "There ain't no danger of that. You jest go ahead and ketch your lion and when yer want me you'll find me right here."

Leaving a couple of men to watch the stable, I hurried back to the train, unloaded the sacred cow and took the cage over the river to the farmer's cowpen. Here we took the cage off its wheels and put it down on the ground close up to the cowpen door. When all was ready I opened the doors of both the cage and the cowpen, climbed over into the pen and drove the lion into the cage. After the lion was secured once more I went in and asked the farmer how much the damage would be.

"Give me thirty dollars an' we'll call it square," he said.

So I paid him the money and told him he was welcome to keep the carcass.

"It's your'n now," he replied. "I don't want no beef that no bloomin' lion killed. Take her along with yer."

I sent a wagon for the cow and had her dressed, and we fed the meat to the animals. I examined the body carefully and could not find a scratch or a bruise on it, but almost every drop of blood had been sucked out. Evidently the lion as he jogged along the road had smelled the cow, and jumping over the closed half of the door seized her by the nose and brought her down. It was his hold on her nose and mouth that had given her bellow the peculiar muffled sound which had attracted my attention.

Concluded on Page 81

KING'S

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DEHYDRATED Fruits and Vegetables

Fresh Vegetables and Fruits

From Oregon in Midwinter

FRESH products of Oregon's wonderful gardens and orchards are no longer "out of season." King's Dehydration has accomplished this seemingly impossible but much desired result. You can now serve luscious fruits and appetizing vegetables at any meal, any season. And you'll find King's the equal of freshly picked products.

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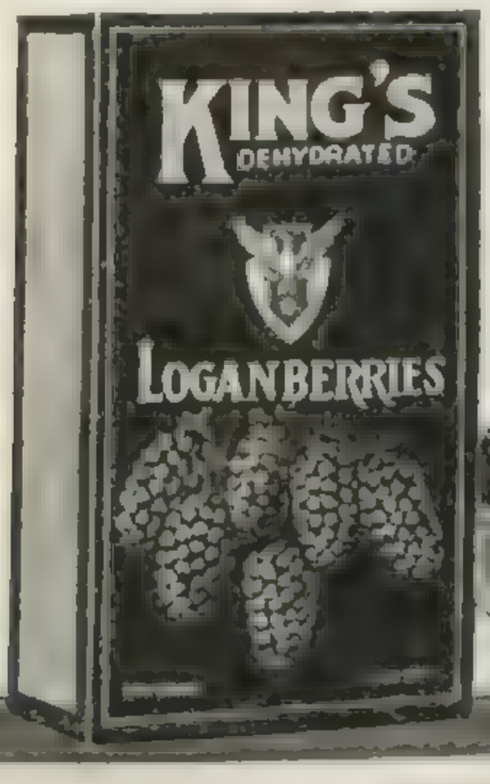
Don't confuse King's with other dried or preserved foods you have known. They are distinctly different. Compare them only with fully ripened fruits and vegetables that come to you immediately after being picked.

King's Dehydrated fruits and vegetables are to be obtained almost everywhere. If you do not find them nearby, send for a trial assortment. Use the coupon below.



King's Food Products Company
45 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon
Eastern Office: First National Bank Bldg., Chicago
Dehydration Plants at: Salem and The Dalles, Oregon

Ten pounds of fresh, green pod beans are required to make one pound of King's Dehydrated Stringless Beans. The beans are uniformly tender and flavory because we use but one variety and maintain control over seed selection, planting, cultivating and picking. When refreshed, these stringless beans can be used in exactly the same ways you would prepare fresh-picked beans.

KING'S FOOD PRODUCTS CO., 45 Fourth St., Portland, Oregon 12

Please send me full-size trial packages of King's Dehydrated products indicated "The Story of King's Dehydration," and the New King's recipe book. I enclose _____ cents.

- Apples—30c per carton (2 large pies or 6 large portions of sauce).
- Loganberries—35c per carton (Enough [illegible] Splendid for pies).
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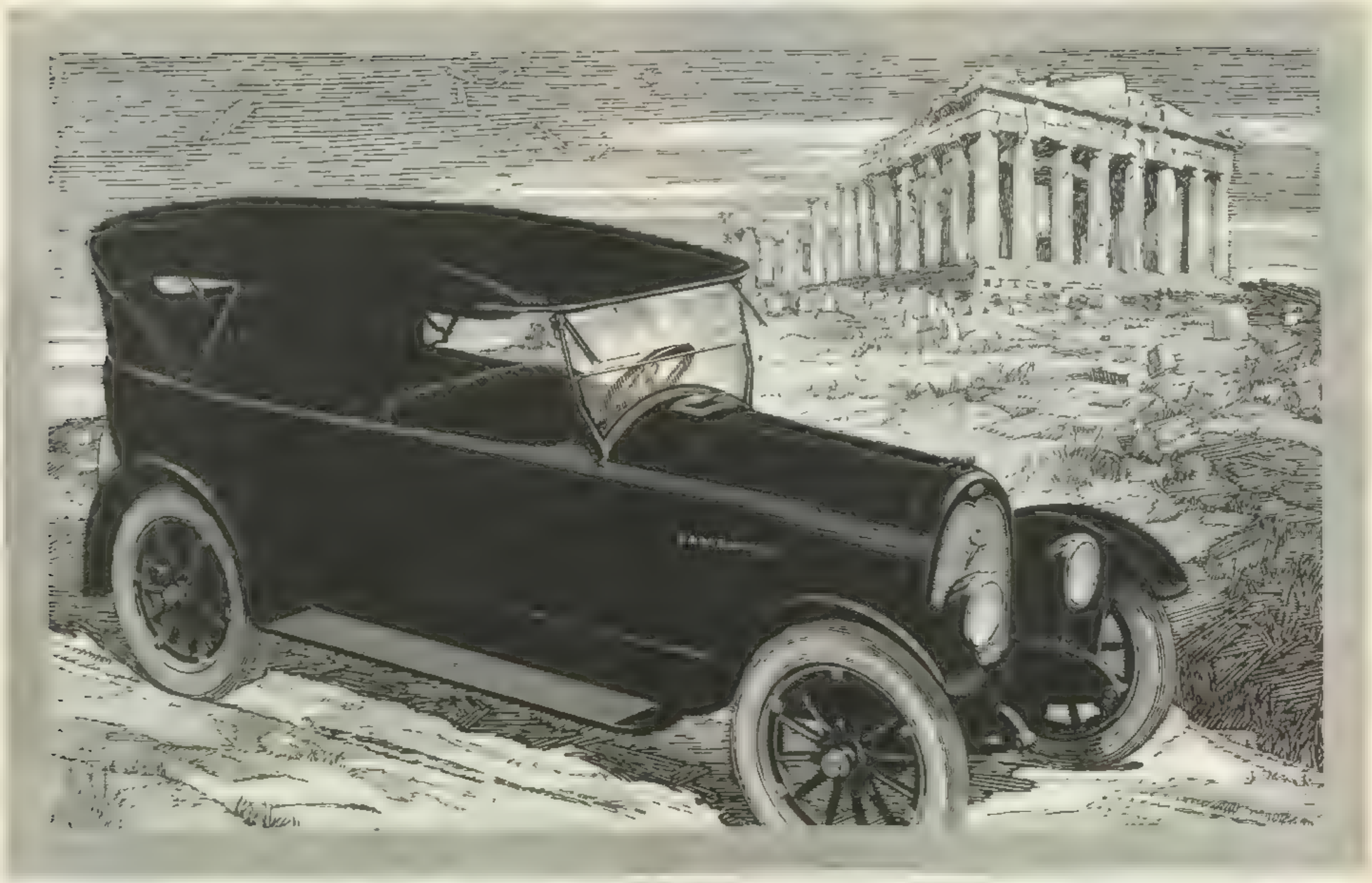
- Prunes—50c per carton (Fifteen portions).
- Soup Vegetables—10c per carton (Sufficient for six or eight plates of soup).
- Spinach—30c per carton (Six to eight generous portions).
- Squash—25c per carton (A vegetable for six people or 4 pies).
- Stringless Beans—35c per carton (3 pints when ready to serve)

Name

Street City and State

Grocer's Name His Address



THINGS · THAT · ENDURE

The works of man that endure are all alike; vitalized by the same spark. That spark is the striving for an ideal perfection that forgets immediate profit.

At the dawn of the automobile industry the Apperson Brothers, pioneers of automotive engineering, set an ideal perfection as their goal.

And as Apperson has grown, this spirit has never changed. It has kept the Appersons breaking trail for more than a quarter of a century. It has endowed every Apperson car with enduring worth.

Appersons stay at their best a long, long time. Owners of old Apperson Sixes and Fours still drive them today, finding it difficult to believe that the Apperson Eight can be an improvement.

Yet the Apperson Eight is a big advance. It has eighty less parts. Astonishing acceleration—from 1 to 40 miles an hour in 40 seconds. This shows the motor's flexibility and tremendous power. And the car is so perfectly balanced that the brake curbs the speed from 40 miles an hour to a dead stop in 4 seconds—40 yards.

These outstanding superiorities represent the excellence of the whole car and its every part.

And Apperson excellence endures. DRIVE an Apperson First—Then Decide.

APPERSON BROTHERS AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana*

APPERSON

The Eight with Eighty Less Parts

(Concluded from Page 78)

Another one of my adventures with a loose lion occurred on board the mail steamer City of Sydney while bound for Australia in charge of the menagerie of the Cole show. We were about ten days out from San Francisco and I was sitting for a little while on an upper deck by the main hatch to have a smoke and get some fresher air than was down in the hold where the animals were quartered. Suddenly there was a lot of shouting and commotion from below. I could not make out just what was the matter, but I caught the words "lion" and "loose" and started as fast as I could to go down. On the stairway I met a couple of the mail clerks with faces pale as chalk, who told me that one of the lions had suddenly come into the mail room where they were working and they had escaped by jumping over the cases used for sorting.

I hurried on down and found that none of the six mail clerks had had forethought enough to close the mail-room door after they were all out, but left it wide open for the lion to go out again if he wished while they were hunting for me. It proved to be one of the largest lions we had and he was quietly amusing himself by playing with a pile of newspapers he had found in a corner of the room. I gently shut the door and left him to play while I had my men bring me a shifting box and place it in front of the door. When all was ready I took an elephant hook and went into the mail room and drove the lion into the box. Then we moved the box in front of his cage and drove him in without difficulty.

A careless keeper had left a broom standing near enough for the lion to reach it and draw it into his cage. Here he had bitten the handle off and in playing with it had in some way been able to pry the door up and get out.

It was easier to catch the lion than it was to quiet the panic on board. The news had spread rapidly and no one seemed to relish the idea of being shut up on a boat with a big lion roaming at will over it, but after two or three hours of answering questions and assuring people that there was no more danger things calmed down to their normal condition, and I took pains to see that there were no more brooms left standing by cages during the rest of the trip.

Wild Animals in a Wreck

Once something caused the train in which we were crossing a meadow not far from Chattanooga with the Cole show to stop so suddenly that it buckled in the middle and sent several cars rolling down the bank. In one of these was a large lioness, whose cage broke open and she went out on the meadow. I was afraid she would run away and have to be shot, but instead she just sat up amongst the grass and looked round in a sort of dazed way, not seeming to realize that she was at liberty. As soon as possible I had the side wall of the big tent unloaded and then my men holding it up in front of them circled out round the lioness and brought the two ends together on either side of the door of a whole cage. I had the men stand on the canvas so she could not run under it and hold it as high above their heads as they could reach, so there was little danger of her trying to jump over it. Then I took my whip and went inside the canvas inclosure and drove her into the cage. When I began to drive her she started in and did a lot of snarling and growling, which tried the nerves of the men holding the canvas, and they were very much relieved when they heard the click of the cage door shutting behind her.

One morning while at the Bridgeport, Connecticut, winter quarters in charge of the Barnum & Bailey menagerie I received a telegram from Mr. Bailey saying he wanted me to come down to New York as quickly as possible, prepared to catch a loose lion. The telegram gave me no idea where the lion was or what I would need to get him, so I took a few ropes, my pistol and whip and was off on the next train.

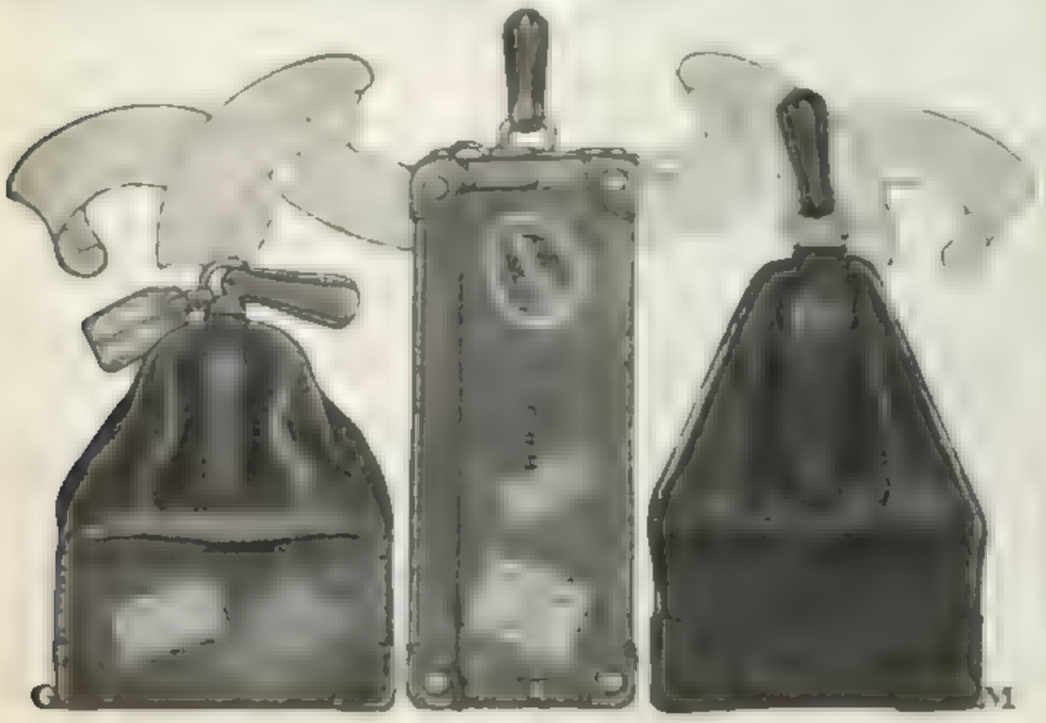
Wallace the Untamable

Mr. Bailey met me at the station and hurried me down to a big livery and sales stable on the East Side. There seemed to be policemen everywhere in and round the block warning people to keep away, and each one had his gun out ready to shoot. I found the lion belonged to a man by the name of Frank Bostock, since become famous in this country as an animal man but at that time just over from England. All he had of animals were three or four lions and a trick horse. He was traveling round with these and giving street shows wherever he could. His largest lion he advertised as "Wallace the untamable lion" and claimed he had killed a keeper or two. Bostock had put up his little menagerie the night before in the stable. The cages with the lions had been left standing in the middle of the floor and the trick horse tied in a near-by stall. During the night Wallace had got out and killed the trick horse and was still loose in the building.

Bostock himself was afraid to go near the animal and warned me that if I did the blooming lion would kill me. However, I went round to the rear side of the stable and up by a ladder through a window to the haymow. Here I found still more policemen watching with drawn pistols. Everything was quiet and nothing to be seen of the lion. I left my ropes on the hay and taking my pistol loaded with blank cartridges, and my whip, whose rawhide lashes were wound with copper wire, I climbed carefully down a ladder to the floor. Moving quietly along, I found that Wallace was eating from the horse's neck with his back toward me. I crept along so still and he was so intent on his meal that he did not notice me until I had actually got in the stall and begun firing at him with my pistol at such short range that the hot wads stung him. He showed no signs of fight, but turned and ran out of the stall like a big dog and jumped into his cage. It took only a moment to follow and fasten the door and the job was done.

Bostock, Bailey and I all got a lot of free advertising out of it, for there was a small army of reporters gathered to watch what happened, and they all played the story up to the limit. No one ever seemed able to determine exactly how the lion got loose, but my own opinion has always been that Bostock himself let it out for the sake of the advertising value of the notoriety that he knew was sure to follow.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Conklin. The next will appear in an early issue.



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OVEN BAKED BEANS

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The baking in ovens brings out just the right taste and the Heinz tomato sauce adds a delicious flavor. They cannot be served too often.

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All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

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COMPETENT workmanship on installation and good wire are the basis of satisfactory electrical service. Habirshaw is so universally used by qualified engineers and contractors that it is a trustworthy check on the quality and service of anything electrical to—

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Power Cables, Rubber, Varnished Cambric and Paper Insulation
—Sector and Concentric

THE DRUMS OF JEOPARDY

(Continued from Page 5)

"Venus was not on that occasion in ascendancy. Thank you for the change." Hawksley swung on his heel and reëntered the booth.

A great weariness oppressed him. A longing, almost irresistible, came to him to go out and cry aloud: "Here I am! Kill me! I am tired and done!" For he had recognized the purchaser of the cigars as one of the men who had left the 125th Street Station at the same time as he. He remembered distinctly that this man had been in a hurry. Perhaps the whole dizzy affair was reacting upon his imagination psychologically and turning harmless individuals into enemies.

"Hello!" said a man's voice over the wire.

"Is Mr. Rathbone there?"

"Captain Rathbone is with his regiment at Coblenz, sir."

"Coblenz?"

"Yes, sir. I do not expect his return until near midsummer, sir. Who is this talking?"

"Have you opened a cable from Yokohama?"

"This is Mr. Hawksley!" The voice became excited.

"Yes."

"Oh, sir! You will come right away. I alone understand, sir. You will remember me when you see me. I'm the captain's butler, sir—Jenkins. He cabled back to give you the entire run of the house as long as you desired it. He advised me to notify you that he had also prepared his banker against your arrival. Have your luggage sent here at once, sir. Dinner will be at your convenience."

Hawksley's body relaxed. A lump came into his throat. Here was a friend, anyhow, ready to serve him though he was thousands of miles away.

When he could trust himself to speak he said: "Sorry. It will be impossible to accept the hospitality at present. I shall call in a few days, however, to establish my identity. Thank you. Good evening."

"Just a moment, sir. I may have an important cable to transmit to you. It would be wise to leave me your address, sir."

Hawksley hesitated a moment. After all he could trust this perfect old servant, whom he remembered. He gave the address.

As he came out of the booth the girl stretched forth an arm to detain him. He stopped.

"I'm sorry I spoke like that," she said. "But I'm so tired! I've been on my feet all day, and everybody's been barking and growling; and if I'd taken in as many nickels as I've passed out in change the boss would be rich."

"Give me a dozen of those roses there." She sold flowers also. "The pink ones. How much?" he asked.

"Two-fifty."

He laid down the money. "Never mind the box. They are for you. Good evening."

The girl stared at the flowers as Ali Baba must have stared at the cask with rubies.

"For me!" she whispered. "For nothing!"

Her eyes blurred. She never saw Hawksley again; but that was of no importance. She had a gentle deed to put away in the lavender of recollection.

Outside Hawksley could see nothing of the man who had bought the cigars. At any rate further dodging would be useless. He would go directly to his destination. Old Gregor had sent him a duplicate key to the apartment. He could hide there for a day or two; then visit Rathbone's banker at his residence in the night to establish his identity. Gregor could be trusted to carry the wallet and the pouch to the bank. Once these were walled in steel half the battle would be over. He would have nothing to guard thereafter but his life. He laughed brokenly. Nothing but the clothes he stood in. He never could claim the belongings he had been forced to leave in that hotel back yonder.

But there was loyal old Gregor. Somebody would be honestly glad to see him. The poor old chap! Astonishing, but of late he was always thinking in English.

He hailed the first free taxicab he saw, climbed in and was driven downtown. He looked back constantly. Was he followed? There was no way of telling. The street was alive with vehicles tearing north and south, with frequent stoppage for the passage of those racing east and west. The destination of Hawksley's cab was an old-fashioned apartment house in Eightieth Street.

Gregor would have a meal ready; and it struck Hawksley forcibly that he was hungry, that he had not touched food since the night before. Gregor, valeting in a hotel, pressing coats and trousers and sewing on buttons! Groggy old world, wasn't it? Gregor, pressing the trousers of the *hoi polloi!* Gregor, who could have sent New York mad with that old Stradivarius of his! But Gregor was wise. Safety for him lay in obscurity; and what was more obscure than a hotel valet?

He did not seek the elevator but mounted the first flight of stairs. He saw two doors, one on each side of the landing. He sought one, stooped and peered at the card over the bell. Conover. Gregor's was opposite. Having a key he did not knock but unlocked the door and stepped into the dark hall.

"Stefani Gregor?" he called joyously. "Stefani, my old friend, it is I!"

Silence. But that was understandable. Either Gregor had not returned from his labors or he was out gathering the essentials for the evening meal. Judging from the variety of odors that swam the halls of this human warren many suppers were in the process of making, and the top flavor was garlic. He sniffed pleasurably. Not that the smell of garlic quickened his hunger. It merely sent his thought galloping backward a score of years. He saw Stefani Gregor and a small boy in mountain costume footing it sturdily along the dizzy goat paths of the rugged hills; saw the two sitting on some ruddy promontory and munching black bread rubbed with garlic. Ambrosia! His mother's horror, when she smelt his breath—as if garlic had not been one of her birthrights! His uncle, roaring out in his bull's voice that black bread and garlic were good for little boys' stomachs, and made the stuff of soldiers. Black bread and garlic and the Golden Age!

After he had flooded the hall with light he began a tour of inspection. The rooms were rather bare but clean and orderly. Here and there were items that kept the homeland green in the recollection. He came to the bedroom last. He hesitated for a moment before opening the door. The lights told him why Gregor had not greeted his entering hail.

The overturned reading lamp, the broken chair, the letters and papers strewn about the floor, the rifled bureau drawers—these things spoke plainly enough. Gregor was a prisoner somewhere in this vast city; or he was dead.

Hawksley stood motionless for a space. And he must remain here at least for a night and a day! He would not dare risk another hotel. He could, of course, go to the splendid Rathbone place; but it would not be fair to invite tragedy across that threshold.

A ball of crushed paper at his feet attracted his attention. He kicked it absently, followed and picked it up, his thought on other things. He was aimlessly smoothing it out, when an English word caught his eye. English! He smoothed the crumpled sheet and read:

"If you find this it is the will of God. I have been watched for several days, and am now convinced that they have always known I was here but were leaving me alone for some unknown purpose. I roll this ball because anything folded and left in a conspicuous place would be useless should they come for me. I understand. It is you, poor boy. They are watching me in hopes of catching you, and I've no way to warn you not to come here. It was after I sent you the key that I learned the truth. God bless you and guard you! STEFANI"

Hawksley tore the note into scraps. Food and sleep. He walked toward the kitchen, musing. What an odd mixture he was! Superficially British, with the British outlook, and yet filled with the dancing blood of the Latin and the cold phlegmatic blood of the Slav. He was like a schoolmaster with two students too big for him to handle. Always the Latin was dispossessing the Slav or the Slav was ousting the Latin. With fatalistic confidence that nevermore would he look upon the kindly

(Continued on Page 84)

Everybody's Everyday Soap

GOBLIN gets all the dirt, grime, stains, etc., easily and quickly. Makes a copious, soft, creamy lather even in hard or cold water; thoroughly cleans out the pores and around the nails, and leaves the skin smooth and in a healthy condition. Made of pure oriental oils combined with an active element, Goblin Soap is superior for toilet, bath and shampoo.

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Try Goblin Soap Today--You'll Like It

(Continued from Page 82)

face of Stefani Gregor, alive, he went in search of food.

Not a crust did he find. In the ice chest there was a bottle of milk—soured. Hungry; and not a crumb! And he dared not go out in search of food. No one had observed his entrance to the apartment, but it was improbable that such luck would attend him a second time.

He returned to the bedroom. He did not turn on the light because a novel idea had blossomed unexpectedly—a Latin idea. There might be food on some window ledge. He would leave payment. He proceeded to the window, throwing up both it and the curtain, and looked out. Ripping! There was a fire escape.

As he slipped a leg over the sill a golden square sprang into existence across the way. Immediately he forgot his foraging instincts. In a moment he was all Latin, always susceptible to the enchantment of beauty.

The distance across the court was less than forty feet. He could see the girl quite plainly as she sat about the preparation of her evening meal. He forgot his danger, his hunger, his code of ethics, which did not permit him to gaze at a young woman through a window.

Alone. He was alone and she was alone. A novel idea popped into his head. He chuckled; and the sound of that chuckle in his ears somehow brought back his resolve to carry on, to pass out, if so be must, fighting. He would knock on yonder window and ask the beautiful lady slavey for a bit of her supper!

IV

KITTY CONOVER had inherited brains and beauty, and nothing else but the furniture. Her father had been a famous reporter, the admiration of cubs from New York to San Francisco; handsome, happy-go-lucky, generous, rather improvident and wholly lovable. Her mother had been a comedy actress, noted for her beauty and wit and extravagance. Thus it will be seen that Kitty was in luck to inherit any furniture at all.

Kitty was twenty-four. A body is as old as it is, but a brain is as old as the facts it absorbs; and Kitty had absorbed enough facts to carry her brain well into the thirties.

Conover had been dead twenty years; and Kitty had scarcely any recollections of him. Improvident as the run of newspaper writers are, Conover had fulfilled one obligation to his family—he had kept up his endowment policies; and for eighteen years the insurance had taken care of Kitty and her mother, who because of a weak ankle had not been able to return to the scenes of her former triumphs. In 1915 this darling mother, whom Kitty loved to idolatry, had passed on.

There was enough for the funeral and the cleaning up of the bills; but that was all. The income ceased with Mrs. Conover's demise. Kitty saw that she must give up writing short stories which nobody wanted, and go to work. So she proceeded at once to the newspaper office where her father's name was still a tradition, and applied for a job. It was frankly a charity job, but Kitty was never to know that because she fell into the newspaper game naturally; and when they discovered her wide acquaintance among theatrical celebrities they switched her into the dramatic department, where she had astonishing success as a raconteur. She was now assistant dramatic editor of the Sunday issue, and her pay envelope had four crisp ten-dollar notes in it each Monday.

She still remained in the old apartment; sentiment as much as anything. She had been born in it and her happiest days had been spent there. She lived alone, without help, being one of that singular type of womanhood that is impervious to the rust of loneliness. Her daily activities sufficed the gregarious instincts, and it was often a relief to move about in silence.

Among other things Kitty had foresight. She had learned that a little money in the background was the most satisfying thing in existence. So many times she and her mother had just reached the insurance check, with grumbling oil collectors in the hall, that she was determined never to be poor. She had to fight constantly her love of finery inherited from her mother, and her love of good times inherited from her father. So she established a bank account, and to date had not drawn a check against it; which speaks well for her will power, an attribute cultivated, not inherited.

Kitty was as pleasing to the eye as a basket of fruit. Her beauty was animated. There was an expression in her eyes and on her lips that spoke of laughter always on tiptoe. An enviable inheritance, this, the desire to laugh, to be searching always for a vent to laughter; it is something money cannot buy, something not to be cultivated; a true gift of the gods. This desire to laugh is found invariably in the tender and valorous; and Kitty was both. Brown hair with running threads of gold, that was always catching light; slate-blue eyes with heavy black fringe—Irish; color that waxed and waned; and a healthy shapely body. Topped by a sparkling intellect these gifts made Kitty desirable of men.

Kitty had no beau. After the adolescent days beaux ceased to interest her. This would indicate that she was inclined toward suffrage. Nothing of the kind. Intensely romantic, she determined to await the grand passion or go it alone. No experimental adventures for her. Be assured that she weighed every new man she met, and finding some flaw discarded him as a matrimonial possibility. Besides, her unusual facilities to view and judge men had shown her masculine phases the average woman would have discovered only after the fatal knot was tied. She did not suspect that she was romantical. She attributed her wariness to common sense.

If there is one place where a pretty young woman may labor without having to build a wall of liquid air about her to fend off amatory advances, that place is the editorial room of a great metropolitan daily. One must have leisure to fall in love; and only the office boys could assemble enough idle time to call it leisure.

Her desk faced Burlingame's; and Burlingame was the dramatic editor, a scholar and a gentleman. He liked to hear Kitty talk, and often he lured her into the open; and he gathered information about theatrical folks that was outside even his wide range of knowledge.

A drizzly fog had hung over New York since morning. Kitty was finishing up some Sunday special. Burlingame was reading proofs. All day theatrical folks had been in and out of this little ten-by-twelve cubby-hole, and now there would be quiet.

But no. The door opened and an iron-gray head intruded.

"Will I be in the way?"

"Lord, no!" cried Burlingame, throwing down his proofs. "Come along in, Cutty."

The great war correspondent came in and sat down, sighing gratefully.

Cutty was a nickname; he carried and smoked everywhere they would permit him—the worst-looking and the worst-smelling pipe in Christendom. You may not realize it, but a nickname is a round-about Anglo-Saxon way of telling a fellow you love him. He was Cutty, but only among his dear intimates, mind you; to the world at large, to presidents, kings, ambassadors, generals and capitalists he is known by another name. You will find it on the roster of the Royal Geographical; on the title page of several unique books on travel, jewels and drums; in magazines and newspapers; on the membership roll of the Savage in London and the Lambs in New York. But you will not find it in this story; because it would not be fair to set his name against the unusual adventures that crossed his line of life with that of the young man who wore the tobacco pouch suspended from his neck.

Tall, bony, graceful enough except in a chair, where his angles became conspicuous; the ruddy, weather-bitten complexion of a deep-sea sailor, and a sailorman's blue eye, the brow of a thinker and the mouth of a humorist. Men often call another man handsome when a woman knows they mean manly. Among men Cutty was handsome.

Kitty considerately rose and gathered up her manuscript.

"No, no, Kitty! I'd rather talk to you than Burly, here. You're always reminding me of that father of yours. Best comrade I ever had. You laugh just like him. Did your mother ever tell you that old Cutty is your godfather?"

"Good gracious!"

"Fact. I told your dad I'd watch over you."

"And a fat lot of watching you've done to date," jeered Burlingame.

"Couldn't help that. But I can be on the job until I return to the Balkans."

Kitty laughed joyously and sat down, perhaps a little thrilled. She had always admired Cutty from afar, shyly. Once in a blue moon he had in the old days appeared for tea; and he and Mrs. Conover would spend the balance of the afternoon discussing the lovable qualities of Tommy Conover. Kitty had seen him but twice during the war.

"Every so often," began Cutty, "I have to find listeners. Fact. I used to hate crowds, listeners; but those ten days in an open boat, a thousand miles from anywhere, made me gregarious. I'm always wanting company and hating to go to bed, which is bad business for a man of fifty-two." Cutty's ship had been torpedoed.

To Kitty, with his tired eyes and weather-bitten face, his bony gangling body, he had the appearance of a lazy man. Actually she knew him to be a man of tremendous vitality and endurance. Eagles when they roost are heavy-lidded and clumsy. She wondered if there was a corner on the globe he had not peered into.

For thirty years he had been following two gods—Rumor and War. For thirty years he had been the slave of cables and telegrams. Even now he was preparing to return to the Balkans, where the great fire had started and where there were still some threatening embers to watch.

Cutty was not well known in America; his reputation was European. He played the game because he loved it, being comfortably fortified with worldly goods. He was a linguist of rare attainments, specializing in the polyglot of Southeastern Europe. He came and went like cloud shadow. His foresight was so keen he was seldom ordered to go here or there; he was generally on the spot when the orders arrived.

He was interested in socialism and its bewildering ramifications, but only as an analytical student. He could not himself into any environment, interview a prime minister in the afternoon and take potluck that night with the anarchist who was planning to blow up the prime minister.

Burlingame, an intimate, often exposed for Kitty's delectation the amazing and colorful facets of Cutty's diamond-brilliant mind. Cutty wrote authoritatively on famous gems and collected drums. He had one of the finest collections of chrysoprase in the world. He loved these semiprecious stones because of their unmatchable translucent green—like the pulp of a grape. From Burlingame Kitty had learned that Cutty, rather indifferent to women, carried about with him the photographs, large size, of famous professional beauties and a case filled with polished chrysoprase. He would lay a photograph on a table and adorn the lovely throat with astonishing necklaces and the head with wonderful tiaras, all the while his brain at work with some intricate political puzzle.

And he collected drums. The walls of his apartment—part of the loft of a midtown office building—were covered with a most startling assortment of drums: drums of war, of the dance, of the temple, of the feast, ancient and modern, some of them dreadful-looking objects, as Kitty had cause to remember.

Though Cutty had known her father and mother intimately Kitty was a comparative stranger. He recollected seeing her perhaps a dozen times. She had been a shy child, not given to climbing over visitors' knees, not the precocious offspring of the average theatrical mother. So in the past he had somewhat overlooked her. Then one day recently he had dropped in to see Burlingame and had seen Kitty instead; which accounts for his presence here this day. Neither Kitty nor Burlingame suspected the true attraction. The dramatic editor accepted the advent as a peculiar compliment to himself. And it is to be doubted if Cutty himself realized that there was a true magnetic pole in this cubby-hole of a room.

Kitty, however, had vivid recollections. Actually the first strange man she had ever met. But not having been visible on her horizon, except in flashes, she knew of the man only what she had read and what Burlingame had casually offered during discussions.

"Well, anyhow," said Burlingame complacently, "the war is over."

Cutty smiled indulgently. "That's the trouble with us chaps who tramp round the world for news. We can't bamboozle ourselves like you folks who stay at home. The war was only the first phase. There's a mess over there; wanting something and not knowing exactly what, those millions, milling cattle, with neither seed nor pasture. The Lord only knows how long it will take to clarify. Would you mind if I smoked?"

"Wow!" cried Burlingame.

"Not at all," answered Kitty. "I don't see how any pipe could be worse than Mr. Burlingame's."

"I apologize," said the dramatic editor humbly.

"You needn't," replied the girl. She turned to the war correspondent. "Any new drums?"

"I remember that day. You were scared half to death at my walls."

"Small wonder! I was only twelve; and I dreamed of cannibals for weeks."

"Drums! I wonder if any living man has heard a greater variety than I. What a lot of them! I have heard them calling a jihad in the Sudan. Tumpitum-*tump!* tumpitum-*tump!* Makes a white man's hair stand up when he hears it in the night. I don't know what it is, but the sound drives the Oriental mad. And that reminds me—I've had them in mind all day—the drums of jeopardy!"

"What an odd phrase! And what are the drums of jeopardy?" asked Kitty, leaning on her arms. Odd, but suddenly she felt a longing to go somewhere, thousands and thousands of miles away. She had never been west of Chicago or east of Boston. Until this moment she had never felt the call of the blood—her father's. Coconut palms and birds of paradise! And drums in the night going tumpitum-*tump!* tumpitum-*tump!*

"I've always been mad over green things," began Cutty. "A wheat field in the spring, leafing maples. It's Nature's choice and mine. My passion is emeralds; and I haven't any because those I want are beyond reach. They are owned by the great houses of Europe and Asia, and lie in royal caskets; or did. If I could go into a mine and find an emerald as big as my fist I should be only partly happy if it chanced to be of fine color. In a little while I should lose interest in it. It wouldn't be alive, if you can get what I mean. Just as a man would rather have a homely woman to talk to than a beautiful window dummy to admire. A stone to interest me must have a story—a story of murder and loot, of beautiful women, palaces."

"Br-r-r!" cried Burlingame.

"Why, I've seen emeralds I would steal with half a chance. I couldn't help it. Fact," declared Cutty earnestly. "Think of the loot in the Romanoff palaces! What's become of all those magnificent stones? In a little while they'll be turning up in Amsterdam to be cut some of them. Or maybe Mister Bolshevik's inamorata will be stringing them round her neck. Loot."

"But the drums of jeopardy!" said Kitty.

"Emeralds, green as an English lawn in May after a shower, Kitty. By the way, do you mind if I call you Kitty? I used to."

"And I've always thought of you as Cutty. Fifty-fifty."

"It's a bargain. Well, the drums of my thinking are the finest two examples of the green beryl in the world. Polished, of course, as emeralds always should be. I should say that they were about the size of those peppermint chocolate drops there."

"Have one?" said Kitty.

"No. Spoil the taste of the pipe."

"You ought to spoil that taste once in a while," was Burlingame's observation. "But go on."

"I suppose originally there was a single stone, later cut into halves, because they are perfect matches. The drums proper are exquisitely carved ivory statuettes, of Hindu or Mohammedan drummers, squatting, the golden base of the drums between the knees, and the drumheads the emeralds. Lord, how they got to me! I wanted to run off with them. The history of murder and loot they could tell! Some Delhi mogul owned them first. Then Nadir Shah carried them off to Persia, along with the famous peacock throne. I saw them in a palace on the Caspian in 1912. Russia was very strong in Persia at one time. Perhaps they were gifts; perhaps they were stolen—these emeralds. Anyhow I'd never heard of them until that year. And I traveled all the way up from Constantinople to get a glimpse of them if it were possible. I had to do some mighty fine wirepulling. For one of those stones I would give half of all I own. To see them in the possession of another man would be a supreme test to my honesty."

"You old pirate!" said Burlingame.

"But why the word jeopardy?" persisted Kitty, who was intrigued by the phrase.

"Probably some Hindu trick. It is a language of flowery metaphors. It means, I suppose, that when you touch the drums

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they bite. In journeying from one spot to another they always leave misfortune behind, as I understand it. Just coincidence; but you couldn't drive that into an Oriental skull. This is what makes the study of precious stones so interesting. There is always some enchantment, some evil spell. To handle the drums is to invite a minor accident. Call it twaddle; probably is; and yet I have reason to believe that there's something to the superstition."

Burlingame sniffed.

"I can prove it," Cutty declared. "I held those drums in my hands one day. I carried them to a window the better to observe them. On my return to the hotel I was knocked down by a horse and laid up in bed for a week. That same night someone tried to kill the man who showed me the emeralds. Coincidence? Perhaps. But these days I'm shying at thirteen, the wrong side of the street, ladders and religious curses."

"An old hard-boiled egg like you?" Burlingame threw up his hands in mock despair.

"I laugh too; but I duck nevertheless. The chap who showed me the stones was what you'd call the honorary custodian; a privileged character because of his genius. Before approaching him I sent him a copy of my monograph on green stones. I found that he was quite as crazy over green as I. That drew us together; and while I drew him out I kept wondering where I had seen him before. Both his name and his face were vaguely familiar. It seems a superstition had come along with the stones, from India to Persia, from there to Russia. A maid fortunate enough to see the drums would marry and be happy. The old fellow confessed that occasionally he secretly admitted a peasant maid to gaze upon the stones. But he never let the male inmates of the palace find this out. He knew them a little too intimately. A bad lot."

"And this palace?" asked Kitty.

"Not one stone on another. The proletariat rose up and destroyed it. To mobs anything beautiful is offensive. Palaces looted, banks, museums, houses. The ignorant toying with hand grenades, thinking them scepters. All the scum in the world boiling to the top. After the Red Day comes the Red Night."

"Whatever will become of them—the little kings and princes and dukes?" After all, thought Kitty, they were human beings; they would not suffer any the less because they had been born to the purple.

"Maybe they'll go to work," said Cutty dryly. "Sooner or later, all parasites will have to work if they want bread. And yet I've met some men among them, big in the heart and the mind, who would have made truly farmers and professors. The beautiful thing about the Anglo-Saxon education is that the whole structure is based upon fair play. In Eastern and Southeastern Europe few of them can play solitaire without cheating. But I would give a good deal to know what has happened to those emeralds—the drums of jeopardy. They'll probably be broken up and sold in carat weights. The whole family was wiped out in a night. . . . I say, will you take lunch with me to-morrow?"

"Gladly."

"All right. I'll drop in here at half after twelve. Here's my telephone number, should anything alter your plans. If I'm going to be godfather I might as well start right in."

"The drums of jeopardy; what a haunting phrase!"

"Haunting stones, too, Kitty. For picking them up in my hands I went to bed with a banged-up leg. I can't forget that. We Occidentals laugh at Orientals and their superstitions. We don't believe in the curse. And yet, by George, those emeralds were accursed!"

"Piffle!" snorted Burlingame. "Mush! It's greed, pure and simple, that gives precious stones their sinister histories. You'd have been hit by that horse if you had picked up nothing more valuable than a rhinestone buckle. Take away the gold lure, and precious stones wouldn't sell at the price of window glass."

"Is that so? How about me? It isn't because a stone is worth so much that makes me want it. I want it for the sheer beauty; I want it for the tremendous panorama the sight of it unfolds in my mind. I imagine what happened from the hour the stone was mined to the hour it came into my possession. To me—to all genuine collectors—the intrinsic value is nil. Can't you see? It is for me what Balzac's La Peau de Chagrin would be to you if you had fallen on it for the first time—money, love, tragedy, death."

An interruption came in the form of one of the office boys. The chief was on the wire and wanted Cutty at once.

"At half after twelve, Kitty. And by the way," added Cutty as he rose, "they say about the drums that a beautiful woman is immune to their danger."

"There's your chance, Kitty," said Burlingame.

"Am I beautiful?" asked Kitty demurely.

"Lord love the minx!" shouted Cutty. "A corner in Mouquin's."

"Rain or shine." After Cutty had departed Kitty said: "He's the most fascinating man I know. What fun it would be to jog round the world with a man like that, who knew everybody and everything. As a little girl I was violently in love with him; but don't you ever dare give me away."

"You'll probably have nightmare tonight. And honestly you ought not to live in that den alone. But Cutty has seen things," Burlingame admitted; "things no white man ought to see. He's been shot up, mauled by animals, marooned, torpedoed at sea, made prisoner by old Fuzzy-Wuzzy. An ordinary man would have died of fatigue. Cutty is as tough and strong as a gorilla and as active as a cat. But this jewel superstition is all rot. Odd, though; he'll travel halfway round the world to see a ruby or an emerald. He says no true collector cares a cent for a diamond. Says they are vulgar."

"Except on the third finger of a lady's left hand; and then they are just perfectly splendid!"

"Oho! Well, when you get yours I hope it's as big as the Koh-i-noor."

"Thank you! You might just as well wish a brick on me!"

Kitty left the office at quarter of six. The phrase kept running through her head—the drums of jeopardy. A little shiver ran up her spine. Money, love, tragedy, death! This terrible and wonderful old world, of which she had seen little else than city streets, suddenly exhibited wide vistas. She knew now why she had begun to save—travel. Just as soon as she had a thousand she would go somewhere. A great longing to hear native drums in the night.

Even as the wish entered her mind a new sound entered her ears. The Subway car wheels began to beat—tumpitum-*tump!* tumpitum-*tump!*

Fudge! She opened her evening paper and scanned the fashions, the dramatic news and the comics. Being a woman she read the world news last. On the front page she saw a queer story, dated at Albany: Mysterious guests at a hotel; how they had fought and fled in the early morning. There had been left behind a case with foreign orders incrusted with several thousand dollars' worth of gems. Bolsheviki, said the police; just as they said auto bandits a few years ago when confronted with something they could not understand. The orders had been turned over to the Federal authorities, from whom it was learned that they were all royal and demi-royal. Neither of the two guests had returned up to noon, and one had fled, leaving even his hat and coat. But there was nothing to indicate his identity.

"Loot!" murmured Kitty. "All the scum in the world rising to the top"—quoting Cutty. "Poor things!" as she thought of the gentle ladies who had died horribly in bedrooms and cellars.

Kitty was beginning to cast about for more congenial quarters. There were too many foreigners in the apartments, and none of them especially good housekeepers. Always, nowadays, somebody had a washing out on the line, the odor of garlic was continuously in the air, and there were noisy children under foot in the halls. The families she and her mother had known were all gone; and Kitty was perhaps the oldest inhabitant in the block.

The living-room windows faced Eightieth Street, bedrooms, dining room and kitchen looked out upon the court. From the latter windows one could step out upon the fire-escape platform, which ran round the three sides of the court.

Among the present tenants she knew but one, an old man by the name of Gregory, who lived opposite. The acquaintance had never ripened into friendship, but sometimes Kitty would borrow an egg and he would borrow some sugar. In the summertime, when the windows were open at night, she had frequently heard the music of a violin swimming across the court. Polish, Russian and Hungarian music, always speaking with a tragic note; nothing she had ever heard in concerts. Once, however, she had heard him begin something from Thais, and stop in the middle of it; and that convinced her that he was a master. She was fond of good music. One day she asked Gregory why he did not teach music instead of valeting at a hotel. His answer had been illuminative. It was only his body that pressed clothes; but it would have torn his soul to listen daily to the agonized bow of the novice.

Kitty was lonely through pride as much as anything. As for friends, she had a regiment of them. But she rarely accepted their hospitality, realizing that she could not return it. No young men called because she never invited them. All this, however, was going to change when she moved.

As she turned on the hall light she saw an envelope on the floor. Evidently it had been shoved under the door. It was unstamped. She opened it, and stepped out of the humdrum into the whirling.

"*Dear Miss Conover:* If anything should happen to me all the things in my apartment I give to you without reservation.

"STEPHEN GREGORY."

She read the letter a dozen times to make sure that it meant exactly what it said. He might be ill. After she had cooked her supper she would run round and inquire. The poor lonely old man!

She went into the kitchen and took inventory. There was nothing but bacon and eggs and coffee. She had forgotten to order that morning. She lit the gas range and began to prepare the meal. As she broke an egg against the rim of the pan the near-by Elevated train rushed by, drumming tumpitum-*tump!* tumpitum-*tump!* She laughed, but it wasn't honest laughter. She laughed because she was conscious that she was afraid of something. Impulse drove her to the window. Contact with men, her unusual experiences as a reporter—had developed her natural fearlessness to a point where it was aggressive. As she pressed the tip of her nose against the pane, however, she found herself gazing squarely into a pair of exceedingly brilliant dark eyes; and all the blood in her body seemed to rush violently into her throat.

Tableau!

KITTY gasped, but she did not cry out. The five days' growth of blondish stubble, the discolored eye—for all the orb itself was brilliant—and the hawky nose combined to send through her the first great thrill of danger she had ever known.

Slowly she backed away from the window. The man outside immediately extended his hands with a gesture that a child would have understood. Supplication. Kitty paused, naturally. But did the man mean it? Might it not be some trick to lure her into opening the window? And what was he doing outside there anyhow? Her mind, freed from the initial hypnosis of the encounter, began to work quickly. If she ran from the kitchen to call for help he might be gone when she returned, only to come back when she was again alone.

Once more the man executed that gesture, his palms upward. It was Latin; she was aware of that, for she was always encountering it in the halls. Another gesture. She understood this also. The tips of the fingers bunched and dabbed at the lips. She had seen Italian children make the gesture and cry: *'Ho fame!"* Hungry. But she could not let him into the kitchen. Still, if he were honestly hungry —— She had it!

In the kitchen-table drawer was an imitation revolver—press the trigger, and a fluted fan was revealed—a dance favor she had received during the winter.

She plucked it out of the drawer and walked bravely to the window, which she threw up.

"What do you want? What are you doing out there on the fire escape?" she instantly demanded to know.

"My word, I am hungry! I was looking out of the window across the way and saw you preparing your dinner. A bit of bread and a glass of milk. Would you mind, I wonder?"

An Englishman—with Latin gestures!

"Why didn't you come to the door then? What window?" Kitty was resolute, once she embarked upon an enterprise.

"That one."

"Where is Mr. Gregory?" Kitty recalled that odd letter.

"Gregory? I should very much like to know. I have come many miles to see him. He sent me a duplicate key. There was not even a crust in the cupboard."

Gregory away? That letter! Something had happened to that poor kindly old man. "Why did you not seek some restaurant? Or have you no money?"

"I have plenty. I was afraid that I might not be able conveniently to return. I am a stranger. My actions might be viewed with suspicion."

"Indeed! Describe Mr. Gregory."

Not of the clinging kind, evidently, he thought. A raving beauty—Diana domesticated!

"It is four years since I saw him. He was then gray, dapper and erect. A mole on his chin, which he rubs when he talks. He is a valet in one of the fashionable hotels. He is—or was—the only true friend I have in New York."

"Was? What do you mean?"

"I'm afraid something has happened to him. I found his bedroom things tossed about."

"What could possibly happen to a harmless old man like Mr. Gregory?"

"Pardon me, but your egg is burning!"

Kitty wheeled and lifted off the pan, choking in the smother of smoke. She came right-about face swiftly enough. The man had not moved; and that decided her.

"Come in. I will give you something to eat. Sit in that chair by the window, and be careful not to stir from it. I'm a good shot," lied Kitty truculently. "Frankly, I do not like the looks of this."

"I do look like a burglar, what?" He sat down in the chair meekly. Food, and a human being to talk to! A lovely self-reliant American girl, able to take care of herself. Magnificent eyes—slate blue, with thick velvety black lashes. Irish.

In a moment Kitty had three eggs and half a dozen strips of bacon frying in a fresh pan. She kept one eye upon the pan and the other upon the intruder, risking strabismus. At length she transferred the contents of the pan to a plate, backed to the ice chest and reached for a bottle of milk. She placed the food at the far end of the table and retreated a few steps, her arms crossed in such a way as to keep the revolver in view.

"Please do not be afraid of me."

"What makes you think I am?"

"Any woman would be."

Kitty saw that he was actually hungry, and her suspicions began to ebb. He hadn't lied about that. And he ate like a gentleman. Young, not more than thirty; possibly less. But that dreadful stubble and that black eye! The clothes would have passed muster on any fashionable golf links. A fugitive? From what?

"Thank you," he said, setting down the empty milk bottle.

"Your accent is English."

"Which is to say?"

"That your gestures are Italian."

"My mother was Italian. But what makes you believe I am not English?"

"An Englishman—or an American, for that matter—with money in his pocket would have gone into the street in search of a restaurant."

"You are right. The fundamentals of the blood will always crop out. You can educate the brain but not the blood. I am not an Englishman; I merely received my education at Oxford."

"A fugitive, however, of any blood might have come to my window."

"Yes; I am a fugitive, pursued by the god of Irony. And Irony is never particular; the chase is the thing. What matters it whether the quarry be wolf or sheep?"

Kitty was impressed by the bitterness of the tone. "What is your name?"

"John Hawksley."

"But that is English!"

"I should not care to call myself Two-Hawks literally. It would be embarrassing. So I call myself Hawksley."

A pause. Kitty wondered what new impetus she might give to the conversation, which was interesting her despite her distrust.

"How did you come by that black eye?" she asked with embarrassing directness.

Hawksley smiled, revealing beautifully white teeth. "I say, it is a bit off, isn't it! I received it"—a twinkle coming into his eyes—"in a situation that had moribund perspectives."

"Moribund perspectives," repeated Kitty, casting the phrase about in her mind in search of an equivalent less academic.

(Continued on Page 89)

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

IN less than thirty days our new five passenger "Glenbrook" model has established itself as one of the most popular cars on the American market.

From every section of the nation comes the same hearty word of endorsement and an unending stream of orders.

Just as we predicted, the "Glenbrook" has taken its place as the *ideal* five passenger motor car.

It has appealed to the discriminating public as a really great achievement in automotive engineering and a superb example of the designer's art.

It now merely remains to pledge ourselves that this latest of Paige models shall continue to deserve the high regard and confidence which it has so quickly won.

Back of the power plant, chassis and every detail of construction is three years of patient experimental work and testing. We have spared neither time nor expense in a definite effort to produce the most efficient of all light sixes.

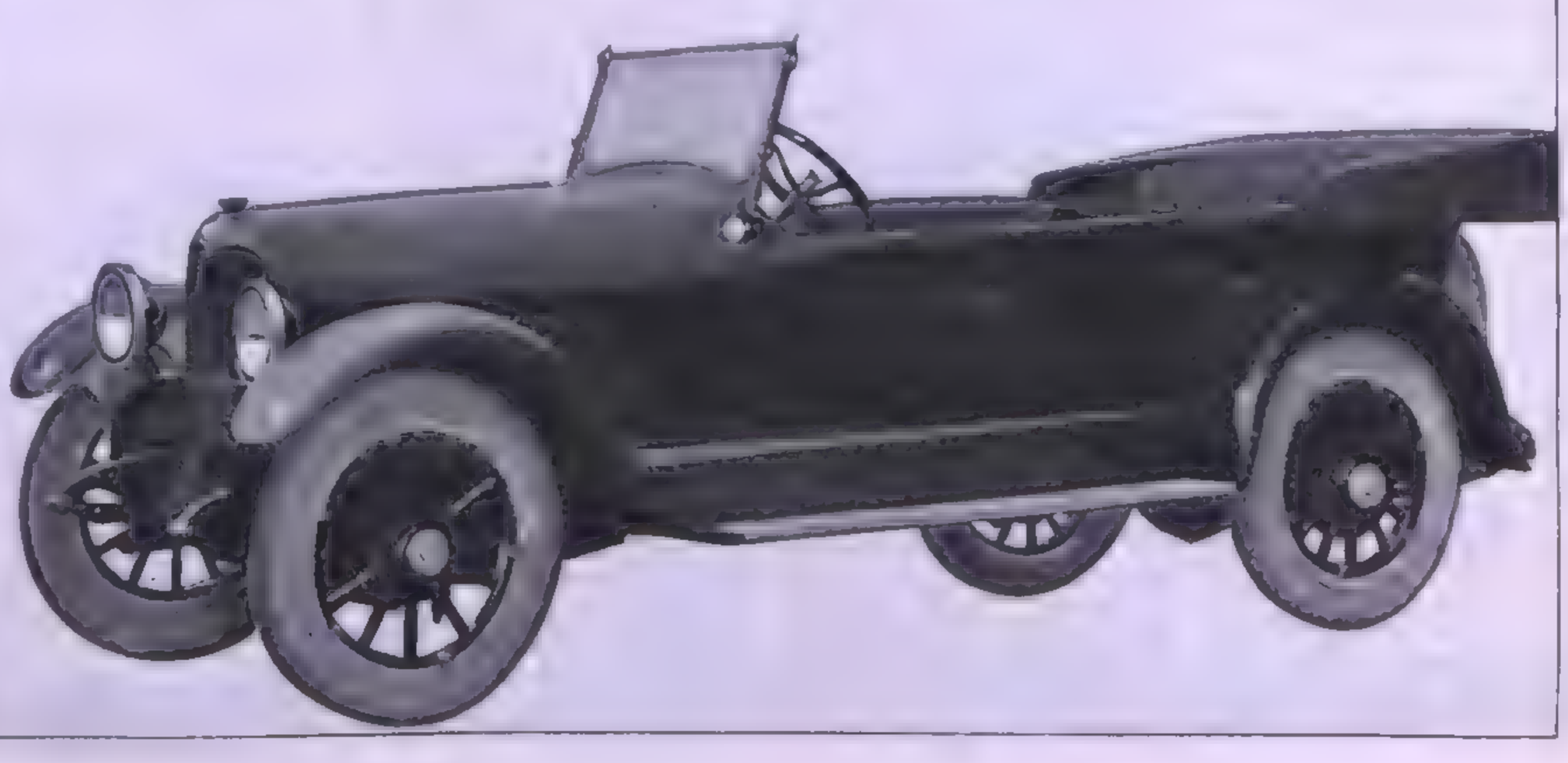
The "Glenbrook" is a distinctive creation—conceived by Paige engineers and built in the Paige shops by Paige mechanics.

It is a strictly modern development and, as such, we feel that it merits the serious consideration of every man who owns, or who contemplates owning, a motor car.

If you will communicate with our dealer he will be very glad to arrange for a demonstration.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Trucks



(Continued from Page 87)

"I am young and healthy, and I wanted to live," he said gravely. "I am curious to know what is going to happen to-morrow and other to-morrows."

Somewhere near by a door was slammed violently. Kitty, every muscle in her body tense, jumped convulsively, with the result that her finger pressed automatically the trigger of her pistol. The fan popped out gayly.

Hawksley stared at the fan, quite as astonished as Kitty. Then he broke into low rollicking laughter, which Kitty, because her basic corpuscle was Irish, perforce had to join. For all her laughter she retreated, furious and alarmed.

"Fancy! I say, now, you're jolly plucky to face a scoundrel like me with that."

"I don't just know what to make of you," said Kitty irresolutely, flinging the fan into a corner.

"You have revivified a celestial spark—my faith in human beings. I beg of you not to be afraid of me. I am quite harmless. I am very grateful for the meal. Yours is the one act of kindness I have known in weeks. I will return to Gregor's apartment at once. But before I go please accept this. I rather suspect, you know, that you live alone, and that fan is amusing and not particularly suitable."

He rose and unsmilingly laid upon the table one of those heavy blue-black bulldogs of war, a regulation revolver. Kitty understood what this courteous act signified; he was disarming himself to reassure her.

"Sit down," she ordered. Either he was harmless or he wasn't. If he wasn't she was utterly at his mercy. She might be able to lift that terrible-looking engine of murder, battle and sudden death with the aid of both hands, but to aim and fire it—never in this world! "As I came in to-night I found a note in the hall from Mr. Gregory. I will fetch it. But you call him Gregor?"

"His name is Stefani Gregor; and years and years ago he dandled me on his knees. I promise not to move until you return."

Subdued by she knew not what, no longer afraid, Kitty moved out of the kitchen. She had offered Gregory's letter as an excuse to reach the telephone. Once there, however, she did not take the receiver off the hook. Instead she whistled down the tube for the janitor.

"This is Miss Conover. Come up to my apartment in ten minutes. . . . No; it's not the water pipes. . . . In ten minutes."

Nothing very serious could happen inside of ten minutes; and the janitor was reliable and not the sort one reads about in the comic weeklies. Her confidence reenforced by the knowledge that a friend was near, she took the letter into the kitchen. Apparently her unwelcome guest had not stirred. The revolver was where he had laid it.

"Read this," she said.

The visitor glanced through it. "It is Gregor's hand. Poor old chap! I shall never forgive myself."

"For what?"

"For dragging him into this. They must have intercepted one of my telegrams." He stared dejectedly at the strip of oilcloth in front of the range. "You are an American?"

"Yes."

"God has been exceedingly kind to your country. I doubt if you will ever know how kind. I'll take myself off. No sense in compromising you." He laid a folded handkerchief inside his cap, which he put on. "Know anything about this?"—indicating the revolver.

"Nothing whatever."

"Permit me to show you. It is loaded; there are five bullets in the clip. See this little latch? So, it is harmless. So, and you kill with it."

"It is horrible!" cried Kitty. "Take it with you, please. I could not keep my eyes open to shoot it."

"These are troublous times. All women should know something about small arms. Again I thank you. For your own sake I trust that we may never meet again. Good-by." He stepped out of the window and vanished.

Kitty, at a mental impasse, could only stare into the night beyond the window. This mesmeric state endured for a minute; then a gentle and continuous sound dissipated the spell. It was raining. Obliquely she saw the burnt egg in the pan. The thing had happened; she had not been dreaming.

Her brain awoke. Thought crowded thought; before one matured another displaced it; and all as futile as the sparks from the anvil. An avalanche of conjecture; and out of it all eventually emerged one concrete fact: The man was honest. His hunger had been honest; his laughter. Who was he, what was he? For all his speech, not English; for all his gestures, not Italian. Moribund perspectives. Somewhere that day he had fought for his life. John Two-Hawks.

And there was the mysterious evanishment of old Gregory, whose name was Stefani Gregor. In a humdrum prosaic old apartment like this!

Kitty had ideas about adventure—an inheritance, though she was not aware of that. There had to be certain ingredients, principally mystery. Anything sordid must not be permitted to edge in. She had often gone forth upon semiperilous enterprises as a reporter, entered sinister houses where crimes had been committed, but always calculating how much copy at eight dollars a column could be squeezed out of the affair. But this promised to be something like those tales which were always clear and wonderful in her head but more or less opaque when she attempted to transfer them to paper. A secret society? Vengeance? An echo of the war?

"Johnny Two-Hawks," she murmured aloud. "And he hopes we'll never meet again!"

There was a mirror over the sink, and she threw a glance into it. Very well; if he thought like that about it.

Here the doorbell tinkled. That would be the faithful janitor. She ran to the door.

"Whadjuh wanta see me about, Miz Conover?"

"What has happened to old Mr. Gregory?"

"Him? Why, some amb'lance fellers carted him off this afternoon. Didn't know nawthin' was the matter with 'im until I runs into them in the hall."

"He'd been hurt?"

"Couldn't say, miz. He was on a stretcher when I seen 'im. Under a sheet."

"But he might have been dead!"

"Nope. I ast 'em, an' they said a shock of some sort."

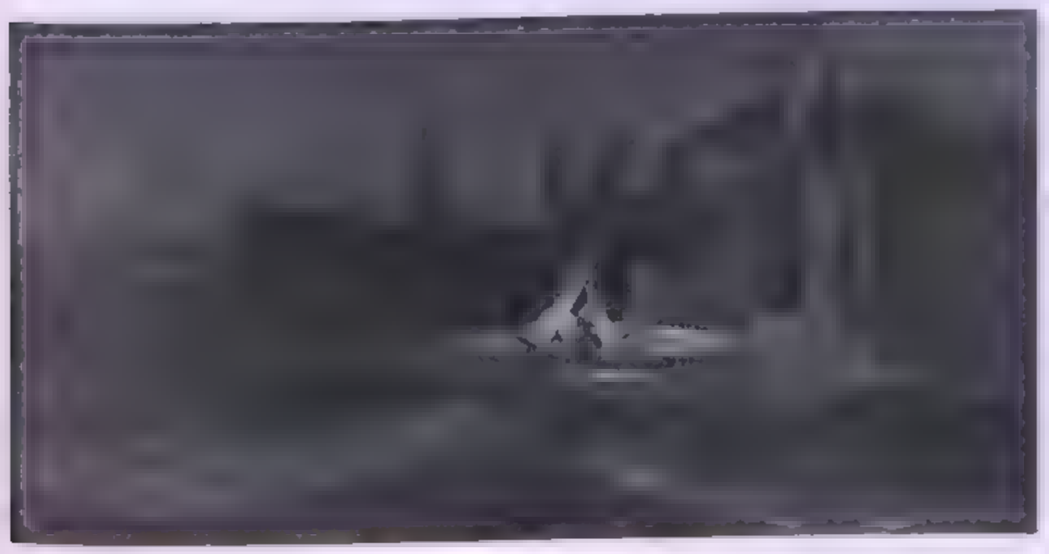
"What hospital?"

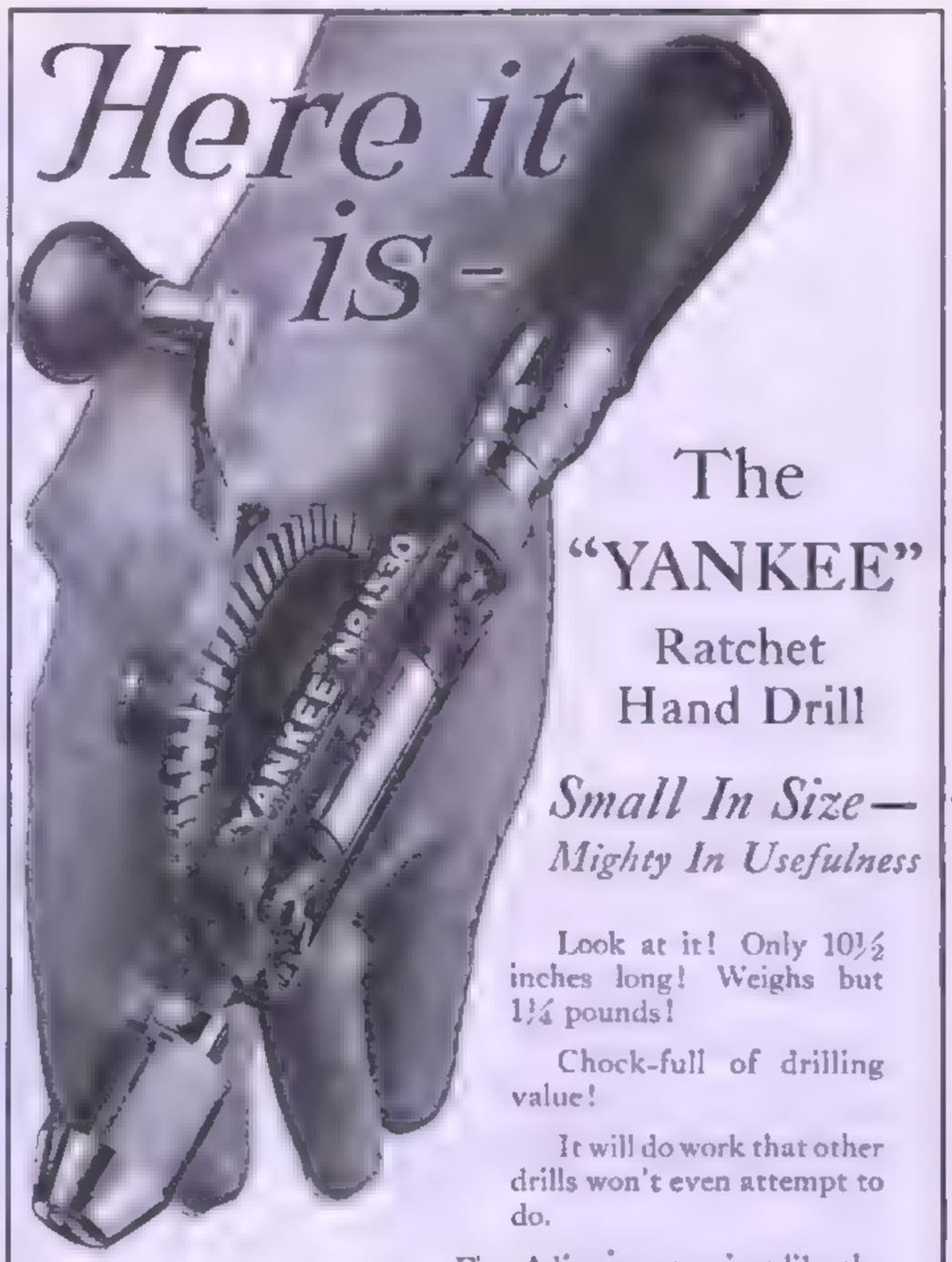
"Gee, I forgot t'ast that!"

"I'll find out. Good night."

But Kitty did not find out. She called up all the known private and public hospitals, but no Gregor or Gregory had been received that afternoon, nor anybody answering his description. The fog had swallowed up Stefani Gregor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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The "YANKEE" Ratchet Hand Drill
Small In Size—
Mighty In Usefulness
Look at it! Only 10½ inches long! Weighs but 1¼ pounds!
Chock-full of drilling value!
It will do work that other drills won't even attempt to do.
FIVE ADJUSTMENTS
1. Plain Geared Drill
2. Left-hand Ratchet
3. Right-hand Ratchet
4. DOUBLE RATCHET
5. Gears Locked
Five Adjustments—just like the big "Yankee" Ratchet Breast drills. Controlled by a finger-touch.
The DOUBLE RATCHET movement! With it you can drill in the tightest kind of places. It's not necessary to revolve the crank. Its slightest movement forward and back gives the drill a continuous drilling movement.
Think of the hundreds of places that this drill will save time and trouble.
Act! Let your dealer show you what a wonderful little tool the No. 1530 "Yankee" Ratchet Hand Drill is.
"Yankee" Rigid Screw-drivers as illustrated never turn in the handle. You cannot twist or wrench the handles loose without absolute destruction of the tool. No. 90, 1½ to 30 in. blades. No. 95, 2½ to 15½ in. blades.
The "Yankee" Tool Book is one you'll want handy for reference. Illustrates and describes many ingenious "Yankee" tools for saving time and labor in drilling and working in metal, boring in wood, driving screws. It's FREE!
North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia
"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

ALONZO THE MAGNIFICENT

(Continued from Page 17)

course it couldn't be true, but Charlie somehow got the impression that Alonzo looked unhappy. Now ordinarily Charlie, who was the most diffident soul in the world, would have kept on scurrying, especially with these bundles. He was just a little bit ashamed of those bundles. He might, if he were experiencing an unusual rush of self-confidence, attempt a nod directed at Alonzo, but not in the least sure the mighty man would return the nod. Ordinarily no further than that would Charlie dare go with a man of Alonzo's standing. But to-night there was that strange something about Alonzo—that strange forlorn something in his aspect that made you wonder if he, too, were just an ordinary guy with everyday worries and disappointments, instead of being, as you had always thought, a dweller on Olympus. Ultimately that forlorn something brought him directly up to Alonzo.

"Hello, Mr. Campbell," said Charlie. "Can't you get home?"

Alonzo shook his head. He seemed puzzled. He looked as if he didn't quite know who Charlie was, but he answered pleasantly enough.

"Subway's blocked. Not a taxicab. Seems as if I'm going to spend the night here."

"You know me, don't you?" asked Charlie. "I'm Charlie Hoy from the office." And then Charlie had an amazing burst of courage. "Say, listen! Why don't you come home with me to dinner? I live out in Elmhurst. Trains are all right. We'll be there in twenty-five minutes. Nice hot dinner. Wife'll be delighted. She's—she's heard a lot about you."

Alonzo Campbell—so Charlie explained afterward to Mrs. Charlie—looked astonished for a minute, looked thoughtful, finally said: "Can I get back to town by eleven?"

"Oh, sure!" said Charlie. "Train service to Elmhurst is fine. On the main line, you know. By the time you get back, the congestion on the Sub will be over—all the taxicabs you want. Come on along."

"All right," said Alonzo.

The two men fell into step; they hurried together toward the Elmhurst train and then Alonzo said something that in its turn astonished Charlie—that was the first of several things that were to give Charlie an entirely different conception of Alonzo from the one he had gained by listening to the gossip about Alonzo the temperamental, egoistic, magnificent Alonzo—that one heard about the office.

"Look here, Hoy," said Alonzo, "give me some of those bundles to carry."

Fortunately the tiny house where the Hoys lived was not far from the station and, still more fortunate, at the station Charlie Hoy and Alonzo were able to get a ramshackle hack. Charlie had traveled home in a state of the utmost stupefaction. He couldn't accustom himself to the idea that the great Alonzo Campbell was coming down to Elmhurst to have dinner with him—with him of all people! Several times he had seen Hiram Day's large car roll up to the office door and Hiram Day and Alonzo Campbell had driven away in it. And those nights Charlie Hoy had said to his wife: "I guess the boss took Mr. Campbell home to dinner with him to-night. He certainly does everything to keep that fellow happy. No wonder!"

That seemed right and proper—that Hiram Day and Alonzo Campbell should associate. But now Alonzo Campbell was his dinner guest. He couldn't believe it. Yet all the time he was conscious that Alonzo Campbell was talking to him from time to time in a pleasant, natural voice. Alonzo Campbell did not seem to consider the situation extraordinary. Alonzo Campbell treated it in the most matter-of-fact way. It was Charlie who was upset, flustered. He managed to reply in some fashion to Alonzo's remarks, but at the same time he couldn't help but wonder if Mrs. Charlie would rise to the occasion. He did so want Mrs. Charlie to make a good impression on Mr. Campbell.

He found after they arrived at the tiny house that he needn't have worried. Mrs. Charlie rose to the occasion splendidly. Of course she, too, was a little overwhelmed at the eminence of the unexpected guest. But her embarrassment made her all the prettier. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes bright.

"By Gad, Eva is a pretty woman!" thought Charlie. "If only I could give her the kind of home she deserves"—but there was no use following that ancient line of thought—not to-night. Plenty of time for that on nights which were not gala nights.

So Charlie's habitual expression of good nature returned and he took great pleasure in noticing that Eva and Mr. Campbell were getting along famously. Eva took Mr. Campbell's hat and coat and insisted on hanging them before the kitchen fire to dry. Really it began to seem as if Alonzo Campbell were an old friend, one you could treat with the familiarity with which you treated an old friend. Alonzo Campbell continued to show the most astonishing qualities.

The kids—little Eva and Jackie—were too young, of course, to appreciate who Alonzo Campbell was. They acted outrageously. At first Charlie thought their behavior outrageous. Little Eva sat on Alonzo Campbell's lap and twisted his jade ring round and about his finger; Jackie wound himself in and out of Alonzo's legs in some peculiar fashion. The children were usually timid before strangers, but not before Alonzo. They gazed at him, they clung to him, and Alonzo didn't seem to mind at all. It might almost be said he liked it—certainly he encouraged the children.

And dinner, Charlie thought, was the most delightful meal he had ever had. The kids luckily had calmed down—they were engrossed in the bread-and-butter pudding which Eva had allowed them to have to-night as a special treat. Eva sat at the foot of the table, her eyes sparkling brighter than ever, her cheeks rosier, leaning forward a little, her chin cupped in her hand; Charlie was at the head of the table; and at one side, opposite the children, sat Alonzo the Magnificent, as pleasant as you'd want anybody to be. It was Alonzo who did most of the talking. Alonzo dominated them with his talk. They were speechless, breathless. Even the children seemed to be under the spell that Alonzo cast. They kept gazing at him over their spoonfuls of bread-and-butter pudding with adoring eyes. The vitality of Alonzo filled the room. His exuberance, his magnetism, warmed the room. And he talked to them about his work—"Just as he would talk about it to Mr. Day or Mr. Alexander Lee," thought Charlie. Alonzo talked as modestly about his work—work that was a tradition in the advertising profession—as he talked fascinatingly about it.

Charlie almost forgot it was Alonzo the Magnificent talking. But the incredibility, the unbelievableness of it all came back to him after dinner when Eva had gone upstairs to put the children to bed, and Charlie and Alonzo Campbell were left in the small living room—the living room with its mission furniture warped and a little shaky, betraying hideously what cheap stuff it was, and with the wall paper discolored by the marks of tiny hands. It seemed impossible to Charlie then that here was he and here was Alonzo Campbell sitting opposite each other, chatting, smoking their cigars.

It was incredible to hear Mr. Campbell say: "That's a mighty nice wife you have—mighty nice children, too, Hoy!

"Yes, you bet!" said Charlie enthusiastically. "You're married, aren't you, Mr. Campbell?"

"Yes; been married twenty years."

"No wonder you were worried about not being able to get home to-night."

Mr. Campbell laughed shortly.

"Oh, I wasn't worried about that—not in that way. I've been living in a hotel since I came to New York. My wife's still in Chicago.

"Still in Chicago!" said Charlie. "And you've been here three months. Isn't—isn't she coming to New York?"

"Oh, yes," answered Alonzo, "I guess so—in the spring."

"I suppose the children were at school in Chicago and couldn't leave—something like that?

"No," said Alonzo Campbell, and bending over he carefully flicked the ash from his cigar—it took him a curiously long while to flick the ash from the cigar. "No, there—there are no children. No, my wife's got a lot of friends in Chicago, lots of social duties, bridge clubs, music clubs, dinner parties. She didn't want to leave so suddenly."

"Oh!" said Charlie.

He felt he had already asked too many questions—of course he hadn't realized. Mr. Campbell leaned over and picked a bound catalogue from the center table. He turned its pages. He stopped to read a paragraph here and there.

"Nice job," he said. "Good writing. Who did it?"

Charlie Hoy, watching his every movement with the most intense interest, was transported to the seventh heaven of delight by Alonzo's praise.

"It's mine," he said. "Only decent job I ever got to do."

"Good work," said Alonzo. "Why don't you get more work to do like this? Make a reputation for yourself."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Don't assert yourself enough. Got to seize your opportunity—can't wait for it to come to you. Old stuff, but true. The first rule for an advertising man should be to advertise himself."

He dropped the book back upon the table. He gazed up at the ceiling, his eyes screwed into little wrinkled pockets.

"Funny thing, success," he said presently. "Funny how one fellow succeeds and another doesn't."

"You were bound to succeed, Mr. Campbell," said Charlie emphatically.

"Yep, maybe—maybe I was bound to succeed," admitted Alonzo, and his eyes, sharp and intent, peered suddenly into Charlie's. "But I'm on to myself. Don't let 'em tell you I'm not. On to this"—he held up the finger on which loomed the jade ring—"on to this"—he indicated the tumbling lock of gray hair—"know the value of being different—individual. Know the value of training people to think you're queer—a genius. Yep, maybe—maybe I was bound to succeed."

Silence—a long silence.

Alonzo Campbell looked at his watch.

"Nine-forty-five," he said. "What about that train?"

Charlie Hoy consulted a time-table.

"One leaves in ten minutes. We can get it if we rush. I guess we'll have to walk to the station. I think it's stopped raining."

Alonzo Campbell threw on his hat and coat. Mrs. Charlie came running downstairs for a hasty good-by.

"Fine dinner," said Alonzo, her hand in his. "Fine cook. Fine kids. Nice little house. Enjoyed myself."

The two men hurried toward the station. Alonzo was very quiet. He seemed lost in his own reflections and Charlie was trained to be quiet when Alonzo Campbell was dreaming. Now it was quite evident that Mr. Campbell was dreaming.

At the station, however, Alonzo gave Charlie his hand and said: "Thanks! Come in and show me some of your work. Maybe I can help."

He swung to the step of the train; it moved away. On the station Charlie Hoy gazed after it. It seemed to him at the moment as if dreams came true. He had been living through a fairy tale that was real.

After that no one in the office could understand the intimacy that sprang up between Charlie Hoy, the insignificant, and Alonzo the Magnificent. No one knew, of course, of Alonzo's visit to Elmhurst one rainy night. Ordinarily a fellow would have blown a little about a thing like that, but Charlie Hoy was queer in that way. To him Alonzo's visit was a sacred event. He didn't want to talk about it to anyone except Mrs. Charlie, who indeed couldn't be stopped talking about it.

"Maybe you'll get a chance to do something worth while through Mr. Campbell," she would say, her hands clasped, her eyes bright.

Charlie Hoy frowned.

"Now, Eva, I don't want to be paid back for that visit. I—I don't want to look at it in a—a commercial way."

But Mrs. Charlie was an incurable optimist.

"He liked you, Charlie. I could see he liked you. And he's a peach, isn't he? I'm sure he'll do something for you."

Perhaps calling the relationship between the two men an intimacy is putting it with altogether too much strength. Alonzo stopped at Hoy's desk occasionally to say: "How are the wife and kids, Hoy?" Or to look at the work Hoy was doing and remark: "You ought to kick about getting better stuff to do. Won't get anywhere on this dub stuff. You can do good work. That catalogue on your library table—good work." Once in a while, too, Charlie Hoy ventured to go into Alonzo Campbell's office to show him something he, Charlie, had written and to get Alonzo's criticism. You remember Alonzo had invited him to do that.

And once when Mrs. Charlie was ill she received a huge basket of fruit—hothouse grapes, the largest oranges in the world, tangerines, all sorts of fancy fruits, and apples of such a firm and ruddy surface that little Eva and Jackie to their delight found that they could see their faces in them. In the basket was Alonzo's card. The intimacy, after all, consisted of but these few things. Nothing else had developed from the rainy night in Elmhurst. But slight as they were they were enough to feed the flame of Charlie's devotion to Alonzo Campbell. When he heard little Will Penniman and his gang grumbling about Alonzo's general perniciousness Charlie felt sometimes he would like to plunge into the discussion and tell them of the Alonzo Campbell he knew—defend him with his fists if necessary. But he never did. A shy duck was Charlie. Too shy to assert himself, too shy to get anywhere unaided; which explains why Mrs. Charlie and the kids had to get along on the smallest salary paid any copy writer in the Day Agency; which explains why they had to live in that tiny house in Elmhurst and why Charlie had to carry home street-corner bargains in foodstuffs; which explains many kindred matters.

Meanwhile affairs in the Day Agency were mounting in a crescendo of excitement. Everybody from Mr. Day to Jimmie, the office boy, was feverishly interested in the Palisade Tire Company account. If the Day Agency could only procure that account everybody saw ahead of him an unprecedented wave of prosperity, raises in salary, bonuses at New Year's, a number of delectable results. It seems there was a good chance of the Day Agency procuring the Palisade Tire Company account.

Alexander Lee, the junior partner, had met Mr. Marvin, of the Palisade Tire Company, at a dinner. He had sat next to Mr. Marvin at the dinner and the two men had liked each other immensely. Then it was discovered that Mr. Marvin was something most important with the Palisade Tire Company. Following the dinner Mr. Lee had played golf with Mr. Marvin. This had given him the opportunity to tell Mr. Marvin various piquant and arresting facts about Alonzo Campbell, the star of the Day Agency, of whom Mr. Marvin had already heard something. Mr. Lee had intimated that no one in America could give as good service to the Palisade Tire Company as the Day Agency, aided and abetted by the talents of Mr. Alonzo Campbell. Mr. Marvin was impressed. Mr. Marvin was very much impressed. There were naturally several other excellent advertising agencies hot on the trail of the Palisade Tire Company but, as Mr. Lee expressed it to Mr. Day, it looked as if the Day Agency had the bulge on them all.

It finally got to the point where Mr. Campbell was to submit to the Palisade Tire Company a complete advertising plan which would include some sample advertisements, and if the plan and the advertisements met with approval then the account of the Palisade Tire Company would go to the Day Agency. At this news there were loud rejoicings in Mr. Day's offices.

"It's a cinch!" said Alexander Lee, and he slapped Mr. Day on the back.

This shows that the circumstances were extraordinary, otherwise Mr. Lee would not have dared to slap Mr. Day on the back. Mr. Day did not permit liberties of this sort—not even from junior partners.

Then something most unfortunate happened. One morning Alexander Lee rushed into Hiram Day's office. Mr. Lee was furious.

"The jig's up!" he announced dramatically.

Hiram Day continued to puff calmly on his cigar and asked for explanations.

"You know that clever young chap who belongs to Jackson Mapes, Inc.? Yes, Winter—that's his name. Well, he's too clever—altogether too clever for us."

"What's he done?"

"He's worked himself in some way into Marvin's confidence. I don't know just

Concluded on Page 95

Bristol to Port Darwin

How engine results have built up America's supremacy in Scientific Lubrication

A LEADING British manufacturer of airplanes recently was arranging the details of a proposed flight from Bristol, England, to Port Darwin, Australia. Supplies of fuel were essential. Correct lubrication was vital.

Remembering the supremacy of Gargoyle Mobiloils in Scientific Lubrication, he sent to the Vacuum Oil Company's nearest office this list of the cities where he would require oil:

Bristol, England; Lyons, France; Florence, Italy; Salonica, Greece; Constantinople, Turkey; Sivas, Babahan, Persia; Karachi, Bunder Abbas, Delhi, Calcutta, India; Rangoon, Burma; Batavia, Tabanen and Enden, East Indies; Port Darwin, Australia.

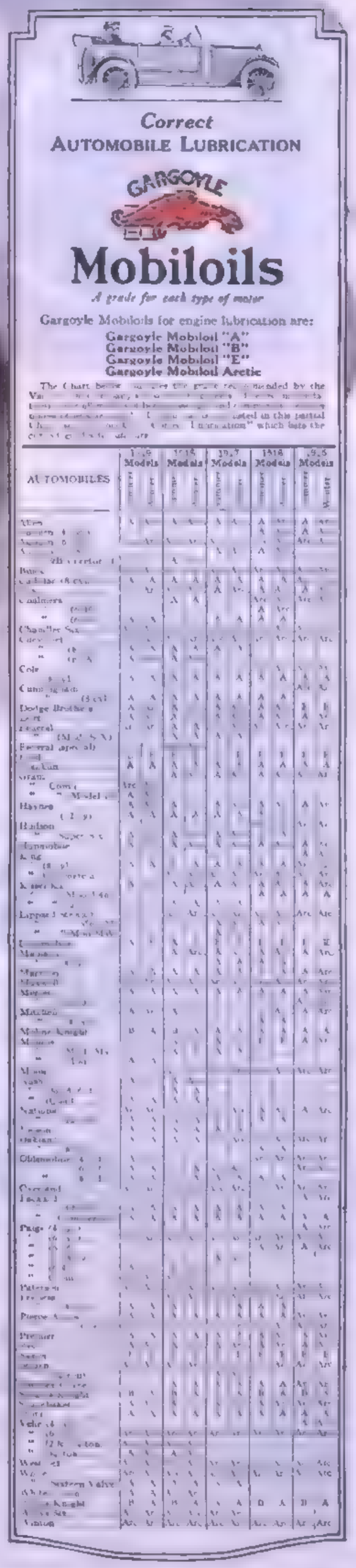
At every one of these points, or close at hand, Gargoyle Mobiloils were obtainable.

Gargoyle Mobiloils have established America's supremacy in the Scientific Lubrication of all automotive equipment because of *engine results*.

The further a motorist is from expert service, the more careful he must be to secure *engine results*.

Gargoyle Mobiloils when used as specified in the Chart give full protection to all frictional surfaces. They increase gasoline mileage, insure full power and last longer than other oils.

If you feel that the time has come to get better *engine results* from *your own automobile*, we suggest that you consult the Chart at the right.



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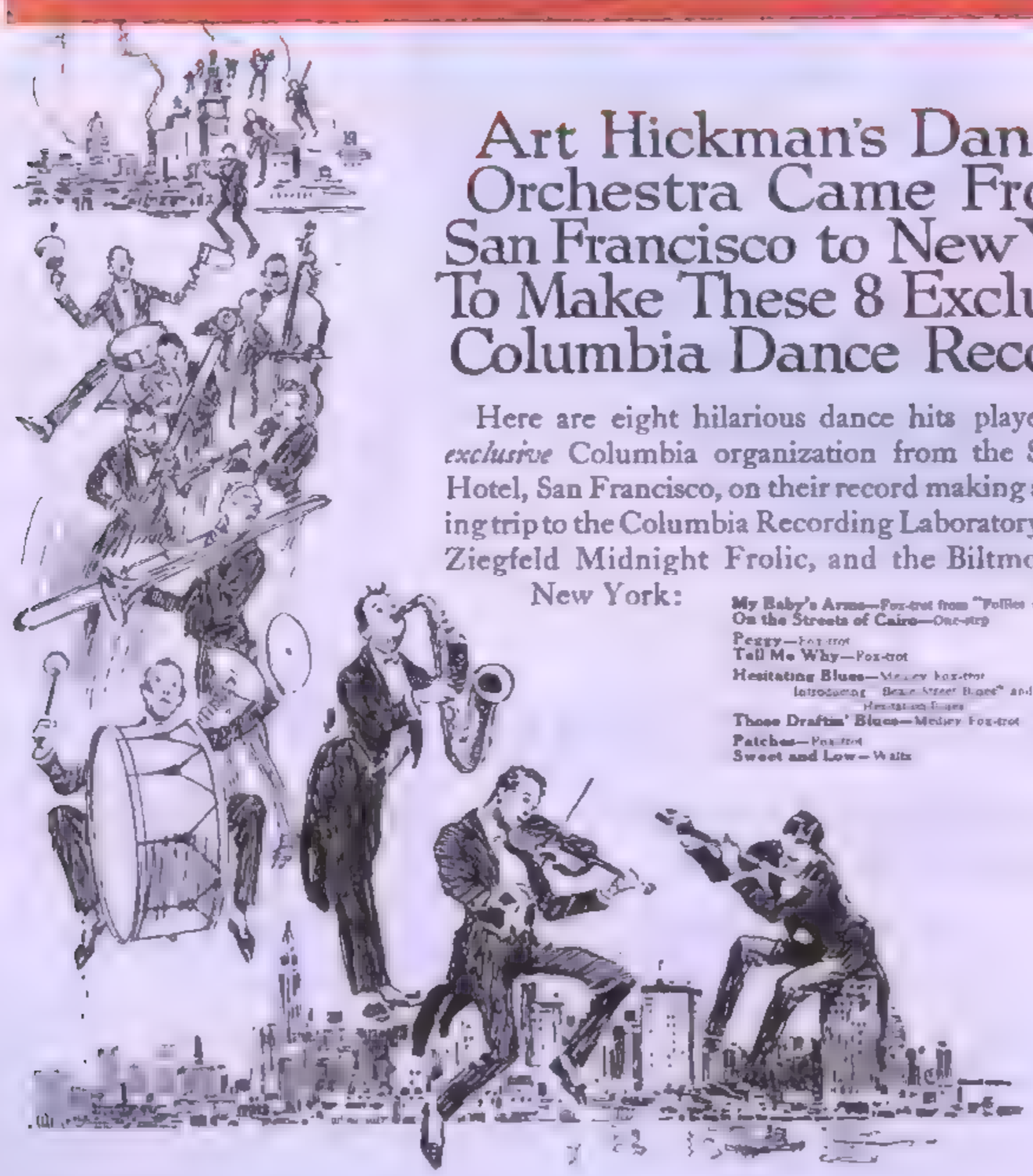
New Februar

Columbi



Art Hickman's Dance Orchestra Came From San Francisco to New York To Make These 8 Exclusive Columbia Dance Records

Here are eight hilarious dance hits played by this *exclusive* Columbia organization from the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, on their record making and breaking trip to the Columbia Recording Laboratory, the New Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, and the Biltmore Hotel, New York:

My Baby's Arms—Fox-trot from "Follies of 1919"	A-2811
On the Streets of Cairo—One-step	85c
Peggy—Fox-trot	A-2812
Tell Me Why—Fox-trot	85c
Hesitating Blues—Medley Fox-trot introducing "Beale Street Blues" and "Hesitation Blues"	A-2813 85c
Those Draftin' Blues—Medley Fox-trot	
Patches—Fox-trot	A-2814
Sweet and Low—Waltz	85c

Here's George Meader's First Double Record

This splendid tenor, the latest addition to Columbia's long list of exclusive artists, thrills you with that song of love and longing, "I Know What It Means to Be Lonesome." Coupled with "I Never Knew," a solo sure to make you sigh for the caresses of your own sweetheart. **A-2826—85c**

Mirrors

From the latest jazzes t piano solos to the newest p tra overtures and band se dances, every kind and m mirrored on Columbia Rec

Prohibition Blues	Nora Bayes	A-2823 10-in. 85c
Taxation Blues	Nora Bayes	
Uncle Josh and the Fire Department	Cal Stewart	A-2824 10-in. 85c
The Courtship of Uncle Josh and Aunt Nancy	Cal Stewart	
William Tell Overture—Part I—At Dawn William Tell Overture—Part II—The Storm	Columbia Symphony Orchestra	A-6129 12-in. $1.25
William Tell Overture—Part III—The Calm William Tell Overture—Part IV—Finale	Columbia Symphony Orchestra	A-6130 12-in. $1.25
Canta Po' Me	Rosario Serrano	78101 10-in. $1.00
Lasses Trombone	Columbia Band	A-2825 10-in. 85c
Miss Trombone	Columbia Band	
Bless My Swanee River Home	Harry Fox	A-2828 10-in. 85c
I Lost My Heart in Dixieland	Harry Fox	
Let the Rest of the World Go By	Campbell and Burt	A-2829 10-in. 85c
Rings	Lewis James and Charles Harrison	
Bye-Low	Campbell and Burt	A-2827 10-in. 85c
I'll Always be Waiting for You	Chas. Harrison	
Among the Whispering Pines	Henry Burr	A-2830 10-in. 85c
Just for Me and Mary	Henry Burr	

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to opera arias, from violin and popular song hits, from orches- selections to American Indian manner of music is magically cords.

Smile Dear Not in a Thousand Years	Charles Harrison Charles Harrison	A-2831 85c
Lullaby from "Erminie"	Hulda Lashanska	78356 $1.00
Still Undecided When I Look in His Face	Virginia Asher and Homer A. Rodeheaver Virginia Asher and Homer A. Rodeheaver	A-2833 85c
Temperamental Rag Lola—One-step	Guido Dero Guido Dero	A-2834 85c
Hay Harvest At a Russian Inn	Russian Balalaika Orchestra Russian Balalaika Orchestra	E-4440 85c
Pretty Little Rainbow—Medley Waltz Dreamy Alabama—Medley Waltz	Prince's Orchestra Prince's Orchestra	A-6132 $1.25
I Gave Her That Don't Take Advantage of My Good Nature	[illegible] Irene Williams	A-2835 85c
War Dance (Cheyenne Indians) Deer Dance (Rogue River Indians)	Columbia Orchestra Columbia Orchestra	A-6131 $1.25
Assembly March Fire Drill Gallop	Columbia Band Columbia Band	A-6127 $1.25

VELTY Record Booklet

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Hackett and Barrientos in Exquisite Rigoletto Love Duet

This great tenor and star soprano make a marvelous vocal combination in "E Il Sol dell' Anima," the matchless duet of the Duke and Gilda from Verdi's *Rigoletto*. His seductive pleading and her response make this the supreme love aria of one of the greatest of all operas.

49616—$2.00

Grainger Sparkles in "Polish Dance"

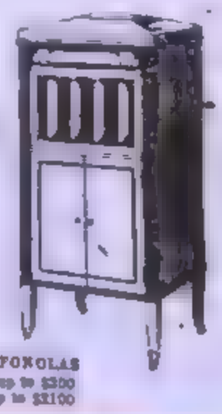
That enticing, melodious mixture of blitheness and pathos, Scharwenka's "Polish Dance in E Flat Minor," ripples forth alluringly under Percy Grainger's lightsome touch. On the reverse he renders that popular favorite by Grieg, "To the Springtime," and his own sailor's chantey, "One More Day, My John." **A-6128—$1.50**

Columbia Records Grafonola

Seidel's Violin Sobs "Eili, Eili"

A marvelous feat of musicianship is Toscha Seidel's rendering of "Eili, Eili," that age-old agonized cry to heaven.

Actually human cries of despair, the wailing and sobs of multitudes, are in the tones of his violin. **49526—$1.50**



COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS
Standard Models up to $300
Period Designs up to $2100

Dependable as Niagara's power

With such perfect dependability, through the centuries, has this vast power plant of Nature sung its thunderous tune, that great concerns have harnessed the cogs of commerce to its seemingly endless strength.

The capability to meet all the demands made of it—and the same apparent endlessness of its utility—is leading America's and Europe's best car makers to tie up their well-earned reputations to the unfailing dependability of the Splitdorf Magneto.

For even the smooth, steady power, at low speeds—the snap and dash on acceleration—the extreme flexibility of power and speed—and the independence from the complications of other ignition systems, that it gives to their engines, are valued less highly than the dependability of the Splitdorf Magneto.

SPLITDORF

Electrical Co., Newark, N.J.

Sumter Division, 1466 Michigan Ave. Chicago

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

Manufacturers of AERO, SUMTER and DIXIE Magnetos, Oscillating Magnetos and Impulse Starters

(Concluded from Page 90)

what he told Marvin, but he gave Marvin the impression that Alonzo Campbell was all in—that he'd done good work in his time, but that now he was simply traveling on his reputation; that he could get away with murder and people would say 'Wonderful' just because of Alonzo's reputation."

"We needn't worry about that, Alex. We know that Alonzo's still there when it comes to delivering the goods."

"Sure, that's all right too, Hiram, but let me finish. Then that clever young chap—what's his name? Wilder—oh, yes! Well, Wilder persuades Marvin that the thing to do is to hold a competition. Let each agency on their list submit a plan and sample advertisements and they'll select the best and give their business to the agency that wins."

Hiram Day still refused to get excited.

"That's all right, Alex. We've got to be willing to compete. It won't be the first competition out of which we've drawn business. Besides"—and his eyes twinkled—"besides, Alonzo Campbell's name is going to carry us a long way. Some of them may be saying that Alonzo's shot his bolt—is through—but they know it isn't true. And when his name is signed to an advertisement, Alex, you know it's a good advertisement just as you know a painting's good when it's signed by Whistler or Corot or Inness."

"I admit all that, Hiram. I know all that, but let me finish."

"Is there more to come?"

"You bet there's more to come! Well, this young chap Wilder, maybe thinking about Alonzo and his name just as you were thinking a minute ago, gets the brilliant idea of having the competition run blind."

"Run blind! What do you mean by that?"

"All the plans and advertisements are to be submitted without a single mark on to show who prepared them. They're to be sent in in plain packages. Small sealed plain envelopes will accompany them in which will be the agency's name. The plans will be numbered, the small envelopes numbered to correspond. When the best plan and advertisements submitted are selected the small envelope with the number to correspond will be opened and the firm whose name is in that envelope will get the business."

"Who's the young fellow who thought of this plan, Alex?"

"Wilder of Jackson Mapes, Inc."

"He's the best little cinch buster I ever knew. We ought to hire him, Alex. It's a clever idea."

"It's a rotten idea, Hiram."

"Clever from his point of view, pretty rotten from ours," Hiram Day finally agreed.

Alexander Lee swung round and started for the door.

"Where're you going, Alex?"

"To see if I can persuade Marvin to give up this idea."

But an hour later Alexander Lee returned crestfallen.

Mr. Marvin was adamant. Mr. Marvin liked the idea so well that Mr. Marvin was beginning to think that he had originated it.

"Submit to the conditions," Mr. Marvin had said to Mr. Lee, "or consider yourself out of it."

"Consider yourself damned," is what Mr. Marvin meant to say, and Alexander Lee knew that was what he meant to say.

Each agency on Mr. Marvin's list had two weeks in which to prepare its plan and its advertisements. Two weeks' time wasn't very long. It was not long enough. As it turned out it wasn't nearly long enough, for Mr. Alonzo Campbell developed the worst attack of temperament the Day Agency had ever seen. It wasn't fair, he said, to expect him to go into a competition of this kind. He had made his reputation and he wasn't going to put it in jeopardy for some fool's mad whim. Why, nobody knew how the decision would be made. Nobody knew that the best plan and copy would win. Who was the Palisade Tire Company to judge? They had never advertised. They knew nothing of advertising. Certainly they were not qualified to judge. He repeated, it wasn't fair. It wasn't fair to expect him, Alonzo Campbell, to let his reputation, absolutely established as it was, be damaged—perhaps severely damaged—in a competition in which there were no grounds for believing that the award would be made on absolute merit.

There was some truth, you see, in Alonzo Campbell's statements, and yet Hiram Day felt that his agency had no hope unless Alonzo himself did the work. He argued with Alonzo. He pleaded with him and at last he won Alonzo's consent. But he did not notice that there was a peculiar expression in Alonzo's eyes when he did finally consent. By this time one of the two weeks allotted had gone.

One day late in the afternoon Alonzo Campbell came up to Charlie Hoy's desk and asked:

"What are you working on now?"

Charlie showed him the closely written pages of a catalogue.

"Pretty dull stuff," said Charlie. "No opportunity to apply here the things you've taught me, Mr. Campbell."

"Have I taught you anything, Hoy?"

"Sure! I'm just waiting till I get a halfway decent job. I'll show 'em."

Alonzo Campbell hesitated, coughed, presently said: "Maybe the opportunity's here, Hoy—here and now. Come into my office, will you?"

Charlie Hoy followed Alonzo into the silver-and-green office with the combined mixture of awe and veneration with which he always entered those hallowed portals. Alonzo closed the door, waved Charlie Hoy to a chair and produced cigars, most expensive cigars, from a desk drawer. Charlie felt a sharp return of that incredibility he had known when he and Alonzo had sat opposite each other in his own shabby living room in Elmhurst.

Alonzo Campbell scrutinized Charlie Hoy for a time and again Charlie felt the magnetism of the man, the dominance of his will, the force of his personality. Finally, after this momentous searching glance Alonzo sighed, fell back laxly in his chair, flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"I want to know if you can help me, Charlie," he said gently, and even in that tense moment Charlie noticed and was flattered by Alonzo's use of his first name. "This Palisade Tire Company thing has got me. It isn't fair. Can't get interested. Can't work on it. Nothing here"—he tapped his forehead. "And time's short. Want to know if you'll work with me on it."

"Sure—oh, sure!" said Charlie ecstatically. He was too dazed, too astonished to say anything more. Never, never had he dreamed of such an opportunity as this.

"Well, listen then" and once more Alonzo was leaning forward, intent, his eyes peering into Charlie's, his will forcing itself upon Charlie. "It's got to be a secret. If they know here at the agency that I'm not doing all the work myself they'll think it's no good won't submit it. You come up to my hotel to-night—to-morrow night every night this week. We'll work together up there. But don't tell anybody about it—not a soul. Don't even tell Mrs. Charlie. Things like that leak out. Tell Mrs. Charlie you're kept working late at the office. Here at the office don't tell 'em anything—don't have to."

"I'll get some credit for it when the work's all done?" asked Charlie.

"Yes, of course," answered Alonzo.

And Charlie consented, consented to the secrecy, consented to everything. At the moment he would have done anything Alonzo asked him.

So entirely unknown to anyone in the Day Agency, entirely unknown even to Mrs. Charlie down in Elmhurst, Charlie Hoy spent five nights laboring on the plan and copy for the Palisade Tire Company. He worked in the sitting room of Alonzo Campbell's two-room suite in the Hotel Royal. The click of Alonzo's little typewriter on which Charlie hammered sounded far into the night. Twice Charlie worked so late that he stayed all night. Alonzo himself did surprisingly little. Lying on the couch, smoking one big cigar after another, he watched Charlie sweating his very heart out. Alonzo did criticize. He offered a suggestion here and a suggestion there. He made Charlie tear up reams of stuff and start again. He had certain paragraphs written and rewritten and rewritten. This, of course, after as thorough a study and discussion of the Palisade Tire Company's business as they could give it in the rushing whirl of time.

Finally, at the end of the five nights the copy and the layouts as Charlie Hoy had typed one and roughly sketched in the other were turned over to the art department of the Day Agency to be put in final de luxe form ready for presentation. And a beautiful job it was when it was completed.

Little Will Penniman and all his gang, besides Mr. Day, Mr. Alexander Lee and everybody else, crowded round to see it, and even those who hated Alonzo the most congratulated him on the campaign and copy. It was a masterpiece of logic, of writing, of idea.

But it was not Alonzo Campbell's work. It was the work of Charlie Hoy—Charlie, the insignificant. It was his ultimate bid for fame and fortune and recognition. It represented the utmost he had to give. It was the final expression of a certain genius he possessed, the expression of which for years had been denied him.

"Aren't you going to tell them that I—I did most of it?" whispered Charlie to Alonzo.

"No, not yet," said Alonzo, and he frowned. "They wouldn't send it out—they wouldn't think it good unless they also thought I'd done it. If they knew it was yours, Hoy, they'd immediately begin criticizing, tearing it to pieces."

Finally it was sent out according to the Palisade Tire Company's specifications, sealed in a plain package, without a mark inside or out to show that it was prepared by the Day Agency. A small plain sealed envelope accompanied it which contained the Day Agency's name. After it had been dispatched Charlie Hoy again called upon Alonzo to give him some credit for the work.

"What difference does it make now if they know?" he asked, and there was a little break in his voice.

"No, not yet," said Alonzo calmly.

For a minute there was a black mist before Charlie's eyes.

"Supposing I tell them!" he cried.

"My dear boy, who would believe you?"

"Why wouldn't they believe me?"

"Because I should deny it."

And Alonzo met the despairing look in Charlie Hoy's eyes with the steady gaze of his own.

A week passed without any word from the Palisade Tire Company—ten days passed. They were days of the utmost anxiety in the Day Agency. The tension of waiting was getting upon everybody's nerves.

Old Hiram Day walked the floor of his office. Alexander Lee postponed a Western trip he had intended making and, fuming at his desk, jumped every time the telephone bell rang. And even the rank and file had difficulty in getting through the routine of their day's work.

But the anxiety of no one compared with the anxiety of Charlie Hoy. Black doubts were beginning to form like a clot upon Charlie Hoy's brain. The conviction was growing upon him that Alonzo had tricked him—had intended from the very first to trick him. Why had he insisted upon this secrecy? Why had he insisted that Charlie tell no one—not even Mrs. Charlie? Because it meant that if Charlie claimed now that he had done the work he wouldn't have a witness. Not one! They would say he was mad. They would think he was mad. On the other hand, it was just as enraging to realize what it would mean to him if the work were acknowledged his. Oh, it wasn't what it would mean to him! It was what it would mean to Mrs. Charlie and the kids. Here was fortune for him—for them—within his grasp, and it was to be snatched away—he was to be cheated out of it by another man to whom it meant nothing at all; nothing at all except a little additional prestige, a little additional fame and perhaps a little additional money. It was cruel! It was monstrous! He felt sometimes as if he could kill Alonzo Campbell, kill him with his own bare hands.

One morning he was sitting idly at his desk—how could he be expected to work on that same old dub stuff this week?—when his brain, plodding through turgid channels, churning through cloudy passages, suddenly saw clear. He had it! He saw Alonzo Campbell's scheme in its entirety. If the Day Agency's entry did not win Alonzo would tell that he, Charlie Hoy, had prepared it. But if it did win, then Alonzo would claim the credit. That's why Alonzo had postponed saying anything. He would wait upon the Palisade Tire Company's decision. And the nature of the story he would say would depend upon that decision. Charlie Hoy sat at his desk with his hands clenched, with his lips compressed and his slightly fated blue eyes staring straight ahead of him in an intensity of hatred.

That same morning in the Day Agency the air was electrical. People knew what was to happen, it seemed, almost before anything did happen. Old Hiram ran out of the door of his private office waving a telegram. Alexander Lee rushed out of the door of his office and into the office of Hiram Day. Alonzo Campbell was summoned to Mr. Day's office. Alonzo burst from his own office, head down, and charged into Mr. Day's. A buzz of talk hummed. Nobody could work. Nobody could do anything except sit restlessly at his desk, his eyes intent upon the closed and inviolate door of Mr. Day's private office.

At eleven a typewritten notice went round that everybody was to be in the conference room at twelve sharp. Little Will Penniman and all his gang received notices. Even Miss Casey, the head of the filing department, and Miss Clark, the head of the typists' department, received notices. Even Charlie Hoy, sitting at his desk staring straight ahead of him, had a notice pushed beneath his rigid gaze.

At five minutes of twelve there was a scramble for the conference room. At twelve it was jammed. Those who came first sat on chairs; some sat on the table; five were piled upon the couch. Little Will Penniman perched himself on a window sill and audaciously lighted a cigarette, though no one was supposed to smoke cigarettes within the sacred precincts of the Day Agency.

At five minutes past twelve Mr. Day appeared in the doorway with Mr. Alonzo Campbell. Mr. Day had his arm linked through the arm of Mr. Campbell. Mr. Alexander Lee followed. There was a hush in the room—the sort of a hush you find in a theater just before the curtain rises. Mr. Day rose from the chair beside Mr. Campbell, where he had just sat down, and standing with his hand on Mr. Campbell's shoulder said: "I've had you assemble here because I want you all to know at once our good fortune. I have a telegram from the Palisade Tire Company saying that our suggestions and our advertising plan are the best submitted."

Mr. Day was interrupted by a spatter of clapping and one or two "Hurrahs!"

"This will mean more work for all of us," Mr. Day continued—"more work, but it will also mean more money, a bigger future. And we owe it to Mr. Alonzo Campbell and Mr. Campbell's wonderful ability. Mr. Campbell will you say a few words?"

Alonzo Campbell stood up. He brushed his famous gray lock back from his forehead with a hand on one finger of which gleamed the famous adorning. Charlie Hoy in an obscure corner leaned forward breathless. Alonzo Campbell smiled.

"I want to tell you something that will surprise you all," he said—"that will surprise even Mr. Day and Mr. Lee. The advertising plan and suggestions submitted to the Palisade Tire Company were not prepared by me. They were prepared by Mr. Charlie Hoy. I shan't go into the whys and wherefores of this just now, but I want you to realize that this whole affair shows, I think, what a man can do when he is given the opportunity—the opportunity that through his own lack of self confidence and through the interference of his fellow workers is denied him. It is to Mr. Hoy, not to me, that the thanks of the Day Agency should go."

He sat down abruptly. There was a moment of silence that was closely akin to consternation.

At his back Charlie Hoy heard someone, probably little Will Penniman, say: "By Gad, Alonzo is magnificent!"

Meanwhile Mr. Day was leaning over Mr. Campbell and whispering. Mr. Campbell nodded his head two or three times—nodded it imperiously and emphatically. Mr. Day again rose and came toward Charlie Hoy.

He seized Charlie and dragged him toward the spot where Mr. Campbell and Mr. Lee were sitting. Standing there before them all, his hand this time on Charlie Hoy's shoulder, Mr. Day spoke again.

But Charlie Hoy did not hear what he said. He heard nothing. He was in a state of bewildered exultation. All the attention he had was concentrated upon Alonzo Campbell, who sat there smiling into his eyes. Within Charlie leaped clear the flame of adoration for Alonzo Campbell. It leaped clear and high to the very heavens—adoration and faith—faith in himself, faith in his fellow men. So clear and high it leaped that never again could it be extinguished.

Essex Does 3,037

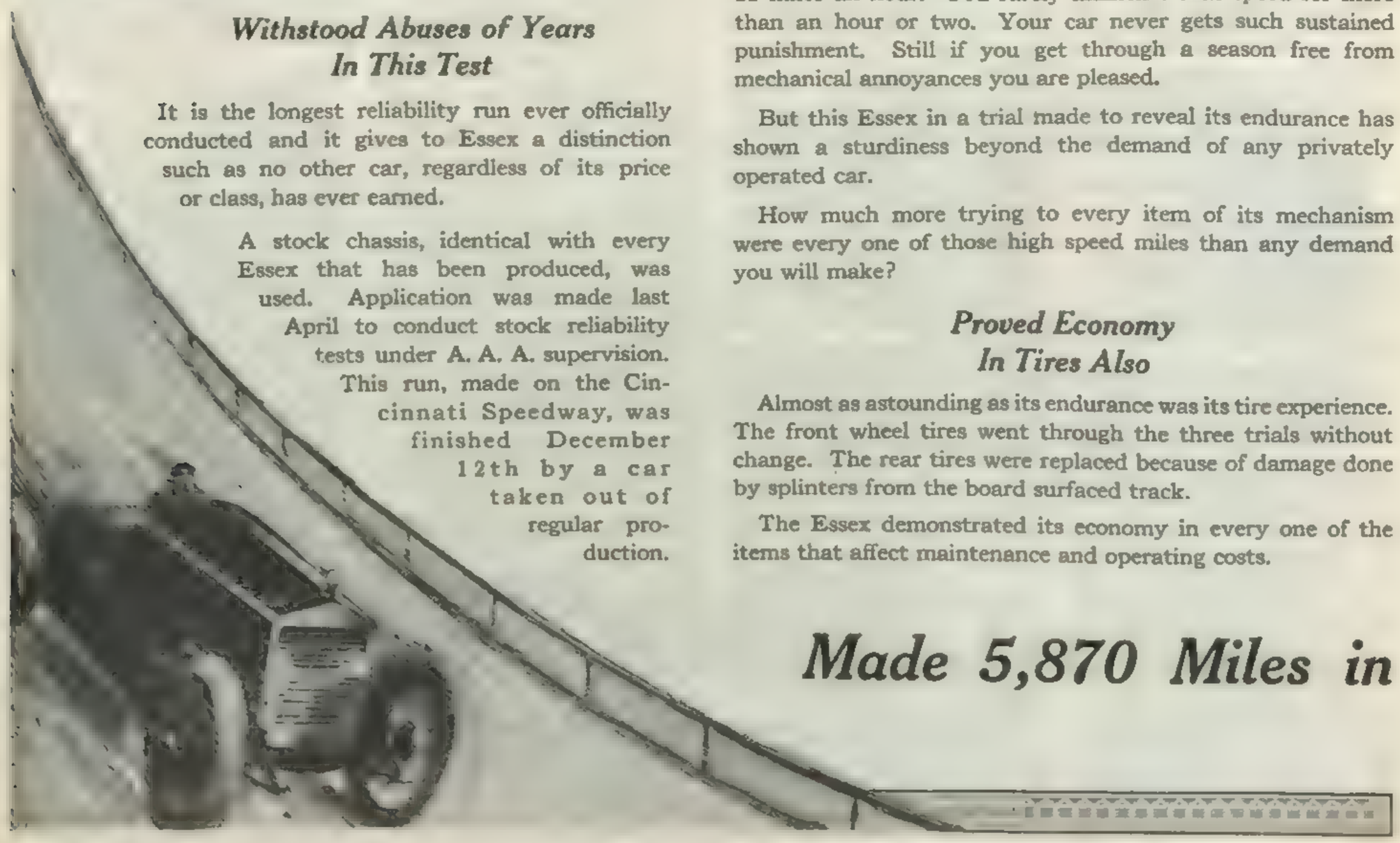
In Which It Sets World's Long Distance Endurance Mark

The Essex has now established its reliability under American Automobile Association supervision. Thus by traveling 3,037 miles in 50 hours it has more than confirmed all that its 22,000 enthusiastic owners have claimed for it.

It proved the Essex to be the new type light weight car. It gives to it an endurance never accredited to a car of its price or weight class. And it establishes that reliability is obtainable at moderate price.

It emphasizes more than anything else can do that automobile economy is dependent upon endurance.

Gasoline, oil and tire savings are not material if repairs and parts replacements are frequently necessary. In this grind, equal in its one flight of 50 hours to a distance almost equal to that between New York and San Francisco, the Essex has not only proved it is reliable but also economical.



Withstood Abuses of Years In This Test

It is the longest reliability run ever officially conducted and it gives to Essex a distinction such as no other car, regardless of its price or class, has ever earned.

A stock chassis, identical with every Essex that has been produced, was used. Application was made last April to conduct stock reliability tests under A. A. A. supervision. This run, made on the Cincinnati Speedway, was finished December 12th by a car taken out of regular production.

Officials of the Association verified every mechanical detail with stock cars.

The Essex was put on the speedway to prove its reliability in a 50 hour test, but at the end of 27 hours 57 minutes and in the 1790th mile, rain and sleet forced a stop. A second start was made three days later, when snow again ended the trial. This time the run lasted 16 hours 25 minutes and covered 1042 miles. The third run resulted in completing the 50 hour period.

Thus the proof of Essex endurance is even greater than that expressed in the 50 hour run. Think what that means. It is equivalent to a distance from San Francisco to Shanghai.

The average car is driven little more than 5,000 miles an entire season. But this stock chassis went more than a mile a minute for 5,870 miles. Surely that test reveals endurance such as was never associated with a light weight moderate priced car.

Your average driving speed probably does not exceed 25 miles an hour. You rarely maintain that speed for more than an hour or two. Your car never gets such sustained punishment. Still if you get through a season free from mechanical annoyances you are pleased.

But this Essex in a trial made to reveal its endurance has shown a sturdiness beyond the demand of any privately operated car.

How much more trying to every item of its mechanism were every one of those high speed miles than any demand you will make?

Proved Economy In Tires Also

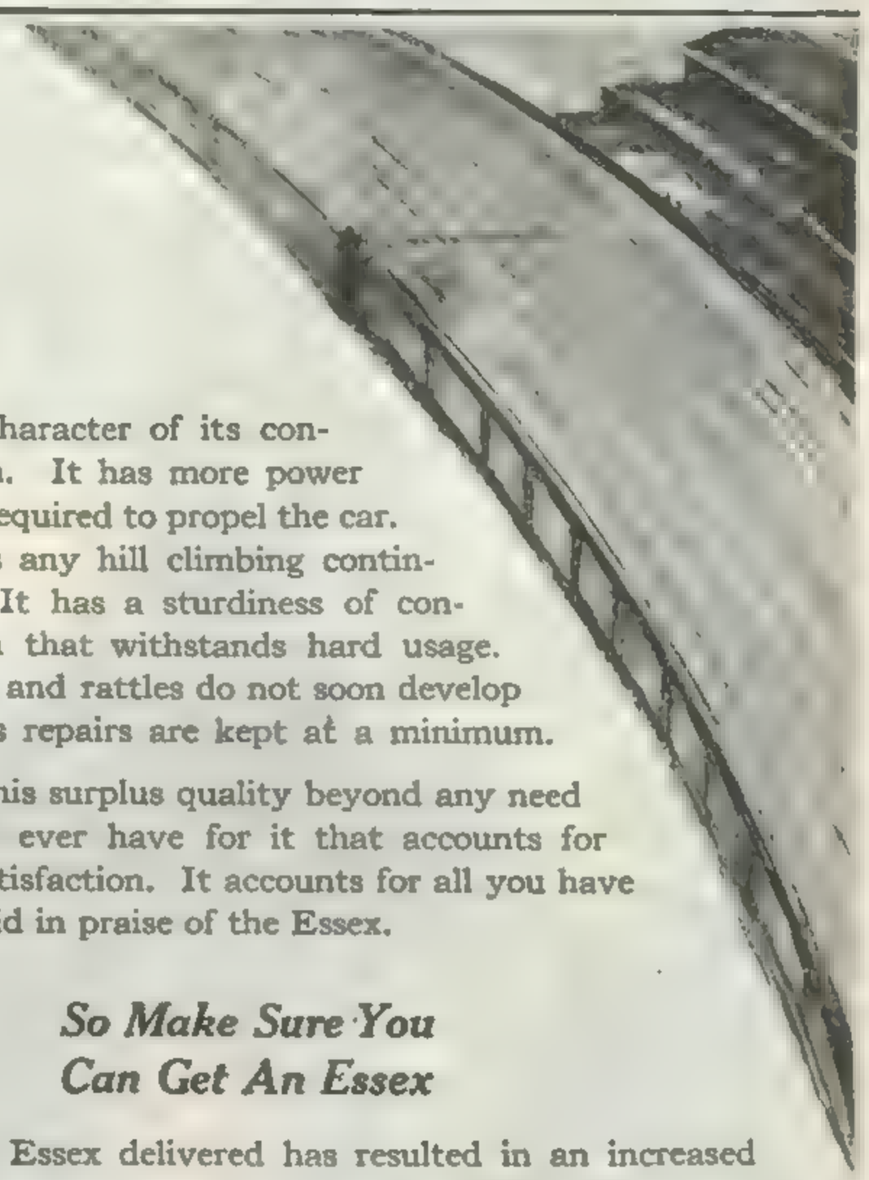
Almost as astounding as its endurance was its tire experience. The front wheel tires went through the three trials without change. The rear tires were replaced because of damage done by splinters from the board surfaced track.

The Essex demonstrated its economy in every one of the items that affect maintenance and operating costs.

Made 5,870 Miles in

Miles In 50 Hours

Doesn't It Settle the Light Car Question?



Endurance and reliability are qualities that have not always been associated with light weight cars. Their appeal has been the low cost and in fuel economy.

Light weight cars were not expected to show such bursts of speed or power as larger, costlier automobiles. They had of course enough speed and power to get about, but none that gave distinction on the road.

Fineness and performance were not expected in the same degree as in cars that cost more.

But the Essex brought fine car quality to the moderate price car field. Its appearance gave it immediate distinction. It excited a pride of ownership that is expressed by every Essex user. Its performance placed it in the larger, costlier car class.

Even before this official record of Essex endurance, it had become famous in many sections for the way it out-performed many notable cars. It holds hundreds of local records for speed and as a hill climber.

Only in size, cost and economy of gasoline, oil and tires is the Essex to be compared to cars in the moderate price field. From there on it is comparable only to cars selling for a great deal more than its price and that cost considerably more to operate.

More Than You Will Ever Want

Is it any wonder that motorists have praised the Essex as they have? Their admiration has been excited by no other interest than the way in which the car fills their motoring wants. The Essex has given them what they want in automobile transportation. It meets their demands as a fine car. It gives the Essex owner the same place at the front of the procession that has heretofore been the exclusive right of larger, costlier cars. This the Essex does without advancing operating costs.

The reason the Essex has shown such endurance is because of the character of its construction. It has more power than is required to propel the car. It meets any hill climbing contingency. It has a sturdiness of construction that withstands hard usage. Squeaks and rattles do not soon develop and thus repairs are kept at a minimum.

It is this surplus quality beyond any need you will ever have for it that accounts for Essex satisfaction. It accounts for all you have heard said in praise of the Essex.

So Make Sure You Can Get An Essex

Every Essex delivered has resulted in an increased demand. Purchases exceeding $35,000,000 were made within eleven months. At this writing 22,000 owners are adding to the demand that is rolling up for spring deliveries.

Dealers are booking orders.

It is the only sure way of getting an Essex when you want it. If your motor demand lies in the light weight, moderate price field, then the Essex must be your choice.

Remember it is a car without the performance limitations with which you may have regarded cars in its price field.

Accept it as a satisfactory contender in any performance or riding quality you have already learned in the high price field.

This latest proof will decide thousands who have waited for just such evidence that the Essex is as good as people have said it is.

94 Hours 22 Minutes Driving Time

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

ON TO THE NEXT

(Continued from Page 13)

"Don't drain our market," pleaded George, at last relinquishing his meat. The words sounded sarcastic, but, of course, poor George was incapable of that.

"I was just thinking of an exchange of prisoners," smiled Percy, winking over at Paul as much as to say that George was a good soul but uninspired.

The time sped. Percy was a wonderful story-teller, with innumerable anecdotes of society in Boston, San Francisco, New Orleans and several of the New York clubs from which Paul had been dropped long since for nonpayment of dues. George remained grim, unnoticed but persistent. Paul, as carried away as Christine, wished that the dull member of the party would go away and leave them to their merriment.

At last Percy looked at his wrist watch. "Three-fifteen! And I have to be down at Nassau Street by four-thirty."

"Fifteen minutes by subway," grunted the neglected George.

"No, sir! I've stuck to my car all the way from Louisville and I don't desert her now. I hope this isn't going to be my last chance to see you all ——"

"You all" apparently meant Christine.

"I'm going out to Pelham to-night," was George's first cordial remark since his brother's arrival. "Why don't you all have dinner with me? Percy can take you out in his car."

"I haven't a rag with me—except what I've got on," confessed the rich man from Louisville.

"Don't dress," snapped George, rising to signify that the meal was at an end.

Outside, waiting against the curb, stood a splendid English touring car, its silvered hood shining brightly as though the dust of travel had never dimmed its finish. A mulatto chauffeur, perfectly uniformed, saluted and opened the door.

"Can't I drop you somewhere?" asked Percy.

"We're going to the Chatham." Christine accepted with her usual quickness in such matters.

"Live there?"

"No. But we're having tea there a little later and—it will be quite convenient for us."

"Come on, George," called out Percy to his brother, who had given his hat a surly tip and was moving away.

"No, thanks. I'll walk to the station."

Percy's kingly equipage rolled velvet-tired as far as the Chatham, where the Tallants had no business save to conceal their humble lodgings in the lower Thirties.

"So good of you!" Christine thanked him as soon as Percy had helped her out.

"I'll pick you up at a quarter of six, if it's not too early," said their temporary host.

"Oh, any time," she smiled adorably, letting him keep her hand as long as conventions allow or, as Browning would say, "just a little longer."

And as soon as he was well out of the way the Tallants sat themselves upon an Elizabethan bench in the foyer and talked it over.

"He's much younger than George," said he.

"About forty," said she.

"He's a great improvement," said he.

"There's no comparison," said she.

"George won't stand for much of this," said he.

"Who cares?" said she.

"Percy must have had a lot of fuss made over him," said he, "and a rich bachelor isn't easy to catch when he's round forty."

"What do you know about it?" asked she.

And they sank back into the bored silence which marked the twilight of their matrimonial day.

II

THE dinner at George's comfortable, tastelessly furnished Pelham house had been a good one. George, who seemed resolved early in the evening to make the best of the situation, was clammily cheerful. He even indulged in ancient and ponderous jokes now and then; but whether his quips were stale or fresh mattered little to the Tallants, for he had shrunk to the place of a minor character in their drama.

His daughter, Miss Virginia Eustone, who was seventeen, was awkward and chisel-faced like her father. After dinner she invited herself to the piano and gave her repertoire of tinkling compositions, which would have been a trial to Christine's nerves had they not served the very useful purpose of throwing a noise barrage across Mrs. Tallant's tête-à-tête with Mr. Percy Eustone.

Paul and George sat in a far corner of the room boring themselves to extinction under a cloud of fine tobacco smoke. Percy and Christine occupied a window ledge a discreet distance from the tinkling piano; the plain Miss Eustone's eyes were set dutifully upon the sheet music, permitting the tête-à-tête to have its way.

"I was in a wild sort of mood when I left Louisville," he was telling her, having seemed from the first possessed to unburden his heart to her.

"Tell me about it," she begged, giving him one of those looks which novelists describe as "understanding."

"It seems queer," he mused. "I'm not usually like this ——"

"Like what?" she asked above Virginia's tinny arpeggios.

"A loose talker. I've done my bit in the world by keeping my mouth shut. But there's something about you ——"

"About me?"

Methods so direct and simple she could not bring herself to associate with so worldly a figure. Probably he was easier than she had predicted.

"I think I must be overworked," he went on rapidly; and though his well-cut mouth and face seemed far from haggard she remembered how the cares of a big business often break even the strongest man.

"And you're having a rest?"

This seemed inadequate enough, for she was aware of his burning gaze, which never left her face. Could the same mother have borne this romantic singer and that dull clod who sat across the room discussing Latin America in the terms of traction plows?

"It's the way I work," he said with a gentle smile. "I can't make it the dray-horse job that George does. He doesn't believe in my method."

"What is your method?"

"Do the thing you have to do, but realize when the job's over. Then play, play until the cobwebs are burnt out of your brain. George thinks a successful man ought to be a cross between a carrier and a night watchman. That's where we disagree."

She returned his gaze just long enough to fascinate him.

"What do you think of me?" he asked, leaning a little closer.

"Will you call me impertinent if I tell you?"

"Nothing you tell me will be impertinent."

"I—I think you're remarkably unspoiled."

"I'm going to remember that," he assured her earnestly, and leaned still closer.

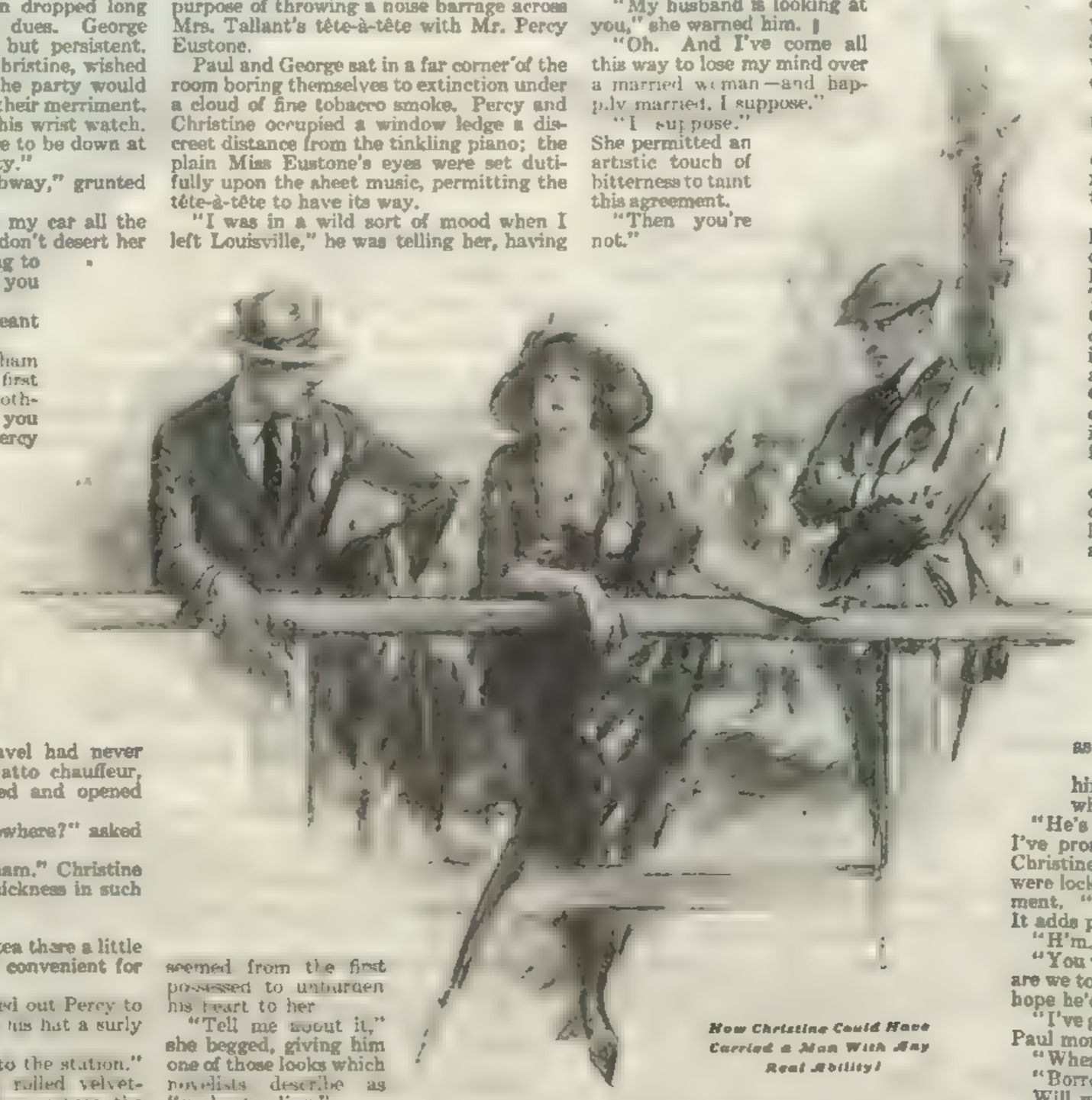
"My husband is looking at you," she warned him.

"Oh. And I've come all this way to lose my mind over a married woman—and happily married, I suppose."

"I suppose."

She permitted an artistic touch of bitterness to taint this agreement.

"Then you're not."



How Christine Could Have Carried a Man With Any Real Ability!

"I'm not going to give you a chance to laugh at me, Mr. Eustone."

"I'm nearer to crying, my dear. I can't say what's come over me. But the instant I saw you in Florio's—you don't think it was George that brought me over to your table?"

"He's your brother."

"Oh, yes. And we've always been a great family to stick together." Then with one of his lightning turns in the dialogue: "Why do you only suppose you are happy with your husband?"

"I don't know how to write a novel, Mr. Eustone; and it would take one to tell it."

Virginia Eustone's tantalizing tinkle rose to a crash and stopped suddenly.

"Delightful!" cried Christine, bringing her hands together. "Please don't stop!"

"I'm out of practice," declared Virginia, saying what was quite unnecessary.

However, she turned a half dozen pages on the rack and was at it again, wilder, merrier, madder than before. Percy's voice became more matter of fact:

"I wish I could interest your husband in business down our way."

"I think you might," she informed him quite truthfully.

"Look here!" he roared above the storm of keys, his fine eyes flashing with a new inspiration. "What's the matter with my showing you Louisville right? Could you come?"

"I think so. When?"

"Derby Day falls on May tenth. If you haven't seen it you haven't seen a marvel. Come and be my guest. We'll have to include George—I've asked him already. But that needn't discourage you."

Christine thought swiftly. There would be the matter of railroad fares both ways. But who reckons ammunition when big game is in sight?

"I'm not sure my husband can get away," she demurred.

"Pshaw! All business is suspended when the ponies begin to run. I'll convince him. I'll put you up at the house and I hope I can tease you into making it a long visit. That's what we like in the South. And maybe your husband will decide to look over some of our business propositions."

"Why don't you ask him?" she urged.

The slamming at the piano ceased again, and Percy crossed the room to where the bored conversation was dying by inches.

Paul demurred when Percy delivered his invitation, but a long-distance glance from Christine gave him the cue. So it was all arranged. They were to leave New York with George on the following Thursday—strange how well George took it! He was even a little enthusiastic, though his attitude toward Christine as he said good night and escorted her to Percy's car plainly indicated that he had resigned in favor of his more brilliant brother.

All the way into town the financier from the South continued to charm. His very presence seemed to lend warmth to the assurance of his ability. What though he had made rather ardent love to a married woman almost on first acquaintance? Genius is not responsible for its moods, and Percy was just as much a man of genius as though he dealt in music or colors.

"What luck!" thought Christine as they shook hands for the night.

"Is she going to fall in love with him?" thought Paul, feeling a pain which he could not understand.

"He's leaving to-morrow afternoon and I've promised to have lunch with him," Christine told her husband as soon as they were locked away in their silly little apartment. "You're not supposed to know it. It adds piquancy to have it that way."

"H'm."

"You won't be cross, old dear! But how are we to pay our way to Louisville? I did hope he'd stay and take us in his car."

"I've got a hundred and fifty," admitted Paul more cheerfully.

"Where in the world did you raise it?"

"Borrowed it from George last night."

Will wonders never cease? Apparently not. It was all settled that they should go to Louisville, but on the afternoon of Thursday, when they were closing their flat for the south-bound train, they met the postman coming up the stairs and took from him a substantial envelope addressed in a conventional feminine hand to Mrs. Paul Tallant. Christine opened it and her little chin fell as she read.

"Of — all — the — impertinence!" she shrilled, handing the sheet to Paul and giving him a chance to translate the slanting characters under a handsomely engraved monogram.

"*My dear Mrs. Tallant*. My husband tells me you are interested in horses and might like to be here during Derby Week. We should be so charmed to have you with us and to show you our little corner of Louisville. I so hope you will decide to come, and you must come to us if you do! Just wire us when you are leaving and we can have a car to meet you at the station.

"Very sincerely yours,

"ANNA LEA EUSTONE."

"Anna Lea Eustone," repeated Paul dully, then grinned. "So the wife has turned up!"

"He never even hinted at her," moaned Christine.

"Probably there are a lot of things he didn't even hint at. 'Our little corner of Louisville!' I'll bet George's brother is a four-flusher all round. I'll bet he lives in

(Continued on Page 103)

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Ladies' gloves of rare beauty

THE most exacting demands in correct style, perfect fit and real beauty of craftsmanship are those in ladies' dress gloves. It is here that the time-honored principles of Grinnell glove making best demonstrate their value. To be worthy of the name "Grinnell," ladies' gloves must be graceful, perfect-fitting, charming in appearance, and durable to the last degree.

When you choose Grinnell Gloves the name "Grinnell" alone is your lasting guaranty of full value in style, fit and wear—whatever be the function for which the special glove is intended.

There are sixty-four years of character-building back of every Grinnell Glove—long years of faithful insistence upon every little detail that makes up quality—absolute adherence to principles of workmanship and practices in marketing which create and cement good will.

The Grinnell trade-mark is a guarantee of quality—the honor mark of good gloves. See that it is on the gloves you buy. Styles shown here are only suggestions of the 900 styles of Grinnell Gloves, for men, women and children—every one made to the exacting Grinnell quality standard.

MORRISON-RICKER MFG. COMPANY
(Established 1856)
25 Broad Street, Grinnell, Iowa, U. S. A.

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The Grinnell Glove Booklet mailed to you on request. Select the Grinnell Gloves you want; if your dealer hasn't them, he will gladly order a pair for your inspection.

Grinnell

Silks—Fancy Cuffs

Chamois Mousquetaire

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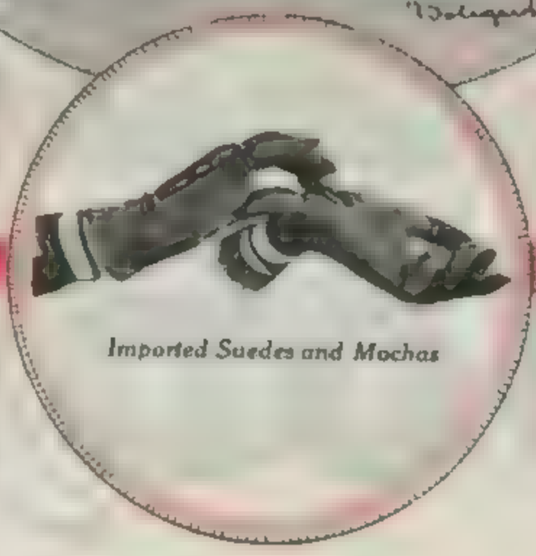

Imported Suedes and Mochas

French Kid—Hand Embroidered

Large photograph: Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tire after nearly a year of hard service for Indiana Oxygen Company, Indianapolis. Inserts Goodyear-Cord-equipped truck of this company unloading cylinders in foundry yard

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

Haul On Pneumatics –Save Trucks, Loads, Roads

"WE make more deliveries and cover more ground on Goodyear Cord Tires than we ever could on solid tires—repairs are far less and our driver works better on them. We find Goodyear Cords tough and altogether economical."—W. L. Brant, Sec'y and Treas., Indiana Oxygen Co., Indianapolis

STATEMENTS like this one strikingly illustrate how perfected pneumatic truck tires are increasing the range and value of motor transportation.

In removing the limitations imposed by solid tires, the pneumatics have set free the full abilities of motor trucks to serve with utmost result.

Due to the Goodyear Cord construction, originated by Goodyear thirteen years ago, the pneumatic truck tire has been made entirely practical and brought to its present high efficiency.

For it is this construction which underlies every element of advantage in the advanced pneumatic truck tire; its traction, cushioning, toughness, nimbleness and all-round economy.

Today Goodyear's pioneering work is expressed not only by the production for trucks of Goodyear Cord Tires, Tubes, Rims and Repair Materials, but also by its contribution to the development of proper engine pumps, wheels, air gauges and vulcanizing equipment.

This work is expressed also in the telling demonstrations of pneumatic truck tires by Goodyear's Akron-to-Boston Express, Akron-to-Cleveland Freight Line, Goodyear Heights Bus Service and allied activities in different fields.

Conclusive cost data detailing the economy of pneumatic truck tires, as compared with solid tires, can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, at Akron, Ohio.

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 98

some forty-dollar flat and comes to New York to make a splash."

"Yes," objected Christine; "but where did he get that splendid car and the chauffeur and the wine?"

"Almost anybody can be a prince for a week," grunted Paul.

"Shall we wire we can't come?" suggested Christine.

"It's too late now," said Paul. "Come on. George will be waiting for us."

And as they began their morose progress through the sloppy streets their silence was broken by a grunt from Paul.

"Four-flusher!"

"You do hate a four-flusher, don't you?" said his wife ever so sweetly.

III

GEORGE EUSTONE had remained mum on the subject of his interesting brother all the way from the Atlantic seaboard to the Middle West. He had in fact retreated again into his clamshell—or, to be more exact, it was another, pleasanter shell which he had put on, but quite as impervious as his regular protection. He was actually chatty, in a distant way, entertaining perfect strangers politely with landscapes whirling by outside the dusty windows. He confined himself mostly to the economics of industry, picking out every factory in the passing landscape as his conversation mounted to the impassioned heights of comparative statistics.

It became plainer and plainer to Paul that George was no longer on their list of benefactors. The Tallants' obvious preference for Percy Eustone had addled the hard-boiled egg, to use an impossible simile. Paul grew more and more uncertain as their trip progressed southward. Quite apparently his Argentinian chances were gone—for what? A showy person who was, in all probability, the thing which Paul abhorred, a four-flusher.

Their arrival at Louisville on time—which is to say forty-five minutes late—brought a certain reassurance, for among the first objects to meet their gaze was Percy, conspicuously outstanding in a pin-check suit with a small orchid in the lapel. He greeted them equally as old and true friends, and gave to Christine that never-disregarded look which signifies, "I have been misunderstood until now."

The same smart chauffeur who had saluted them at Florio's door was there to help with their bags. The car which awaited them was not the same steel-hooded monster they had enjoyed in New York, but it was quite impressive and gave circumstantial evidence that the Louisville Eustones maintained an extensive garage.

So far so good. The Tallants, who had been struggling with their depression during the tiresome trip, became at once vivacious.

"I'll drive," explained the magnificent Eustone to his chauffeur. "Bring out the bags in the little car."

"Please let me bring the small one with me," pleaded Christine.

"Nothing of yours would ever be in the way," remarked Percy with a fine play of his dark eyes. "Beauty never is, you know."

"All my beauty's in that precious little bag," she told him.

"If that's the case do let me carry it."

So that was settled. They abandoned George and Paul to the capacious tonneau while Christine took her seat beside the owner and watched him master the complicated machinery; it wasn't so good a car as the one he had in New York, she concluded. But with what an air he drove it! A pity he was married! There was always something in the way of perfection. And what a shame that George, a free man whom she might have married by prearrangement with Paul, had none of the feeling for luxury and the beauty of things which belonged so conspicuously to the more gifted brother!

"Cold?" he asked her, as soon as they had passed out of the ruck of traffic and were whirling by rows of ornamental brick houses and lawns raised from the street by red-stone copings.

"No," she responded shortly, and returned his look of admiration.

"I'm glad of that," he said significantly, though his eyes were now fixed upon the pave ahead of him.

What did he mean by that?

"I hope you're going to like Louisville," he went on. "We won't let you go until you love us."

"I love you already," she agreed; then added hastily: "One grows so tired of New York. I'm always coaxing Paul to give up his business there and take me somewhere where life is more—more real."

"We'll have to talk to Paul."

His tone did her heart good. George now eliminated and Paul's divorce program a wreck, she had made up her mind not to leave this town until Percy Eustone had used his wide commercial influence in their behalf.

They whirled exhilaratingly past the burgeoning trees of Cherokee Park and among the winding roads of a fashionable countryside. They stopped at last before the iron-grilled veranda of a gray-stone house whose long French windows, Gothic doors and mansard top proclaimed the taste of sixty years ago. The light of an open fire flowed pleasantly through rich curtains. A handsome negro in livery swung wide the formal door and bowed them in. Christine having made up her mind to Mrs. Percy Eustone was somewhat disappointed at her nonappearance.

"I'll rout out Anna Lea," said Percy, his background now lending him a new dignity. "Amanda, show Mr. and Mrs. Tallant to their room. We'll have tea or something at four-thirty."

It was not until they had locked themselves away in the broad high bedroom with its onyx-pillared Empire bureaus, gay chintzes and great mahogany bed with posts like the Pillars of Hercules that the confused adventurers spoke their minds.

"What do you think of your four-flusher now?" asked Christine, who was unpacking her small bag.

Paul standing at the window and gazing out through the draperies was calculating out loud.

"Forty acres of improved woodland, I should say. A rose garden with about eight colored gardeners—I'm wrong, there are nine. You can just see the garage over the hill. I suppose there are two or three of those English cars besides the American one we came out in and the flivver bringing the baggage. I wonder why George never mentioned his brother all the time we've known him?"

"Jealous, I suppose," said Christine, who was taking shirt waists out of her bag. "George is a selfish old bear."

Christine had no time for selfish people. They interfered with her plans.

"Percy Eustone's not selfish," she resumed dreamily. "I think he'll get you a job before I'm through with him."

"He's got to," replied Paul less cheerily. "After the way we've behaved George wouldn't send me on any foreign mission—not even to Newark."

"Oh, hang George!" she sniffed.

They had scarcely set foot upon the Aubusson carpet of a large sitting room, from whose walls ancestral portraits frowned or smirked according to the life story of the original, when a nervous neat-figured little woman who had been sitting by the fire talking to George Eustone came forward and gave them one of those difficult smiles which are worn by women who have suffered too much or worked too much and are yet determined to show their best face to the world. Her skin, which was brown as if from constant exposure to the sun, wrinkled crapelike with the effort of cordiality. The V of her gown showed the leathery surface of sunburn which outdoor women must forever wear as penalty for their healthful tastes. Her gray eyes looked ridiculously pale and faded against the dark coloring of her face; her hair, which she wore fashionably close to her head, was pale and faded like her eyes.

In that flash of greeting Christine knew Mrs. Eustone to be a year or two older than her fascinating husband, and infinitely different from him in taste and character. How comfortable and well-mated she had looked beside old George!

"Mrs. Tallant," she was saying, "how do you do? And Mr. Tallant. So glad you could come. Your bags have got here safely from the station, I hope. Won't you sit by the fire? It's really chilly for this time of year. And will you have tea?"

"Tea?" broke in her husband, who had just come in, his face aglow as he wiped his hands on his handkerchief. "People don't come to Louisville Derby Week to drink tea. Leave it to me, Anna Lea."

Apparently she had already left it to him, for a silver tray laden with glasses and an enormous spouted shaker came marching in between the brown thumbs of the butler.

"It really rests one after a journey," conceded Mrs. Eustone. "You'll have one too, won't you, George?"

"I'll take tea, thank you," was the solemn Eustone's mirthless reply.

Anna Lea Eustone took tea also, leaving a party of three to make merry within reach of the generous shaker. Christine sipped at her cocktail with the uneasy feeling one enjoys under the cool supervision of determined temperance. And yet there was nothing really determined about Anna Lea Eustone. She drank tea with George and gave herself to the conversation with a nice amiability. Undoubtedly, thought Christine, she had been very pretty a few years ago. Probably she had dropped her golf, her tennis, her riding and permitted herself to get old. Christine was glad now that she had always been an artificial woman, hadn't grown scrawny and leathery in a mistaken search for health. After all, Mrs. Eustone wasn't so much older than Christine. This was a disagreeable thought.

Paul Tallant was not so careless as to neglect his hostess. Presently he moved over to George's relinquished chair and did his best to find what manner of woman this was who had, mercy by the accident of marriage, interrupted his original matrimonial plans. He found her adroit, not without humor, and full of anecdotes of the famous race course which was to be the scene of to-morrow's drama.

"The horse is your religion down here, they tell me," he suggested, after racking his brain for anecdotes of an Eastern track where he had squandered other people's money in youth's heyday.

"It's picturesque and it's exciting," she said, her tired face growing melancholy. "But I wonder if we'll admit the harm it's done."

"Life without joy, Mrs. Eustone——"

"I know," she broke in with some impatience. "What to do with our spare time is a question, isn't it? Congress has tried to legislate drinking out of the world. Any fool can make a law, but only God can enforce some of them. We can't spend all our evenings reading books and going to plays—especially the sort of plays they offer us nowadays. We can't play innocently like children, can we? Him. Have you been much in the South, Mr. Tallant?"

"I was in New Orleans during the Mardi gras five years ago," said Paul.

"Oh, that's the real South. We've grown very Middle Western. You'll be amazed at our enterprise. My husband tells me you're considering some business down here."

A thrill of hope. Unless Percy had taken the Tallants seriously he would not have discussed their business prospects with his wife. It warmed Paul's heart to hear this none too enthusiastic little woman going on as if the Tallants were already accepted, prosperous and popular in this town which he was now only too eager to adopt.

They found their larger bags waiting and open for them when they went up to dress. Christine seemed to feel the same excitement as that which now thrilled in her husband's long-discouraged bosom. But they were abstracted, silent and hectic during the hour in which they made an elaborate toilet.

"Mrs. Eustone seems to be a nice sort," said he once, talking to himself.

"Does she?" asked Christine, evidently thinking of something else.

Downstairs many dinner jackets beside bare shoulders proclaimed that the party was there before the guests of honor. One gentleman arrived late, giving the air of having done so deliberately and as a concession to his own dignity. He was in full panoply of evening attire, even to white gloves and a snowy waistcoat whose concave lines suggested that he wore corsets. The ladies, being Kentuckians, were above the average in beauty and vivacity. Percy's silver shaker with the generous spout was chuckling merrily as the Tallants were introduced all round. The gentleman in the white waistcoat was apparently a person of outstanding importance; Christine guessed this almost upon entering the room.

"Who is he?" she asked of Percy, who was again her attentive adorer.

"Aubrey Gantz, of St. Louis. Of course you know."

"Of course."

Everybody, even in so remote a section as New York, knew of the Gantzes of St. Louis. Christine had gone to school with a Miss Gantz of St. Louis.

"He's a foxy business man in spite of his reputation as a good sport," her host took the trouble to inform her. "He saw prohibition a year ahead, and turned his breweries into soft-drink works. Richer than ever. Poor old Aub's crazy to be a race-track king, but as a horseman he's a joke. He's got a horse in the Derby—everybody knows it's a flivver except Aubrey."

"I went to school with his daughter."

"Niece, my dear," corrected Percy. "No wedding bells for Aubrey. He's generous to the whole world, but when it comes to a pinch he's looking out for Aubrey."

Upon this obviously admiring view of Aubrey's matrimonial sagacity Percy led his adorable guest in to dinner. She occupied a chair at his right, and at her right sat the important Mr. Gantz. She was overwhelmed with riches. It was her obvious duty both to society and to her own and Paul's advancement to score heavily upon the magnificent Mr. Eustone. But the more magnificent Mr. Gantz had apparently made up his stubborn mind to be agreeable to Mrs. Tallant and to nobody else. Always courteous and never obtrusive, he managed to give her the feeling that he was constantly nudging her elbow for attention. He had a pigface face, but his eyes were kind and intelligent; rather pathetic eyes, such as you often see in the head of a practical man who has conquered more of the world than he knows what to do with.

"Have you any horses in the meet?" asked Christine innocently of the soft-drink king.

"Only one this year," he replied somewhat disparagingly. "Running in the Derby."

"Which is it?" she asked, hating herself because she had not read up on horses.

"Prince Granite," he told her as one who repeats the unnecessary.

"Oh!" She tried to put admiration into her voice. "You own that splendid horse?"

"You know what I mean when I say Derby?" he asked, obviously recognizing her ignorance.

"Why, that's the spring racing down here."

"Not strictly speaking. The Derby is the classic race on the opening day."

"How stupid of me! I used to go to the Grand Prix in France. But I've forgotten everything."

"We'll have to take Mrs. Tallant under our wings, won't we, Eustone?" challenged the very rich man, winking good-naturedly at Percy.

"Oh, trust us to show her!" replied Percy.

"How many horses have you in the Derby, Mr. Eustone?" asked Christine, and could have bitten her tongue for the question.

Just the turn of an eyelash admitted Percy's chagrin, but his face was otherwise unchanged as he replied, "Oh, I'm out of the game this year."

"You're wise, my boy," grinned Mr. Gantz. Then, beaming upon Christine: "I think, Mrs. Tallant, that you would learn to like horses."

His tone implied that she need only select a dozen out of his stables and they were hers. She had heard wealthy gentlemen use that tone before, in the days, unfortunately past, when the Tallants were asked offhand for indefinite cruises on other people's yachts. Percy, however, was showing signs of uneasiness at Christine's neglect. Therefore she rendered him her undivided attention; for what sane investor will abandon a well-paying coal mine to seek some mythical valley of diamonds round the mountain?

Percy Eustone's charming conversation held her for the rest of the dinner. It was plain to be seen that he was falling in love with her with all the whole-heartedness and twice the lure of his brother George, who sat at the other end of the table doing his gloomy best to amuse the withered Anna Lea. The luxurious atmosphere brought to Christine a keenly wistful pleasure. Innumerable dusky servants stepping tiger-footed over deep-piled rugs, crystal chandeliers hanging like marvelous stalactites from quartered ceilings, silver service plates on fine linen—these were but a part of the background she needed, just as Paul had told her.

This human money bag from St. Louis, so restlessly craving her attention on her right—he would be only a makeshift after all, she reflected. Only a chronically selfish

(Continued on Page 105)

The Tailormaid

REGAL SHOES

A woman's walking shoe conforming exquisitely in style and lines to her tailored costume.

The Regal Tailormaid, a Craft Oxford in genuine dark Russia calfskin (now so difficult to secure), the vamp, quarter and tip carefully patterned, military heel one and a half inches high.

A splendid example of the Regal policy that is doing so much to produce sound shoe values in the face of high leather prices.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities
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Guards the Health and Comfort of the Home

The Round Oak Moistair Heating System—symbolized by the Round Oak Indian—is now well and favorably known in more than eighty thousand representative homes.

In these homes it is year after year delivering the fine kind of heating service that only a scientifically designed and scrupulously made system can give.

Today it bears the impress of superior workmanship and manufacture as plainly as did its original Round Oak predecessors of generations ago.

Without failure, without waste, against the coldest winter weather, its pure, warm, circulating and automatically moistened air preserves the health and comfort of the home.

People buy the Round Oak Moistair Heating System seldom on the basis of price alone, for its true value is measurable only in service.

The little more it costs invariably is paid back over and over again with interest by the efficient and economical manner in which it performs.

The Beckwith Company, Dowagiac, Michigan

"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK

MOISTAIR HEATING SYSTEM

Throughout the United States and Canada just one good store in each locality handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features: Round Oak 3-fuel Combination Range; Round Oak copper-fused boiler-iron Chief Range; Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range—patented gas-tight joints; Original Round Oak Heating Stoves; Round Oak Pipeless Furnace—clamped; Round Oak Moistair Heating System. A request to us brings complete information concerning any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million.

(Continued from Page 102)

man in his circumstances could have remained a bachelor so long. She knew his type. He would entertain the Tallants for a week, flirt becomingly, tire of the expense and turn them out again upon the cold world. No, she must stick to Percy and do her best to use her influence in Paul's behalf.

After dinner they played bridge. Christine began the game opposite Aubrey Gantz, and played against Mrs. Eustone and a very pleasant Mr. Crockett. At the close of the gambling—it then being about one o'clock—Christine sought out her husband and said in the offhand voice one uses before witnesses upon such occasions, "Thirty-five dollars, old dear."

"You're economizing to-night," he laughed with a lightness that did credit to his nerve as he counted out her requisition from a handsome roll.

When they had locked the door of their room for the night Christine spoke in genuine contrition.

"I'm sorry, Pobby."

"For what?" Evidently he was thinking of something else.

"That thirty-five I lost."

"We should grieve," he grinned, and plunging into his pocket he pulled out bill after bill, which he threw on the bed like so many wilted lettuce leaves.

"Even now I'm eighty-four dollars ahead," he was so good as to explain.

"Who lost it?" she asked.

"Percy Eustone mostly."

"Oh, well, he can afford it."

As soon as the lights were out Paul was heard to say between yawns: "Do you know how that fellow Gantz came down from St. Louis?"

"Fly?"

"He's got a seagoing limousine that's built like a royal barge. Everything in it but an elevator. Told me all about it. He's so rich it makes me sick."

"We're visiting Percy, you must remember," she told him with significant irrelevancy.

"That's true. And Percy's doing himself proud. He's giving a Derby Day breakfast to-morrow morning; a hundred places. In our honor. Can you beat it?"

Christine, quite unable to accept the challenge, turned in the luxurious bed and fell asleep.

IV

THE Derby Day breakfast, which Paul had so casually mentioned the night before, turned out to be an affair in keeping with the grand scale on which the Eustones seemed to do everything. Paul having dressed at leisure after coffee in his room came down about noon, to find the great hall and dining room downstairs converted into a restaurant. Double doors had been thrown open, innumerable small tables had been brought in; a huge sideboard, ornate with Kentucky hams, chafing dishes, joints on silver platters, promised an unstinted hospitality. A long table, adorned with two gigantic bowls and innumerable glasses, stood conspicuous in the hall, where a little negro whose primate head and long arms gave him the appearance of an ape in livery fussed hysterically with his white gloves.

Percy Eustone met Paul at the foot of the stairs. His suit, of a pronounced plaid, spoke picturesquely of the turf.

"If you'll pardon my saying so," remarked Paul, "this Derby breakfast looks pretty wet to me."

"Wet!" shouted Percy with one of his agreeable laughs. "Do you realize that this is to be the last wet Derby ever run? Wet? We're saying farewell to something to-day, old boy. Do you know that my family has been giving parties like this, preparing for the horses on good liquor, for a hundred and fifty years? Forty-five years ago to-day my grandfather gave the first Derby Day breakfast in this room, that started —— Oh, well, we'll say nothing of the dead. Come on, Samson's been mixing the stuff. There's just time ——"

In one of the bowls on the long table they found an amber sea wherein floated a symmetrical iceberg. Samson ladled two glasses full to the brim and presented them, with an obeisance.

"Here's hoping everybody wins!" declared Percy, presenting his glass.

"Here's hoping!" agreed Paul.

This hospitality was truly Georgian, hinting at periwigs, buckled shoes and elderly dandies punishing bottles of port and boasting goutily of their duels. Paul hated punch, especially in the morning, but he made the best of it at a gulp.

His smile broadened. It was a dry Martini cocktail!

"You don't mean to say you mix 'em in a punch bowl!" he marveled.

"It's the last wet Derby!" said the host recklessly.

Enlargement of the topic near his heart was cut short by the entrance of a baker's dozen of laughing, smartly dressed people whom Percy greeted effusively, even to the point of kissing two of the ladies and being told that he smelt of liquor and was unfair to keep it all to himself. Paul was introduced all round, and the apelike Samson was again dipping into the amber sea when Mrs. Eustone came in, to be kissed and handshaken. A moment later Paul saw Christine chatting merrily beside the generous bowl. Everybody seemed to like her.

A constant throng was now pouring through the wide doors into the reception room. Aubrey Gantz, looking every inch the millionaire turfman, was among the last to arrive. He never deviated from his course but made for the group where Christine stood centered in admiration.

As soon as people began taking their seats round the tables in the improvised restaurant old Aubrey said to Percy, "Why shouldn't we make it a foursome?"

By this he referred to Mrs. Tallant and Mr. Eustone and a Miss Ballanger, who was making herself entertaining to Percy and was able to give him a horse for a horse in their eminently sporting dialogue.

Paul saw all this and allowed himself to be taken in hand by Mrs. Eustone, who chose two elderly people of great local importance, led them to a table and saw to it that their plates and their glasses should be well filled. Anna Lea bored Paul extremely but he felt already on what side his cake was to be frosted. Therefore he set himself to making himself agreeable to the sedately influential people among whom—so he hoped—his lot was to be cast. He encouraged the vacuous biographical chatter of the pretty oldish lady on his right. She was a Mrs. Barncastle, and proved to be a human index to Louisville society. Some day, Paul hoped, what he learned might be useful.

The party seemed to flame from table to table with a furious gayety. The Horse was toasted, and after him Beauty; in the clinking of the latter toast Paul could see Aubrey Gantz and Percy Eustone crooking elbows in friendly rivalry over Christine.

"We'll have a heavy track again," said some expert behind them.

"Just wait till the country's all dry," commented another. "Well, here's to rain water!"

A few of the breakfasters with business apparently at the earlier and more unimportant events made nasty adieus and went hurrying away to the reckless pace of the last wet Derby. It was nearing three when the party broke up, as suddenly as it had begun. Christine, surrounded by admirers, departed with Percy toward the roaring motors outside.

"You'll go with me in my electric, won't you, Mr. Tallant?" asked Mrs. Eustone, who had lingered until the room was well cleared.

"So good of you," said Paul, and hoped she wouldn't prove too much of a bore.

Her electric had to be brought from a distance, it seemed, by a colored boy. This delay put them far behind the party. Once under way the electric moved with the dignified speed of its kind. Paul felt a certain sense of relief, for he was in no position financially to go early to the downs and bet extravagantly.

They were rolling deliberately along a smooth highway when the lady beside him said: "We'll go a little out of our way, past the Falls Hills Club. I left a fur coat there and I think I shall need it. Would you mind stopping out and asking the maid?"

The Falls Hills clubhouse was practically deserted; therefore the stranger had got well inside before a sleepy attendant met him with an inquiring look. He mentioned Mrs. Eustone's coat, and in the moment of waiting he lingered idly by the bulletin board, where names were posted for nonpayment of dues and house charges. The list attracted the morbid curiosity of a man who had seen his name too often on such a card. There were about twenty delinquents, and half of them had been scratched out with a lead pencil.

"Percy J. Eustone."

The name, plainly typewritten, stood out conspicuously.

"Percy J. Eustone," Paul read again.

"Yessir."

His attention was diverted by the man standing at his elbow holding out a fur-lined coat. Percy J. Eustone's guest took it and returned to the waiting electric.

V

PAUL and Mrs. Eustone went through the wicket at Churchill Downs considerably late for sportsmen. The fourth race impended. The band was braying one of those exciting trombone rhapsodies peculiar to the turf and the circus ring. The clerk of the scales having weighed in several eminent jockeys was just leaving the paddock for the judge's stand; round the two-dollar betting machines a mob scene was being enacted, to the small concern of the sellers, who automatically exchanged tickets for currency in the long neat money boxes. A fat Chinaman, obviously contented with the rules of a sport which had more than paid his fare all the way from Juarez round the circuit, strolled leisurely by. A tall young criminal was abusing a painted lady—who might have been his grandmother—because she refused him two dollars as a safe investment in a sure thing. A boy was bawling, "Gitcha fishal program!"

Paul followed the last advice and got himself two.

"Mrs. Eustone," Tallant shouted through the din, "are you going to start me off with a tip?"

"The horse to win, you mean?"

"I'm a little rusty. I'm sure you might pick me a winner. Name your favorite."

"Nobody," she informed him.

"That horse never won a race."

"No; and never lost one," she said in a peculiar tone.

The red-coated leader on a calico horse was marshaling his party-colored cavalry up to the starting post just as the newcomers passed the gate into the clubhouse lawn. Against the rail they could see Christine's pretty figure leaning between the broad shoulders of Percy Eustone and Aubrey Gantz. She had borrowed a pair of field glasses from the latter and was scanning the deer-legged thoroughbreds sidling and prancing at the start.

The inclosure in front of the jockey club was brilliant with fashionable gowns and the faces of pretty women who gave quick glances and laughed the sweet drawling laugh of the South. Racing music seemed to infect the human thoroughbred as wildly as it did his darling, the horse. The carnival spirit of Derby Day was in the air and Paul Tallant made note of all the gathered aristocracy and was comforted to be rubbing so many wealthy elbows. He recognized many illustrious New Yorkers who had known him in the days before they grew to know him too well.

"Anna Lea, you're late!" sang out Percy. "I hope you had time to place your bets."

"No," she said it coldly. "And you hadn't either, I hope."

"Trust me!" he cried jocularly, and showed her a handful of little cards. "I've got him Heffering—two hundred on the nose."

She merely looked at him and smiled. Paul wondered just what that smile meant. He wondered if she had married him for his money, and just how much she had to stand.

"Pobby," drawled Christine, at last observing him, "give Mr. Gantz twenty dollars. He lent it to me to pay on—what's the name of that old horse?"

The barricade went up at that instant. The party-colored group at the starting post plunged forward, drowning ordinary words in the rough deep cheer. The new arrival had scarcely time to identify one famous horse from another, but on the official program he found mention of Omond, Jim Heffering, Hanovia, Drastic. All in a confused leg-swinging group they bunched together to the turn, then began to string out like football players after an enemy goal.

Paul, still beside Mrs. Eustone, was about to ask more questions when his mind was diverted from the main drama by the behavior of the wealthy Mr. Gantz, who had quit the rail abruptly and gone swinging away toward the clubhouse gate. The expression on his heavy face was thoughtful and, so it seemed in that flash, embarrassed. A little man in a sweater was leading him away.

"What's happened to him?" asked the stranger in Louisville.

"Horses," replied Mrs. Eustone shortly. "He's going over to the paddock to look at his Prince Granite again."

Paul and his companion went closer to the rail, wild screaming, eloquent with suggestions to "Come on, Jim Heffering!" and "Oh, Drastic!" proclaiming where the betting lay.

"Oh, Jim, Jim!" pleaded Christine close by—a perfectly plain confession as to where she had put her borrowed twenty dollars.

At that distance they seemed less than a hand's breadth apart as they came down the stretch.

"Oh, Drastic! Oh, boy!" wheezed a fat speculator at the finish.

The prayer was answered, for Drastic, then Jim Heffering, then Omond, then Hanovia came clattering by the grand stand, to finish in that order.

Percy Eustone threw his tickets, a fluttering shower, across the sward. And yet he was smiling a sportsman's smile as he came over and clapped Paul on the shoulder, chuckling as though the joke—and rather a good one—was on him this time. To the sons of fortune hundreds of dollars—thousands even—may go on a puff of wind, a whim, a prank, a *petit jeu*. What of it?

"Of course," he sparkled, "I might have played Heffering all across the boards."

"And he put up two hundred just to find that out," came in Christine by way of assistance.

"And found out!" Percy roared. "Oh, well, this isn't a touch on what poor old Aubrey'll get when Prince Granite runs. Prince Stone Wagon, the touts are calling him. Say"—this directly to Paul—"what are you taking for the Derby?"

"Not Aubrey's horse, after that!" Paul told him with all the lightness of one who being also endowed with great riches could scatter tickets and laugh about it.

"You're wise, but take a fool's tip."

"I'm listening."

"Take Sir Barton. He's out of the Ross stables, faster than Billy Kelly. I know! That's all. Commander Ross has come down with a carload of money to put on that colt."

"If money counts for anything," upspoke one of the liveliest of the breakfasters, "how about Whitney's Vindex?"

"No good," declared Percy, "on a track like this."

That seemed to settle something, and Percy put his hands in his wealthy pockets with a satisfied air. His wife moved away and took a seat on an empty bench. Percy moved after her, and Paul, who had strolled within hearing distance, heard the magnificent Eustone ask of Anna Lea, who sat gazing blankly across the oval: "What's the matter, deary? Why don't you go sit in the box?"

"I'm comfortable," she answered, and didn't look it.

"That's a perfectly good tip on Sir Barton," he persisted.

Paul Tallant's ears were agog for what he should not hear.

"Where did you get the money to lose on that last race?" Mrs. Eustone's voice came thin and cold.

"Where'd you think?"

"And you're coming to me for more to throw away?"

"Well, if you could slip me a hundred till to-morrow ——"

"To-morrow!" It might have meant eternity the way she said it.

"Please don't get excited. Try to remember where you are, old lady. If you don't want me to win anything back ——"

"Want you to? Want you to? As if that made any difference ——"

A shuffle of feet at his side announced to Paul that Percy had retreated. The same pleasant smile was on his lips, the same hands in the same supposedly wealthy pockets.

"Women are all good sports while they're winning," he chuckled. "The trouble with me is that I can't see a good thing go by without getting some of it."

"Sir Barton's a pretty sure thing?" asked Paul, his fingers playing with the remainder of the untidy roll he had taken last night from the bridge table.

"Nothing's sure — that's what makes horse racing. Sir Barton never won a race—he's a colt. But look at his family—look at Star Shoot. Look at the side bets Ross has made on him, even against Billy Kelly, his own horse."

"Well, you ought to know," Paul hesitated.

"If you have a hundred or so you want me to place for you ——"

Aubrey Gantz, accompanied by several smartly dressed members of the Eustone

(Concluded on Page 108)

The Golden Age of the American Merchant Marine began when the group of famous Salem owners and merchants first sent their ships and barques to China, India and St. Petersburgh. One of their number, Joseph Peabody, at one time owned 83 ships, carrying 7000 seamen. From Revolutionary days until the decline of the clipper ships about 1860, New England ships and sailormen led the way.

OLD COLONY
TRUST COMPANY
BOSTON

NEW ENGLAND SHIPPING *and* NEW ENGLAND PORTS

IT was a Salem ship, the *Atlantic*, owned by Elias Hasket Derby, which first carried the American flag to Calcutta and Bombay in 1789, and another of his vessels, the *Peggy*, soon afterward brought the first cargo of Bombay cotton into Massachusetts Bay, a forerunner of the $26,000,000 in cotton from India and Egypt which entered Boston alone during the year ending August 31, 1918.

New England ports, as compared with others on the Atlantic seaboard, are hundreds of miles nearer Europe. Their harbors could comfortably shelter the world's fleets, and are very fortunately situated with respect to the meeting of "sail and rail", as the wharves are favored by direct railroad connection with every manufacturing centre in the United States. Loading and transfer charges are thus kept at an absolute minimum.

In Boston, with its 40 miles of waterfront, New England possesses a port of entry and export which ranks third in the United States. Here New England receives the incoming stream of hides from Argentina, adds to them the value of her skilled craftsmanship, and sends them on their way as boots, shoes and other leather products to Great Britain, France and Belgium. Here wool from Australasia and cotton from Egypt are accepted, subjected to a similar transformation, and shipped to the same Old World consumers. In all, imports valued at $295,915,214 and exports amounting to $221,314,900 passed through the Port of Boston in the year 1918.

Those lines of industry which realize the advantages of New England seaports are, as shown above, availing themselves of the benefits thereof—the lack of congestion and delay, the effective relations with commercial centres all over the world for handling foreign business, and the proximity of industrial sections providing skilled labor in abundance. To other branches of industry New England offers equal advantages.

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY
BOSTON

TO her sons and daughters who have carried the Pilgrim spirit west and south, New England bids a welcome on the occasion of her various Tercentenary celebrations during the summer of 1920. To fellow citizens not New Englanders, an invitation not less cordial. Stand before the early shrines of our national history—the common inheritance of every American. Visit the landmarks known to all by name at least—Plymouth, Provincetown, Boston, Salem, Providence, Portsmouth—and while in New England, regard this Company's office as your headquarters.

(Concluded from Page 105)

breakfast party, was now returning from the paddock. Paul, self-consciously sure that he had an audience, nerved himself to a magnificent gesture. This gesture carried his hand into his pocket and out again with a handful of currency.

"I say, Eustone," he drawled in a voice loud enough to be heard, "going over to the machines?"

"Why, yes. Want to make a bet?" Percy was apparently waiting for something.

"Put a hundred on Sir Barton for me, will you?"

"To win?"

"To win."

Percy took the money and disappeared rapidly, not in the direction of the club betting room but toward the public machines beyond the grand stand.

"Poor Mr. Gantz!" Paul could hear Mrs. Barncastle mourning. The sweet gossipy voice which had instructed him at lunch was continuing the lecture.

"Has he been losing too?" asked Paul.

"Worse than that. His horse has been scratched at the last minute. And think of his coming all the way down to see him run!"

A moment later Paul took the place which Anna Lea cleared for him beside her on the bench. She was smiling, but it was the smile of death, which shows bare teeth and lips without softness or blood.

He had opened his mouth for an amiable remark when she cut in dryly: "How much did you lend Percy?"

"Why—nothing. I gave him a hundred to bet for me on Sir Barton."

"Go find him!" she commanded. "Get it back!"

"Mrs. Eustone! I don't understand."

"I thought you didn't." Her laugh was as hard as twigs crackling in the fire. "But you will understand if you don't get your money—now."

"Of course ——"

Paul remained seated. He had never been physically brave, and he had no taste for precipitating a scene—possibly a fist-fight—in front of the grand stand, all Louisville looking on. Was the woman insane? He had never thought of that.

"Coming to me now," she said tensely, her tanned face flushing a disagreeable brick red—"with what's happened ——"

She snapped to her feet, scattering hand bag, parasol, handkerchief; and would have abandoned them in her retreat to the clubhouse had not Paul overtaken her with the spoils.

"Thank you," she said, and as she left him stranded he had an impression of pale eyes made paler still with the tears that had washed away their color.

Over by the track Paul could see his Christine making herself ever so agreeable to any number of new-found acquaintances. He had a feeling of inadequacy to the situation—it was no novel sensation. How Christine could have carried a man with any reliability! He wasn't even a successful parasite. And what had Percy Eustone's wife meant by her hysterical phrases?

He found George standing solitary, a pallid, sphinxlike smile on his unmagnetic face.

"Winning?" asked Paul, making a show of pleasantry.

"Three dollars and a half so far," acknowledged George. "Playing the field to show on two-dollar tickets."

Clod! He approached the sport of kings with the spirit of a petty tradesman. Paul turned away. The band was braying splendidly in the dramatic pause before the annual classic. Halfway across the lawn he was aware of a small coquettish figure simpering at him and making efforts to be recognized. It was Mrs. Barncastle, the human index to Louisville society.

"They say the track gets only five per cent," she told him, showing no intention of letting him go. "But it's a scandal—somebody's bound to write it up for the papers some day. How much have you lost? Yankees are always coming down here and leaving their shoes behind."

"I still have my shoes," he laughed, thinking of how little more he had.

"Are you betting on this race?"

"A hundred or so on Sir Barton," he acknowledged easily.

"Did Percy bet it for you?"

"Why, yes."

"Oh."

"What's wrong with that arrangement?"

"Nothing. I'm so tired standing on this stupid lawn. Here's a bench."

And when they were seated together she clattered right on: "Did Anna Lea know about it? My word! The poor child!"

"Why should she mind his placing a bet for me?" His annoyance was plain. "There's nothing the matter with that?"

"No—not with that."

Mrs. Barncastle had taken out her field glasses and was pretending to look over the track.

"Well, what is the matter with it?" he insisted.

"Oh, don't ask me. I love Anna Lea. I've known her all my life and I wouldn't say a word—poor child!"

She sighed over her adjustment of the glasses.

"Poor child? I should call her mighty lucky."

"Very. What makes you think so?"

"Well, she isn't pretty."

"She was once."

"A long time ago," said Paul, speaking from observation.

"Not so long as you think."

"Isn't she older than her husband?"

"A little, yes. But why do you think she's lucky?"

"Well, for a lady who, to be brutal, hasn't much charm, to marry a man who has—a man who's brilliant and successful and rich ——"

The laugh which Mrs. Barncastle gave was disconcerting.

"Of course if you can count charm as riches, then Percy's a millionaire."

"But how about his money?" Paul was gasping like a fish.

"It's hers. He married her for it. Poor child! He's spent most of it, and I'm afraid he's broken her heart."

A desperate pause.

"He seems to have plenty to spend," said Paul weakly.

"Too much, that's certain. The estate has put him on an allowance. You met him in New York?"

"Yes. His brother introduced him."

"You saw his car—he called it his, I suppose?"

"He called it his," echoed Paul, and his ears were deaf to the tumult as the horses came filing out of the paddock.

"Poor Anna Lea has been trying to economize. It was the last imported car she had."

The shout was now deafening. Paul raised his numb arms to help Mrs. Barncastle to a stand on the bench. Ushered in by the red-coated leader on his calico pony twelve neat-ankled aristocrats came prancing to the track. The splendid young chestnut Sir Barton curvetted to his place, Number One on his saddle cloth, and talented Johnny Loftus up in the Ross colors. Whitney's much advertised colt Vindex, carrying the oft-victorious light blue, came on third, with Eternal marked five, followed by Vulcanite and Under Fire. The celebrated Billy Kelly was down at Number Eleven in the single file as it came on to the track.

At the three-quarter pole the starter's assistants with their looped whips were struggling with the lawless legs and curvetting, plunging necks. Paul Tallant, full of a rising uneasiness, watched the restless Sir Barton being forced back to the disadvantageous rail position. The sight of the horse made Paul nervous. What had the chattering Mrs. Barncastle meant by "Oh, don't ask me" with reference to Percy's betting Paul's money? Why all this to-do? Would Percy Eustone have the nerve to ——

They're off! The horses went clattering by, so many overbred jackrabbits guided by monkey like humans in motley silk. The crowd, which that day passed a million and three-quarters dollars from the betting machines to the cashiers' booths, throbbed with a gambler's frenzy, making hot the blood.

But Paul Tallant's veins ran tepid. The unspurred Sir Barton had already jumped a length ahead. Paul found himself almost hoping that Number One would lose, in order to save an embarrassing situation. At the first turn the popular yell ran grown hoarse. Eternal was following the leader vengefully, with Billy Kelly urged. Far in the rear the hopeful Vindex was still pocketing in the heavy track, his rider busier than the Whitney colors. Up the back stretch Sir Barton was still leading, but Eternal, his jockey's arm going like a flail, was pulling closer and closer until after the far turn, where horses, knotted together, seem to be standing still, out of the mass again shot Sir Barton. Eternal was falling behind, another horse had taken his place; another rider in the Ross colors came thundering after the leader at the turn into the stretch.

"Billy Kelly! Billy Kelly!" Paul heard his wife screaming; and from that instant he knew that Billy Kelly could never win.

Sir Barton came in five lengths ahead. The space before the grand stand was an ants' nest, a beehive, a wolf pack. Points of elation against a background of chagrin; smiles that were triumphant, sickly, game; exclamations of joy, of despair, of consolation.

"Oh, Pobby!" cried Christine, finding her husband at last as soon as the storm had sufficiently subsided. "Give me twenty-five dollars. I borrowed it to bet on Billy Kelly."

"Bet on him—how? To win, or place, or show, or what?"

"Oh, just to win. How else should I bet on a horse?"

Paul counted out currency down to a few limp bills, which, so he calculated, might get them home.

Many delightful people surrounded him, attesting to Christine's growing popularity. He was in a quandary, considering what to do about Percy. Mrs. Barncastle's words, Anna Lea's words—hummed in his ears. But Sir Barton had won. Paul had cause to rejoice in the only prosperity he had known these many days. Would Percy take offense, he wondered, if he followed him to the window and helped him cash the tickets? He saw the markers gather round the blackboard to chalk up the odds. Sir Barton was paying at the rate of seven dollars and twenty cents on a two-dollar ticket. He would be two hundred and sixty dollars ahead on the race.

A stampede—laborers, tired businessmen, negroes, painted women, professional gamblers—went charging toward the department where lucky tickets could be turned into cash. Paul went charging after them. At a corner of the shed he was caught in a crush caused by a fat lady who had caught a perfect stranger with his hand in her purse. The delay was maddening, but out of the throng presently came Percy himself, his face flushed, the sportsman's smile on his lips.

"Hello, Tallant!" he cried, slapping him on the shoulder.

"Been lucky, haven't I?" Paul began with assumed carelessness.

"You would have been," announced Percy. "Sorry, old boy. I swear I'll never handle another man's money again."

"But Sir Barton won!"

"He did. But you didn't." Just as I was going over to the paddock whom should I meet but Harry Whitney? Good friend of mine. He was so crazy about Vindex—what could I do? Completely switched the dope on me."

"You bet my money on Vindex?" asked Paul, making no effort now to conceal his suspicion.

"That's the sad story. Cheer up—we can't win all the time."

"Where are the tickets?" asked Paul, his voice rising in spite of himself.

"What are you doing—collecting them?"

"You crook!"

Paul was alarmed at his words. Would Eustone hit him? But the magnificent Eustone brushed rudely by and entangled himself in the throng, with his own purpose in view. Undoubtedly the increase of capital he had negotiated in the last five minutes would enable him to lose again like a sportsman.

Paul found Christine on the clubhouse lawn and drew her away from the group.

"Pobby," she cried, "this town's crazy about us! There's a big dance at the country club to-night—and everything! What's the matter?"

"Come on," he growled.

"Where?"

"Out of this. The game is crooked. This Percy chap is a four-flusher, just as I thought he was. The money's all his wife's, he's trying to keep out of jail, and he's bilked me for a hundred. Let's go while the going's good."

"But, Pobby ——"

"I've got enough to squeeze through. We can send for our bags and wait at some hotel till the train goes."

"How'll we get back to town?" She showed no surprise; she was getting used to bumps.

"The trolley's good enough for us. Come on."

They stole away, Arabian fashion, silently. Bowing to innumerable Louisville acquaintances, they went out by the main entrance and were just approaching a dreary line of street cars when Paul stopped, checked by a hideous thought.

"What's happened now?" asked Christine in the patient voice of one whose patience has departed.

"How did I make that mistake?" His thumb had gone into his waistcoat pocket and he was fishing out the wilted relics of his wealth. "Twenty-nine dollars. We can't get home on that."

"What in the world ever possessed you to leave?" she taxed him shrilly.

"What did you go betting my money for?"

"You won a lot last night, didn't you?" She pouted and he had a terrific fear that she was going to cry. "Come—let's go back."

"I won't go back—I can't! I've called Percy a crook. His wife knows the situation."

"Hush!" cautioned poor Christine.

Aubrey Gantz came swaggering past, a sport coat over his arm, a field glass swung across his shoulder.

"Why, hello!" He stopped suddenly, recognizing them. "Not quitting already?"

"Mrs. Tallant has a headache," announced Paul. "We just wanted to see the big race and start back."

"Going back myself," declared Aubrey. "Just made this flying trip to watch my ——" He gave the embarrassed cough of one who has recently devoted a small fortune to a forlorn hope. "I'd love to have company on my way. My car's waiting here."

"Where do you go?"

"To St. Louis." He said this disparagingly, as if his statement might be construed as boasting. "It's an eccentricity of mine—never come down by train. Just fill my car with food and drink and go gypsying along."

"How I envy you!" This from Christine, accompanied by an adoring look, which Paul recognized.

"Why envy me? Got anything to do for a week?"

Just a quick glance between the stranded couple and in the hesitation Aubrey went on: "Make it a visit. I'll put you up in my town house, country club, farm—anywhere you say. Want you round. What do you say?"

"How per-fectly adorable of you!" cried Christine.

And they followed their new hope toward the great hearse-like vehicle from whose box a liveried man sprang eagerly to salute.

They helped themselves into luxurious seats among cupboardlike upholsteries which promised who knew what delights. The rolling palace got under way like a yacht quitting dull wharves for the beauties of a tropic cruise.

"How about your baggage?" asked old Aubrey, turning his kind fatherly eyes toward Christine as their progress began over urban asphalt.

A lightning glance toward Paul apprised him of her calculations. The Eustones in all probability would not start home for an hour.

"Would it be too much out of the way—we left our things at the Eustones'," faltered Christine at last. "Everything's been so hurried. I so hate to trouble you!"

Paul was staring absent-mindedly out of the window. A large public building with a wide yard and barred windows was visible on the right.

"What place is that?" he asked by way of saying something.

"The School of Reform," explained Aubrey. "Too bad we have to have places like that. But when children get tough and won't work, what can you do with them?"

"Poor little things!" said Christine.

What was there in that small commonplace remark to cause a tightening in Paul Tallant's throat? It wasn't for himself he would have cried, but for Christine.

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The list on the opposite page shows proper Prest-O-Lite types for every car exhibited at the National Automobile Shows at New York and Chicago.

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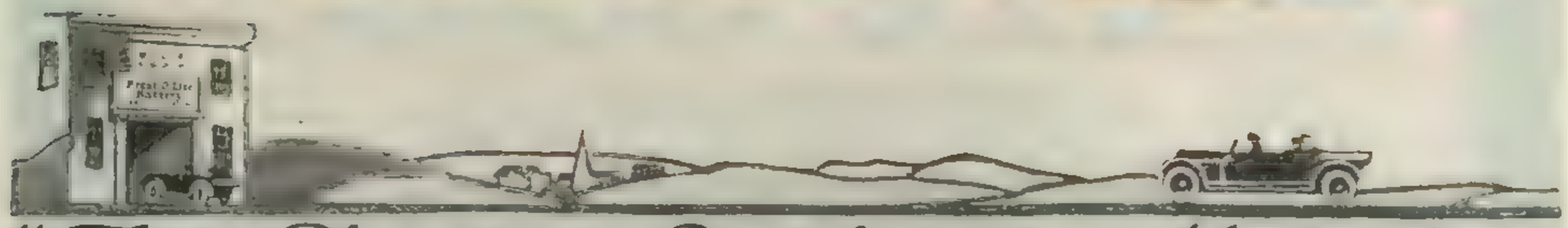
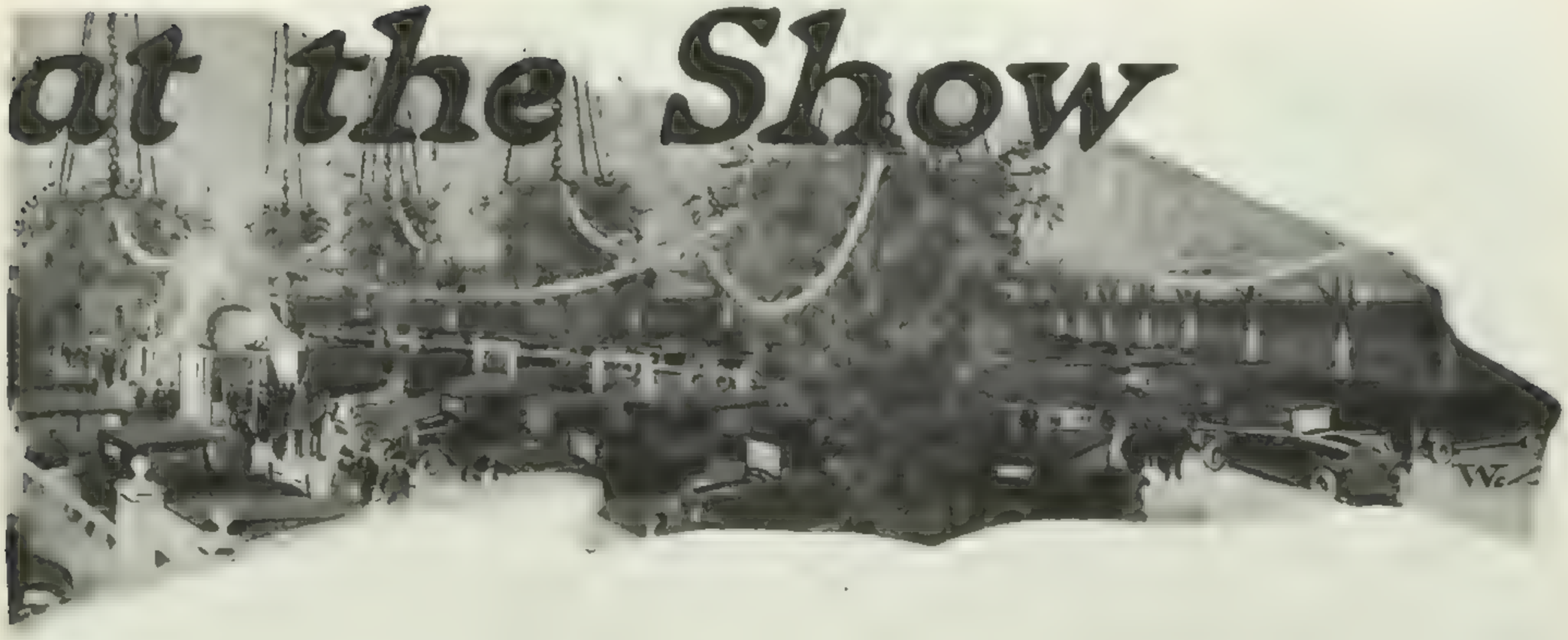


"The Pioneer Service to Motorists

at the Show



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List of Cars Exhibited at New York and Chicago Shows

Car	Correct Prest-O-Lite Battery	Car	Correct Prest-O-Lite Battery
Allen	613 WHN	Liberty	611 RHN
Anderson	613 WHN	McFarlan	619 WHN
Apperson	611 RHN	Marmon	615 RHN
Auburn	611 RHN	Maxwell	613 WHN
Biddle	615 RHN2	Mercer	619 JFN
Briscoe	613 WHN2	Mitchell	611 RHN
Buick	613 RHN	Moline-Knight	613 RHN
Cadillac	613 CM2	Monitor	613 RHN
Case	611 RHN	Monroe	611 RHN
Chalmers	613 RHN	Moon	613 RHN
Chandler	613 RHN	Nash	611 RHN
Chevrolet	611 RHN	National	615 RHN2
Cleveland	611 RHN	Oakland	613 RHN
Cole	613 BHN	Oldsmobile	611 RHN
Columbia	611 RHN	Olympian	611 RHN
Comet	611 RHN	Overland	611 RHN
Commonwealth	613 RHN	Packard	619 WHN
Crow Elkhart	611 RHN	Paige	613 RHN
Davis	613 RHN	Paterson	611 RHN
Dixie Flyer	611 RHN	Peerless	615 RHN
Dodge Bros	127 RHN	Pierce Arrow	617 RHN
Doris	613 RHN	Pilot	611 RHN
Dort	611 RHN	Premier	613 RHN
Essex	611 RHN	Reo	613 RHN
Elgin	611 RHN	Roamer	613 RHN
Fiat	619 WHN	Saxon	611 RHN
Franklin	129 JFN	Sayers	613 WHN
Grant	613 RHN	Scripps-Booth	613 RHN
Haynes	613 RHN	Standard	615 WHN2
Holaer	127 RHN	Stearns Knight	129 RHN
Holmes	611 WHN	Stephens Six	611 RHN
Hudson	613 RHN	Stevens Duryea	613 CM
Hupmobile	611 RHN	Studebaker	613 RHN
Jackson	611 RHN	Stutz	615 RHN
Jordan	613 RHN	Templar	613 RHN
King	615 RHN	Velie	613 RHN
Kissel Kar	611 RHN	Westcott	611 RHN
Kline Kar	613 RHN	Willys Knight	615 RHN2
Lexington	613 RHN	Winton	615 AHJ

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Kohl Building, San Francisco
In Canada, Prest-O-Lite Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

Storage Battery

in America and the Best"

HABEAS CORPUS

(Continued from Page 11)

"And there's folks that wonder why I never got married!" yelped Gurazov, loftily bearing away his pile of pamphlets.

He addressed five envelopes slowly and with a good deal of loss of ink upon his knuckles and cuffs. He was disturbed in his labors by having to stop and admire his masterpiece. There it was, a real book, with the title, Now is the Time to Rise, on the cover and his name right out in print. Radical editors might see it and offer him a job. It was a pity to leave America just now when the comrades were going to recognize his philosophical grasp. He laid down his pen. Should he give up being deported after all?

But, no! What recognition in this fool country could equal a Sofia salon and Leo Gurazov, the famous authority on America, worshiped by beautiful girls with short black hair? He shook with excitement. He mailed the pamphlets to Nick Benorius, to the I. W. W., to the chief of police of Vernon, to the postmaster and to the Vernon immigration office. His fate would be automatic now. But that the immigration bureau might have more evidence he invested fifteen dollars in a collection of the most radical publications he could find at the socialist bookshop and displayed them on a cigar shelf. He hung a curtain so that he could draw it across them. For that curtain he would have a use at the proper time.

He looked forward to shocking his customers. The worst thing about shopkeeping had been the need of this vile bourgeois politeness. That he, Gurazov, who had read practically clear through all the three volumes of Marx, should have to say good morning to bankers merely because they bought cigars! He would show them where they got off now. If they protested against his book department he would hand them copies of his pamphlet and stand back shaking his sides while they writhed in fear of the rising proletariat as led by Leo Gurazov.

Only nobody protested.

The older customers bustled out and never saw his bookshelves, while the younger ones scoffed, "Where'd you get that junk?"

So it was without the pleasure of insulting anyone but merely with an inner joy that he waited—and waited and waited. He waited ten days. He waited two weeks. And still no authority came down on him. It was disgusting. He'd have to get out and be violent after all—and revolution was sweaty work. He groaned, took fifty copies of his pamphlet and went to the Wednesday meeting of his socialist local.

IV

HE ANNOUNCED to the socialist assembly that Benorius and the rest of the old-line Marxians were cowards. They were afraid of modern revolutionary communism. He appealed to the younger men. Direct action—that was it. Rise! He would give them his pamphlet. Let them read it and come to his store. He was going to lead a parade with inflammatory banners. He defied the mayor, the troops. Who would join him?

Nick Benorius put another question to the local. Who would join him in kicking out this four-flushing piker, Gurazov, who had kept his mouth shut through the war but now it was over wanted a lot of safe notoriety? There was a great deal of oratory and fist shaking, but as no one listened to anyone else the meeting was adjourned. A dozen of the youngsters swarmed about Gurazov, accepted his pamphlet.

For a week men were filtering into the private room of his store. On a Wednesday night an hour or so after midnight Gurazov and two other men sneaked out of his back door. They wore overcoats, their hats were pulled low. One of them had in his outer pocket a milk bottle apparently filled with milk. They slipped through alleys to a street, peeped out, saw no one. Gurazov yanked a sheet of paper two feet by three from beneath his overcoat, the man with the milk bottle shakily pulled it out and spattered flour paste on the back of the sheet, the third pasted it against a wall. They went on, talking about the movies. On a corner two blocks away was a policeman. They ostentatiously stopped near him to light cigarettes and one of the men yawned, "I'll say it was one darned good dance. Well, come on, boys—let's hustle home. I'm sleepy."

The policeman turned his back, plodded away. Instantly a sheet was out, the paste slopped on it and a poster was disfiguring the monolithic granite column of a national bank. Ten minutes later there were posters on department-store windows, on a billboard, on the front door of the main post office.

At three Gurazov slid into his room, dropped his overcoat in a corner, brushed tobacco leaves and cigar boxes from his couch and lay down, fatly chuckling. All over the business section were red-and-black bills which announced that on the coming Sunday there would be a parade to protest against Mooney's imprisonment and against intervention in Russia. The parade would wind up in Monument Square to be addressed by the famous Balkan revolutionist, Leo Gurazov. Furthermore:

"We'll show this wealth-ridden town what the real stick-to-the-limit left wing thinks. The lid is off. Comrade Gurazov is the real stuff and he will be there with bells on, and if the cops don't like his address let them sneak to the station house and hide!"

It was perhaps even more of a masterpiece than Now is the Time to Rise, by the same author.

Gurazov was up early. He wriggled and clucked with joy to watch the vice president of the national bank furiously claw at the sheet on the granite column; to see a hose turned on the department-store windows; to hear old gentlemen with prim mustaches stamp their feet and pound their sticks. He returned to his shop. He sat cheerfully in the back room with four or five copies of his pamphlet beside him and a book on sabotage in his lap. He was happily waiting to be arrested. There was no danger that he'd have to lead any fool parade, he assured himself. At noon he was still waiting.

But the afternoon papers were delightful. They quoted the posters and said that Gurazov was a notorious Slav anarchist. They interviewed the chief of police. That was discouraging though. The chief declined to stop the parade. He said his men would be there and if Gurazov said anything seditious he would be taken in charge. This Gurazov, said he, was a notoriety-seeking fanatic with no organization behind him. The chief did not purpose to make him a martyr.

Gurazov raged, "And me the most dangerous fellow in town!"

He hurdled into his overcoat, stamped to police headquarters, gave to the door man an envelope for the chief. It contained a copy of his pamphlet.

"Please lay it right on the chief's desk. I want he should be sure and see it," he begged.

"All right, sonny. I'll shoot it in," patronized the door man, an elderly patrolman with a drool. He was touched by the anxiety of this respectable citizen in black.

"Thanks," glowed Gurazov. But as he plumped away he grumbled: "That's a fine police force—where you almost got to arrest yourself. The Merchants' Association ought to look into that."

He Produced Three Hundred Words of Dynamite

Next morning the police were still holding out on him. He was disgustingly free. To make it the more insulting he read on the front page of the morning paper that a Russian had been arrested in Gary for distributing Bolshevik tracts. But the third page of the paper gave him a start of joy. The governor had announced that he would not permit the advertised parade and speech by Gurazov. If the Vernon mayor and police would not act he would. He had detailed the Second Regiment of the National Guard to take charge under Col. Tracy Tribby.

Gurazov shouted. He had won!

He had seen Colonel Tribby at parades. This commanding officer of the regiment of militia from Vernon and the surrounding country was a round, potty, pink, anxious little man, particular about the shine of his riding boots and the flare of his breeches—a cherub with a dinky sword and a book of tactics for secret reference.

"I'll get that tin soldier's goat! He is a kid-glove fellow from the Boulevard. I can make him arrest me. He is better as a policeman—it won't hurt so much when he hits me," Gurazov rejoiced. "That Nick Benorius—so proud with himself—he never gets pinched by anything except a common cop. He has never been arrested by a colonel—the low-life!"

V

THE corner of Mississippi and Langton Streets is one of the focal points of Vernon. A big granite-and-brick insurance building with scowling lintels and a hulking cornice is on one corner; the drug store with the best ice-cream sodas in town on another; and next to it the huge Byzantine Motion Picture Palace, where the orchestra plays special numbers between pictures under the leadership of H. Harry Sinderberry, the celebrated Vernon violinist, painter, author, actor and real-estate speculator. All Vernon couples meet at the drug store and go to the Byzantine.

This Sunday afternoon they lined Mississippi Street; they stood five deep in the doorway under the gilded foot which advertised a chiropodist. They stared at eddies and whispering groups of men of a sort rarely seen on Mississippi Street—men of rough coats and hard hands, with coal dust or grease in the cracks of their necks.

The crowd stiffened, the Sunday lovers gloated and the red-necked men glared as the rustle of many feet moving in rhythm came from up the street and a steel-fanged line of militiamen headed toward the corner. Behind them in a gray motor driven by the son of the chief miller of the city was plump little Colonel Tribby. The guards ignored the throng. Colonel Tribby's face was blank.

"That guy don't look very husky to me. Toy soldier," observed Ed the shoe clerk to Horace the soda jerker.

"Well, I don't know now. He's sawed off, but he's got a good jaw on him. He might throw a big surprise into some of these husky rough-necks," speculated Horace.

The two girls with them, Clara and Bessie, squealed with delighted fear.

"Oh, my, do you really think there'll be a rough-house? I'm scared! Let's sneak into the Byzantine. Those fellows in the blue flannel shirts look like ter-rible scrappers"

"Don't you worry, girlie. You trust your Uncle Horace to kick any I. W. W. that gets fresh in the face," Horace boomed. "We'll show 'em, won't we, Ed?"

"I'll say! I should fret a hundred over a bum little riot. D'ever tell you girls about the time Horry and me waded into the two fresh guys that were annoying coupla ladies?" Ed panted.

But his subsequent spirited narrative was confused and he tacitly moved back with Horry and the girls as he saw the guards halt, heard Colonel Tribby's piping voice in a command, beheld the guards line the pavement with rifles which somehow looked frightfully loaded and the crowd of flannel shirts push toward them, scowling, grumbling, beginning to shout: "Tin soldiers! Sneaks! Rush 'em, boys!"

The militia ranks broke. They began to patrol the street. To every one regardless of who he was each guard suggested, "Move on, please. Orders not to loiter."

A little Swedish tailor, respectable in white cravat and black broadcloth, wailed at a twenty-year-old militiamen, "You are the soldiers of capitalism! You dare not touch me!"

"Sure; that's right. Come on now—keep moving—keep your feet warm."

A pretty manicure girl, pink and blue and maize, gurgled at the guard who thrust his rifle between her and the friends with whom she was standing.

"Hello, kid! You wouldn't chase us girls away, would you? Be nice now, cutie."

"That's the idea. But move on, lady. Orders. Keep moving."

An overseas man with three gold chevrons laughed at the anæmic guard who was working toward him.

"You're one fierce sojer! How about me taking your popgun away from you and spanking you, sonny?"

(Continued on Page 114)

KISSEL *Custom-Built Six*

MOTORDOM'S Closed Car ***Premier Event*** — distinguished interpretations of custom-built skill and technique in which the exclusiveness of the Kissel open models is emphasized

Mounted on the Kissel custom-built chassis with the Kissel custom-built motor—

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KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.
Hartford, Wisconsin, U. S. A.
"Originators of the ALL-YEAR Car."

(Continued from Page 112)

"Yuh, that's right, buddy. Come on now—keep moving—keep your feet warm."

Stolid in face of derision, cheers, laughter, friendliness, curses, the guardsmen plowed through the people, never arguing, never changing their monotonous command. Only when a man refused to move did they stop, and then only to prod him with a muzzle till he moved.

Lines of militiamen above and below the crowd stopped traffic on Mississippi Street, turned it off. The only motor in two blocks was Colonel Tribby's touring car. The engine was running. The driver's hand was on the ball of the gear lever.

The colonel was bustling through the crowd, echoing the universal colorless "Keep moving." Somehow in his rigid olive-drab overcoat, with his leather visor over his mild eyes and his face expressionless, he lost his butterball insignificance. He was a soldier.

With the harassing buzz flies of guards moving steadily, dispassionately, there were no gatherings. The moment a dozen furious men stood shoulder to shoulder and started protesting they were separated and their defiance not so much crushed as lost in the confusion. The whole two blocks, sidewalks and pavement and steps up to offices, turned into a boiling of humanity—heads bobbing, planless and jerky and confused. The crowd increased. To the radicals and the idlers who had read of the coming trouble was added every chance passer. The midafternoon audience rung out of the Byzantine Motion Picture Palace oozed into the throng. They were good-natured but wondering.

Everyone asked everyone else, "What's doing? What's the idea? Going to be a parade sure enough?"

And everyone answered everyone else, "Yuh, sure - going to be something doing all right."

Down the dark steps from a nest of offices of advertising dentists, imitation physicians and sample-shoe shops poked six men with banners shakily lettered, "Workmen, lay down your tools," and "We defy the Government to deport us." They bunched in the lower hall, looked out. In front of the building passed a sergeant and four guards. When they were gone the six protesters shrugged, looked grim, marched out.

The crowd separated for them, half cheering, half roaring, "Kill 'em!"

The spectators too far away to read the banners tried to elbow near. Instantly the tiny procession was lost in the pushing, jerking, staring crowd. The banners above the wavering heads resembled six fragments of driftwood on a choppy sea.

Through the swarm—straight, swift, shoving people ruthlessly aside—hurled a line of militiamen, Colonel Tribby at the head, his revolver in his hand.

"What's happening? What they doing to 'em?" shouted everyone.

No one could see clearly except twenty or thirty bystanders near the parade. In a confused inexact way they beheld the guards snatch the banners, tear them, seize the bearded fattish man at the head of the parade and two men behind him.

The prisoners were borne off so swiftly, so well concealed between elbowing armed soldiers, that no one could make them out. The two lesser captives must have been released. There was a glimpse of the heads of militiamen and one civilian prisoner above the mass as they climbed into the big gray car. There was a prolonged harsh hooting of the car's horn. The motor was jamming its way out through the agitated crowd, people falling back before it, haphazardly noting that in the tonneau was the bearded man, between the colonel and a captain, each holding him by a wrist.

The car was gone. Instantly the guardsmen fell in, marched away; and the throng, disappointed and confused, thinned like vapor, still asking, "Just what did happen, anyway?"

VI

ON HIS back in the rear seat, his legs flying in the air, his arms held by the colonel and the captain, Gurazov was excited, scared and hazily aware that when the first violence was over he would be glad that he had succeeded in being arrested. Meantime his head was forced against the cushion so that his neck hurt. His kicking feet struck the robe rack and stung sharply. The cold flowed over his bare head unceasing. But there was no humiliation or regret—only the struggle and pain of accomplishment. He had taken the first step toward Bulgaria and glory. Wedged down between the two olive-drab overcoats, he could see nothing of the crowd as the car passed through, but he felt the universal excitement and reveled in it. If he could only have made his hot speech—but never mind.

They must be out of it now. The car was going through quiet spaces. He was jerked up—set right side up between the two officers.

"You think I'm afraid!" he taunted.

The two officers said nothing. The car rushed out along Mississippi Street toward open country. In his visions of what would happen that great day Gurazov had always been unclear as to whether he would be taken to police headquarters or the National Guard armory. Now the car had passed both of them. That confused him by its disagreement with his dreams. He became frightened. What were these fiends going to do to him? The captain had lighted a cigar—bending down inside his overcoat. Gurazov had read rumors of wobblies burned with cigar butts. He was tremulous.

The car stopped four miles beyond the city limits, two miles from a trolley line or a garage, in a region of dairy farms and weeds.

"Now you can get out and hoof it back. I guess you'll be a little late to start any revolutions this afternoon," piped the colonel.

Gurazov shrieked terribly:

"What do you mean? Ain't I arrested?"

"What for? No, no, you're not arrested! Nothing to arrest you for—yet."

"Then you kidnaped me! It was illegal!"

"It was that! Darnedest illegalest thing I ever heard of."

The colonel grinned with a sophistication incredible and shocking in such a round wistful little man. His car snarlingly backed into a driveway, turned, streaked away toward the city. Gurazov stood with his arms uplifted, cursing feebly. As he limped back toward the city the nails in the heels of his shoes bit his feet at every step. And that was the only interesting thing that happened to him—for four days.

He had become hopeless of ever reaching Bulgaria when from behind the cigar counter he saw a lean, rugged, commonplace man shouldering in. Gurazov instantly knew him for some sort of policeman. As a wanderer in Russia, as a tramp, he had seen many plain-clothes men and he knew the signs. The man had neither the briskness of a customer nor the shyness of a person who wants to ask a direction. He had authority and training in scrapping. He was ready for trouble. He was rather hoping to find something suspicious. He eyed Gurazov, the counter, the shelves. When he asked for a cigar his glance did not fall to the case but kept steadily traveling about the room. Gurazov was startled, delighted—and a little afraid. The man noted the shelves of revolutionary publications.

"You sell books?" he said vapidly.

"Naw, I don't sell books," snorted Gurazov.

He bounced to the shelves, drew over them the curtain which he had been keeping for this moment. Chuckling, glad beneath his mere surface fear, he watched his dupe lumber to the shelves, snatch the curtain aside and turn with a glare, lifting his elbows in readiness for a row. Gurazov kept himself from snickering. The official swung round again, heavily read over the titles of the books, picked out a volume on syndicalistic anarchism.

"How much?" he growled.

"Not for sale."

"Sign says they are."

"Makes no difference."

"Makes a difference to me, see? I want to read it. Shall I pay for it or take it along without paying, you poor fish?"

"Oh, I'm a poor fish, am I? Well, you're a flat-headed cop, that's what you are!"

The official was delighted.

"Oh, so you're a tough guy, are you?"

"I got to be to get along with roughneck Yankees like you. If I talked all the good English what I know you wouldn't understand me."

"I guess I could struggle along without understanding you and not lose a whole lot. I'll just take this funny story with me anyway, seeing you won't sell it."

The official peacefully wandered out, feeling that he had done rather well in the way of repartee, while behind him Gurazov rose and fell in a slow stationary dance of happiness. He scooped up his hat, followed the lean man down the street, five blocks over to the Federal Building. He entered the building just after him; saw him go up in the elevator.

"That fellow that just went up, he was the internal revenue collector, wasn't he?" Gurazov innocently asked the elevator attendant.

"The tall thin guy? No, he's Inspector Klosk, of the immigration office."

Gurazov went home in a lurid haze. The immigration authorities were in charge of deportations. For two days he tried to find an inspector in every customer, every man who happened to look at him on the street. Nothing happened. Then out of the Balkan confusion came a newspaper report that the Bulgarian regent was fighting the reds. Gurazov was worried—carried worry in his mind like an incessant pain. Suppose the revolutionary factions were crushed before he got to Bulgaria? What did these immigration idiots think, anyway? He couldn't wait all spring to be deported. Impulsive, panicky, he stumped to the Federal Building, went up to the immigration office.

Brusquely of the stenographer in the outer room, "Who's running this place, heh? Inspector Klosk, heh?"

"No, he isn't. Mr. Blymer is inspector in charge."

"Tell him I will see him."

"Oh, you will, will you? Now isn't that nice of you! What do you want of him?"

"None of your business what I want, and don't get fresh, young lady. You tell Blymer that Leo Gurazov is out here."

"Well, I don't believe he'll faint from joy none," she said blandly, and entered the inner door. She returned with a grinning, "He says to go right in."

Gurazov frowned to show this Yankee female her place—and entered. Behind a flat desk was a gentle, inconspicuous, medium person—a man who whether in a business suit or in corduroys and laced high boots would always seem to be in smoking jacket and comfortable old slippers crushed at the heels. He gasped mildly and hummed, "Yes?"

Despite Blymer's mildness the remembrance of Russian authority affected Gurazov. His English broke down, changed into a blurred argot:

"Inspector, a fellow comes by me and he say he heard the Government was inspecting me, somebody wants you should deport me. So I says, 'Me, I will not run away. Maybe they know I am opposed to their Government. All right, I am not ashamed of my theories. I am not scared. Anybody wants to find Gurazov, I ain't running away.'"

"What's your idea? Trying to get deported?"

"Oh, no no, no! I—I fight—I fight—I fight against tyranny. But I ——" He was fumbling for a reason for having come here. He got it and hurled out, "It is a suspense sit still and these lying spies go round talking about me. Me, I come straight out. I defy ——"

"Tut, tut, tut, now, son! There's nobody round here to defy—except mayne the stenographer. But if you want to know—I'm just curious to see what you'll do the next few days. So I'll tell you that I've sent to the Bureau of Immigration in Washington for a warrant of arrest. And as soon as the Secretary of Labor signs it and sends it on to me we'll have a little hearing and I'll try to find out whether you're an undesirable alien. If you are—well, I hope you like Serbia or wherever it is you come from."

Just in time Gurazov remembered that he must look frightened and he artistically gasped, "This—outrage!"

"Oh, no; not unless you're an anarchist or something. But I wouldn't run away from Vernon if I were you, son. It might be bad tactics."

"Me run? Ah! When you want Gurazov you find him at his store quiet at work."

"All right, you go and work quiet. And you do some tall thinking about your relations to this country. If you're a wrong un—be careful, son, there's a power of dynamite behind me."

He was gentle in his threat, and final. Gurazov walked out of the office almost subdued. But once away from the bureaucratic old pile of the Federal Building with its heavy arched doorways of offices, its inner walls of hard repellant drab, its clattering and hollowed tiles and leagues of wide corridor and stair, the full wonder of his success crept through him. To the casual eye of passers-by—that fat and tepid eye by which tragedy and high comedy go unheeded—he was merely a stupid, bloated man with a quite bad hat, not much in the way of a beard and an eccentric carelessness in collar and bow tie. He laughed to think how they would gape if they knew.

He saw Nick Benorius meanly skittering along, his invariable bag of green papers and booklets under his arm. Nick probably slept with a pile of pamphlets beneath his pillow and a half-filled petition in the red-edged pocket of his nightgown. Gurazov stopped, leaned against the window of an Art Needlework Shoppe and gagged with laughter.

Nick halted, annoyed.

"I got fine news for you, comrade," Gurazov bawled condescendingly.

"Well, well, well?"

"I hear I am going to be deported. I will show you right-wing cockroaches how a European red faces trial!"

"You deported? You're more likely to be given a job in city hall. I notice you managed to beg off when Tubby Tribby stopped your parade."

"He was afraid ——"

"Fat chance! You'll die a good, respectable, conservative citizen, Gurazov. Deported? Huh! You ain't worthy the honor."

Benorius kited off while Gurazov wriggled with laughter.

All the sickening passion which for ages men have given to the fear of arrest—cooped in dark rooms through the enticing day, slipping anxiously by policemen at night, in every stranger seeing a cruel hunter—Gurazov gave to the fear that he might not be arrested. The ominous law, lean-faced and barren, was the sweetheart whose stark summons he awaited.

Five days after he had called at the immigration office Inspector Klosk tramped into the store, mumbled at Becky, "Gurazov here?"

Gurazov was instantly out from the back room, scarce taking time to draw down his mouth in despondency.

"Mr. Blymer wants to see you at the Federal Building, Gurry."

"He does, heh? Let him come here if he wants to see me."

"Cut that! I hold a warrant for your arrest."

"Me? What do the fool cops think they got on me?"

"This isn't any police warrant. It's signed by the assistant secretary of the Department of Labor of the United States of America."

By working very hard at it and mentally pinching himself Gurazov contrived to look awed, and he choked, "Oh, tach! I'll come along then."

"Yes, I guess you will. Maybe you won't be as fresh as you were the other day. 'Flat-headed cop!' We'll see about that!"

VII

ALL the way to the office of the inspector in charge Gurazov was silent, while he cautioned himself that he must not let Blymer discover that he wanted to be deported. He must protest, assert innocence. There would be a court; representatives of high Government; a great limelight. It threw him off to find nothing but the same old Blymer with the same old aspect of being in smoking jacket and slippers, alone in the office except for the stenographer, and Klosk, who yawned and leaned against the wall in a tilted chair. Inspector Blymer brought from a cupboard a copy of Gurazov's pamphlet, one of the posters announcing the parade and a couple of typed sheets. He nodded impersonally.

"Sit down. Your name?"

"Leo Gurazov."

"Have you ever gone by any other name or names?"

"No."

"Where were you born?"

"Shumla, Bulgaria."

"Have you taken out your first citizenship papers?"

"No."

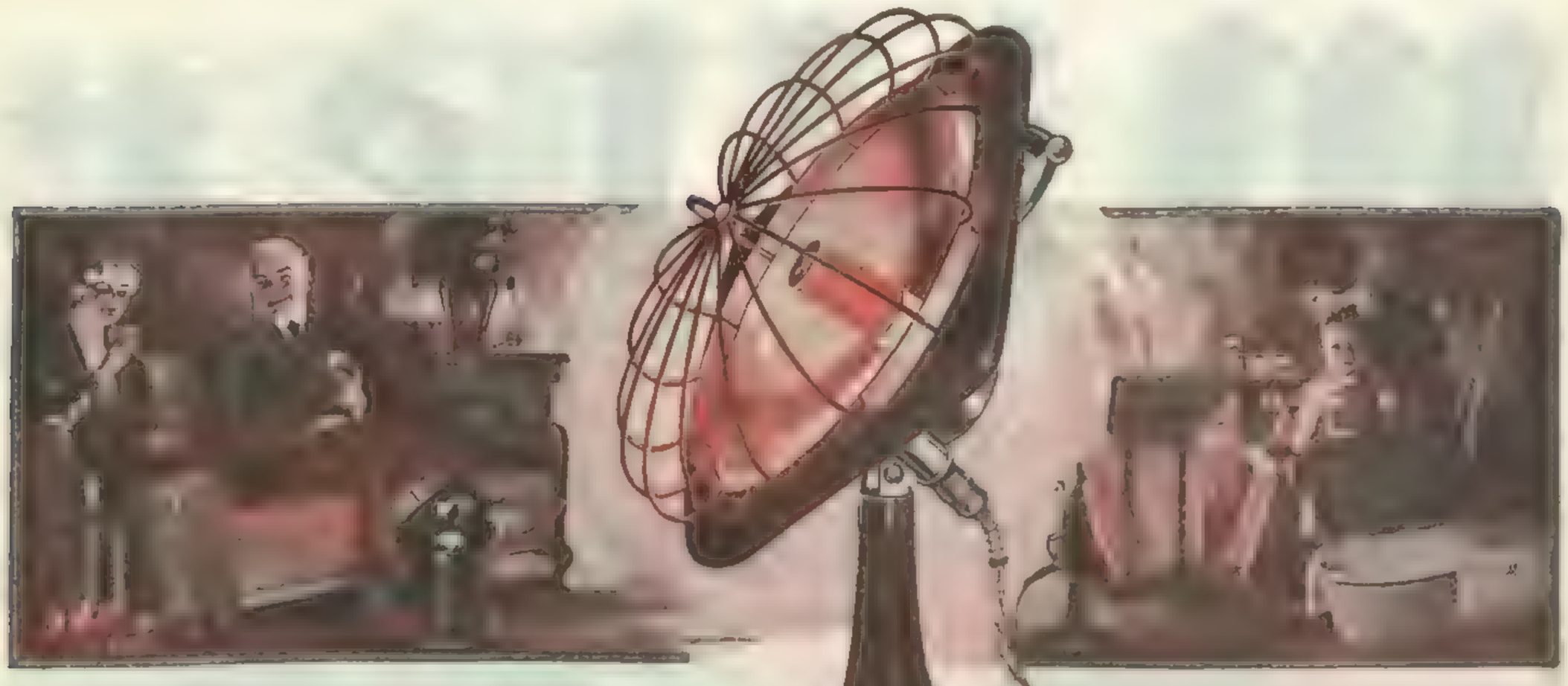
"Why not?"

"Because I didn't feel like it. I hate——"

"I hold a warrant for your arrest. Are you ready to show cause why you should not be deported from this country as an anarchist—as an alien who, to quote the immigration laws, 'believes in or advocates the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States'? Aren't you such a person?"

"I am not an anarchist! I stand on ——"

(Continued on Page 118)



Hotpoint Hedlite Heater

—it feels like the warm sunshine

SUN WARMTH without fire or fumes—sun warmth, pure and fresh, from the glowing coils of this portable electric Hotpoint Hedlite heater. And the polished reflector directs the radiant heat just where wanted—you are bathed in a beam of soft, luminous heat rays.

Electricity makes such a heater possible—not to heat a house or room, but to heat the *person* with that local, penetrating warmth in a directed glow like a sunbeam, odorless, clean and safe.

And so convenient! The Hotpoint Hedlite is easily carried from room to room. Dress in its cheerful radiance—take it to the dining room and breakfast in comfort—then to the sewing room or sitting room—in fact, be comfortable all day. Use it anywhere there is an electric light outlet.

Do not overlook the safety base—an exclusive feature. If the glowing heater is accidentally tipped over our safety base *(exclusive)* turns the face upwards, so the rug or floor will not be scorched.

Here are some of the practical uses which explain its tremendous popularity.

There's the room or odd corner that's never warm. Just sit in the rays of a Hotpoint Hedlite and be comfortable.

Grandfather, or the sick one, needs more warmth than the rest of the family. The glow of the Hedlite warms them.

Baby is to be bathed and dressed. A Hotpoint Hedlite keeps baby warm and "comfy" in any convenient room.

In cold offices, warehouses and ticket booths thousands safely enjoy a glowing Hedlite.

On wet and chilly mornings, thousands of employees dry their damp skirts or trousers or shoes with Hotpoint Hedlites.

In some places, in early fall and late spring, substantial economy is effected by using Hedlites without the furnace.

More than 17,000 Hotpoint Dealers will gladly show and explain why you should buy this efficient heater.

News Notes

Thirty-odd years ago Edison had a prophetic vision that his newly invented dynamos would some day not only light the world and turn the wheels of industry but would also enhance the pleasure of home life by furnishing electricity for cooking, ironing and heating.

Edison's dream is coming true.

It is not generally realized that there are nearly 8,000,000 electric heating appliances in use in the United States.

About 75,000 Electric Ranges and Hotplates are in use in progressive centres.

Table cookery—made possible by electricity is now the vogue and some 1,250,000 appliances are in use.

Electric Irons have revolutionized ironing—approximately 6,000,000 are in use. They save many miles of weary steps each ironing day.

Electric heaters—of the Hotpoint Hedlite type—are making good Edison's vision of heating. More than a million have been introduced in the last three years

This Company manufactures more than 60% of the electrically heated household appliances made in this country, under the names "Hotpoint" and "Edison." Also "Hughes" Electric Ranges, Bakery and Hotel Equipment, etc.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.

CHICAGO

New York Ontario, California Atlanta

miller

The Proof Of Miller Uniformity Spans The Continent

FROM the Golden Gate of San Francisco to the Statue of Liberty in New York's Harbor, Miller Tires have blazed their trail of uniform long distance mileage.

Thousands of users and hundreds of tests bear testimony to the wonderful performance of these tires. Not one or two give exceptional mileages, but tire after tire, under the same conditions wears alike.

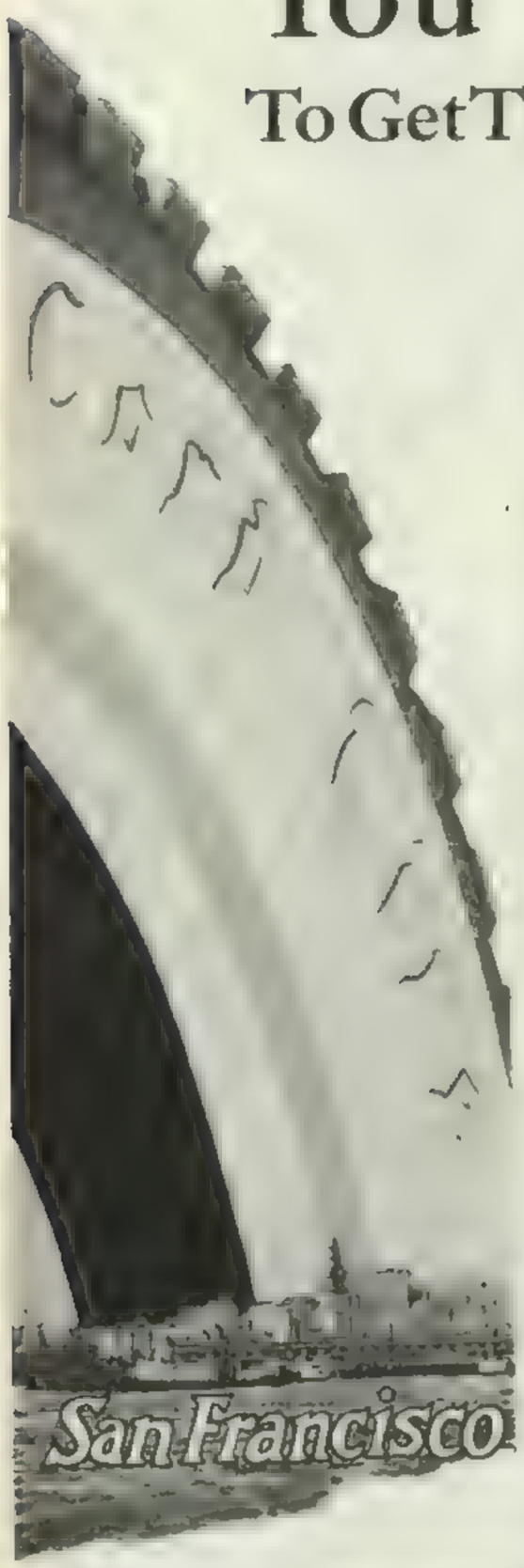
Only on these tires can you get the famous Geared-to-the-Road tread. The cogs engage the ground at each turn giving you perfect safety on wet pavements and rutty roads.

Read on the opposite page a few instances where Millers in direct competition with other leading makes have proved they are the tires you should have on your car.

UNIFORM MILEAGE GEARED-TO THE-ROAD **Tires**

You Must Choose Millers

To Get These Assurances of Unvarying Tire Quality



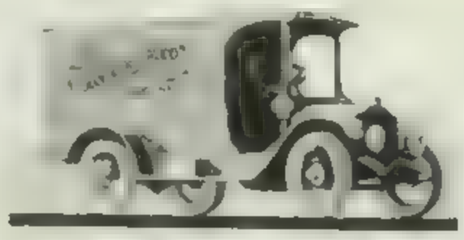
In New York City

Riverside Taxicab Company

Millers Cost Less Per Mile

After experimenting with 22 leading makes of tires, this concern equipped every car with Millers.
—*Saturday Evening Post advertisement, Nov. 1, 1919*

In Cleveland

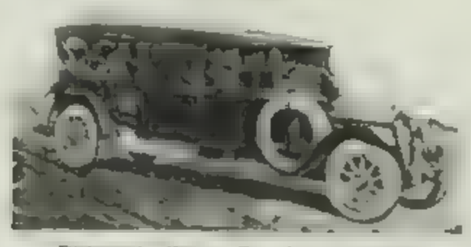


Chandler & Rudd Co. Truck, Cleveland

Millers Score Seven Year Victory

Fifteen well-known makes tried, Millers now used exclusively for 3 years on 14 trucks. Again Millers won!
—*Saturday Evening Post advertisement, Sept. 27, 1919*

In Los Angeles

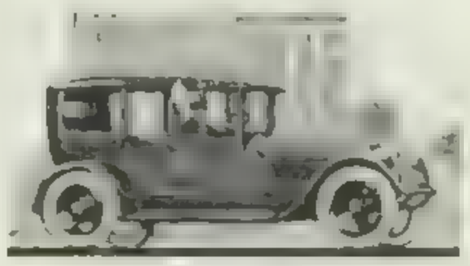


Eldorado Stage Co., Los Angeles

Millers Outrun 21 Leading Makes

On seventeen 12-passenger Packards, each traveling 153 miles daily, twenty-one makes of tires were tested. Millers won!
—*Saturday Evening Post advertisement, June 14, 1919*

In Buffalo

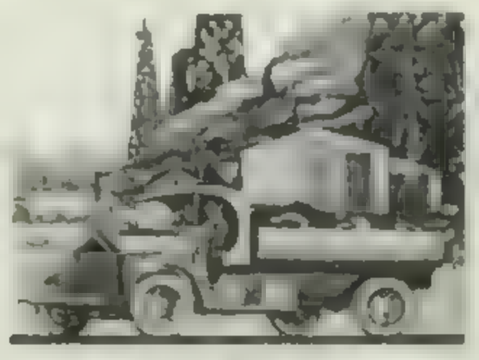


One of Buffalo's Finest Cars

Not a Single Adjustment on Millers in Buffalo

All last year not one car owner requested an adjustment on Millers in Buffalo, regardless of the large number of big cars running these tires on every wheel.
—*Saturday Evening Post advertisement, Nov. 29, 1919*

In Texas Oil Fields



Texas Oil Truck

Millers Outrun All Standard Mileage Guarantees

Oil is rubber's greatest enemy! Yet there in the oil saturated areas of the great Southwest Millers outrun all popular guarantees. —*Saturday Evening Post advertisement, Dec. 27, 1919*

These are but every-day successes for Miller Tires the country over. And they are your guarantee of long distance mileage from Millers on YOUR car.

Now that you can get mileage certainty, don't trust to luck! Specify them on your new car. There is a Miller dealer in your city.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform *Geared-to-the-Road* Tires—Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Team Mates of Uniform Tires—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.

(Continued from Page 114)

"Don't stand, son—sit! I'm sorry I can't make this hearing impressive and overbearing to please your sense of the dramatic, but I'm not much good at that. Cut that out of the record, Miss Lindquist. They'll think I'm trying to get cute if they read it at the department. Now to go on: Do you wish to waive the right to be represented by an attorney, Gurazov?"

"Now's my time," Gurazov coached himself, and he screamed: "I do not! I demand witnesses and a lawyer and everything! I will not be railroaded! I will stay in America! I am not an anarchist!"

"All right, I will give you three days to get counsel and witnesses. Unless you want to furnish bail of five hundred I'll remand you to the custody of Inspector Klosk. I have arranged with the city prison to keep you there at night."

It was a confused Gurazov who was hustled into the hall. He had no idea what lawyer to get. There are attorneys in Vernon who are specialists at losing cases, but they do not advertise as such. He spent the afternoon giving directions to the agitated Becky and avoiding the stare of Inspector Klosk, a look as depressing and meaningless as cold beef gravy. At night he was taken to a cell at central station. He snickered as the barred door closed. He did not much care for the dampness, but it was a relief to be alone and to meditate.

He would get hold of the worst shyster lawyer in the city and whisper to him to bungle the case. He would profess to be unable to find his witnesses. In a week he would be headed for the Balkans. In Sofia—suppose the ultrareds were overthrown? He would turn into whatever new sort of radical was in power. If the monarchists kept control he would take his certificate of deportation and martyrdom over to Hungary and be a hero there. He couldn't lose.

For hours he sat dumpily on the quivery edge of a thin cot, his fat yet sensitive fingers rubbing the worn greasy nap of a gray blanket, his gaze on the tremulous shadow of bars which an arc light down the corridor cast on the scabrous, scribbled, whitewashed wall of his cell. Up and down the spaces between the shadows of the bars marched processions brave with music and banners and their leader was Leo Gurazov. Messages came by wireless from Comrade Lenine to Comrade Gurazov. Beautiful girls in Sofia and Tirnova listened to tales of American tyranny and longed for the smiles of Commissar Gurazov.

Five minutes later he had become dictator of Bulgaria, Serbia and Albania and his armies were in Rumania. Then Russia and the Balkans united—and General Gurazov overthrew Lenine. Why not? See how Trotzky had climbed! Power beyond power, whatever of human honors could be conceived, all opened to him! Successor to Lenine—yes, and czar! Why should there not be a dynasty of Gurazovs loftier than the decadent Romanovs?

As he marched to coronation in the Kremlin and a seat with kings it occurred to him that he was in some ways mixed in his political principles. He recalled that he was not a royalist but a left-wing communist. Oh, well, those things could be arranged! He and Napoleon and Machiavelli were above all theories. And think of the face of Nick Benorius when he heard that His Imperial Majesty Leo, leading his Russian-Balkan troops, had recaptured Siberia from the Japanese!

Before Gurazov fell asleep he had also taken India and China and was considering going on to California. But by one of the most rapid downfalls in history, when he woke he seemed to have left out of all his conquering cohorts nothing but one active cootie. It was depressing to be dethroned and more depressing to eat prison stew and he was quaking with doubt when his clerk, Becky Tchernin, was admitted to talk to him through the bars.

"I want to buy our store," Becky said briefly. "I raised fifty dollars last night and I'll give you that for good will, stock and fixtures."

"Fifty? It's worth a thousand!"

"It's worth nothing—without me. You've driven away every good customer. Fifty, I said. Nobody but me would give you one cent. The new stores are bucking you too hard."

He argued and wailed, beating the bars. But in the end, knowing that she was right and that the Government would take care of him till he reached Bulgaria, he signed a bill of sale, received the fifty in bills and two suitcases which she had packed with his clothes and books. Save for this cell he was homeless.

Leo Gurazov is no longer a comic egotist as he sits on the gray blanket, looking at the two scaly suitcases and the few creased, filthy bills which are all of his possessions, all his friends. Suddenly he is homesick. He does not much want to go to Bulgaria. He wonders if he might not have made himself a part of this puzzling new America; if he might not have come to love it. He wonders if he has not missed something fine and—to him—illusive, and if it is not now forever too late. He sits alone and his imperial triumphs of ten hours before are tawdry and worn brocade on a dusty abandoned stage. He is in that most tragic debacle of the egotist—he wonders if after all he really is superior to the herd he has despised; and doubt breeds a devouring weakness which leaves him feeble in every limb.

VIII

OUT of this blur of gray Gurazov was startled by the door man of the cell house rumbling, "Your lawyer and a friend to see you. Lieutenant says they can go in."

Gurazov looked up with a suddenness that cricked his neck. He saw a prosperous, portly, businesslike man, and behind him Nick Benorius. But it was a new Nick. He was yearning, friendly, anxious. He brushed by the prosperous one as the cell door was opened. He thrust out his hand, shouting, "Comrade, by golly, I was a fool! I thought you were kidding me. Last night I learned they really are trying to deport you."

Scrambling from his uncomfortable humility Gurazov mourned, "I don't know—I think it looks bad."

"Not on your life!" Benorius chortled. "Count on old Nick. I have been at work all night. I have a lawyer—and not no socialist lawyer neither, but Mr. Henebry here. And I will have witnesses—myself, Becky Tchernin—devil of a job I've just been having persuading her. And I've raised a fund. You know who Miss Pluma Wilcox is? The daughter of the banker that died? Lots of money but liberal? The old maid that comes to radical meetings in a limousine? I argued it out with her and she's promised a fund of fifteen thousand dollars to keep you from being deported!"

"Fifteen thousand—Henebry—to keep me—from—from going to Bulgaria!" gagged Gurazov.

If he had only a fifth, only a tenth of that sum, he could go back by steamer, first-class, and not have to crawl through cells and insults. He sat dumb, his head shaking.

Nick boisterously pounded his shoulder and clamored, "Yes, sir, got it all fixed." He briskly pushed out a stool which the door man had brought and bustled, "Sit down, Mr. Henebry." He pulled out of his pocket a confused mess of pencils and fountain pens and rather smeary old envelopes. He buzzed, "Now we must get busy—get busy. Oh, we'll keep you in America, all right, old sport! Now, Mr. Henebry, my idea for the witnesses is to claim that Gurazov always has been reactionary, and I think I can get a university professor to prove that his statements in his pamphlet have been misconstrued."

Gurazov watched Henebry, one of the leaders of the Vernon bar, get his fingers into the case, occasionally chirruping, "Yes, there's a good fighting chance to acquit him."

Gurazov's plump shoulders slid down in his coat like hot dumplings shrinking in the ice box and his black-edged nails mechanically scratched at his trousers as he saw his visions of glory also acquitted. Only once did he try to save them. After vast mental effort he interrupted the conference.

"I don't know, Nick—maybe I go so far now that it's too late. Maybe we better let 'em deport me and not take your time, comrade."

"No, sir, we'll stick! Got to! If you were deported it would be a bad precedent for other cases. Good Lord, you don't want to be deported, do you? If I thought that—well, I'd make it hot for you."

"Oh, no, no, no; of course not! I oppose deportation with the last drop of my blood," asserted Gurazov as feebly as though he had shed that last drop at least fifteen minutes before.

Sitting back with the patience of complete ruin, he saw them save him from being Emperor of Eastern Europe. Several times he considered telling them to go to the devil, but he was afraid that Benorius might get damaging stories about him into Bulgaria. And he was awed and depressed by Henebry. The lawyer was extraordinarily like a gold bond, with oblong feet like a pair of unclipped coupons, a mustache undoubtedly modeled on the best engraved scrolls and a stiff shirt which crackled like heavy paper. The only characteristic he lacked was the vignette of the honest husbandman, who on all properly designed bonds is plowing with a mud-scow anchor.

When Nick and the human bond were gone Gurazov thought a long time, and the best the Emperor of Eastern Europe could do was "Huh! Yankees! I'll show 'em!"

It was two days after—following Henebry's demand on Inspector Blymer for bail—that Gurazov was released. He was perfectly free—to starve. He had about seventy dollars in the world. He tried to buy the cigar store back from Becky. She refused. He begged her to take him on as clerk. She negligently said that he was a cranky, nagging, four-flushing old hog and that she wouldn't give him a job sweeping the sidewalk. He tried to get from Nick a loan out of the fund promised on his behalf by Miss Pluma Wilcox. Nick waved his hands and told him that the fund was sacred to fighting the case as a precedent. And so at forty-six, after many years of sitting round, Leo Gurazov had to go to work. He found a job with a gang cleaning up the yards of the Minnesota and Dakota Railroad. Groaning and wincing as he tore his padded hands on slivers of steel, mocked by rugged young micks who thought his beard an object of humor, retiring at night to a shack behind the wheat elevators, he waited in a hell of sweat and exertion while the leisurely Henebry made ready to save him from his empire.

He had read in fiction that a man gets used to toil after the first hardening, but he saw that this was incorrect. Each day made him more convinced that work was absolutely the worst way in the world for a gentleman to put in his time. For an occupation that had been so much discussed, working had less sport to it than anything he could think of. And as for carrying one end of a rotten oak tie under the glare of a large red Irish section boss it was an amusement absolutely not worth going to jail for. Ab-so-lute-ly!

After two weeks of these and much less respectable meditations he decided to borrow from Miss Pluma Wilcox. She lived on the Boulevard of the Lakes, Vernon's most expensive section. On a spring evening, with weariness poisoning his bones and sucking the colors from the afterglow, he crept out along the unending Boulevard. Two months ago he would have sneered at the hulking granite piles, but in his smeared working clothes he was timorous and his heart was the heart of a beggar. There was in him no lasting defiance, but only a desire for ease without effort and power without responsibility.

IX

THE mansion built by David Janson Wilcox, the late president of the Midstates Trust and Security Company, was a graystone barracks so large and intolerant and foursquare that it resembled a grammar school planned by an ill-natured contractor. The comfortably cynical Gurazov of the cigar store would have called it a "symbol of capitalism," but Roostan Gurry of the section gang thought only of getting his hands on a few hundred out of the thousands which the house represented. He would rest his cramped back then. He would lie in bed and read. He besought the birdlike maid in her black and white:

"Please could I see Miss Wilcox? Tell her I am Leo Gurazov."

The maid let him wait in a tiled entrance with walls of something like linoleum and an umbrella jar of something like brick and a smell of something like a Christmas tree and a feast of chocolate creams. Miss Wilcox snatched open the inner door to greet him. From neck to feet she was a smart, horsy, slim, active twenty-eight; from chin to faded auburn hair she was a tired, bewildered, uneasy forty. She was bubbling.

"Such a shame—keep you waiting—maid didn't understand—do come in—very glad you came to see me—do come in—here on the right, please."

It was a reception room of stiffness, gilt and chill. No one would have dared to build a fire in that fireplace of white enamel columns, gold wreaths and fainting blue molding.

Miss Pluma curled on a bleached brocade chair, her knees crossed, her chin in her hands, her whole manner breathless, and she pattered, "You don't know how grateful I am to you for giving me the chance to express myself against the conventions openly. I have always vaguely felt that something was wrong with the social system, but I have never come out boldly till now and faced the world. We are going to beat these bureaucrats who would deport you."

Gurazov did not care for it at all—and he certainly hadn't come here to talk about the social system. It was his digestive system in which he was interested.

"Miss Wilcox, it is terrible—all they did to me. I had to give up my store to meet the expenses. I have not got a cent. What you think? I am working on a section gang with common dirty workmen!"

"Now isn't that fine! I do envy you so."

"Eh? They are micks! They make me pick up railroad ties!"

"Isn't that splendid—to show that a man of intellect and European culture can labor with his hands!"

"Oh, sure—fine! But I ain't on the regular pay roll. I just get laborer's wages—special job cleaning up the yards—and I had to buy heavy shoes and everything. I can't hardly afford more than beef stew and hash. Oh, terrible!"

"Isn't that wonderful—a scholar living the simple free life! You don't know how I wish I could get away from the senseless, tedious luxury of life on the Boulevard—course dinners and that kind of rot."

"B-but—but—I was just wondering. Maybe if I could have more leisure I could watch my case better."

"Don't worry about that one bit. Mr. Henebry is a splendid lawyer—in fact he is my own attorney and I told him to take your case."

"But I'm afraid I get sick."

"Even that must be risked for the cause. Just think how much stronger your case is if you are patiently working there, bearing the burdens, while these abominable officials idling in gilded offices persecute you. No, no, you mustn't leave your fine stalwart labor for anything. Labor—so precious. I often think I shall some day go out and practically earn my own living. I do envy you so. Oh, Mr. Gurazov, I have the best idea! I must have you as the honor guest at a tea next Sunday."

Gurazov could not get her back to the delicate question of an advance and it did not help much to return to his shack as a prospective honor guest. At midnight he woke to one satisfaction—at the tea there would be food, fat and magnificent. He rubbed his rapidly wasting stomach. The coming gorge would make up for beef stew at Henry's Railroad Lunch Room.

The following Sunday Gurazov had neither breakfast nor luncheon. He lay abed till three in the afternoon. Dressing was a problem in communist etiquette. Would it be better to dust his best black suit and look respectable, or to wear his working clothes and look pathetic? He spent five minutes in turning his tremulous and hungry nose from one suit to the other. He compromised on Fabianism. He put on the other black suit with a socialist pamphlet worn in the breast pocket. He pulled his felt hat mysteriously over his brow and stalked out to Miss Pluma's.

The familiar reception room and the big drawing-room behind it, with walls of bilious brown and upholstery of sickly yellow satin, were full of people who bustled and stared and murmured and smelled of faint perfume and cedar chests and good Sunday dinners. Most of them were women above thirty-five. He recognized the president of the New Theater Club, the wife of a university professor, two newspaper men with their young wives and a lawyer who on all occasions lectured on single tax. Miss Pluma towed him about, introducing him to people all of whose names were strangely exactly the same—Mm. Blrrrr. He had to shake damp hands and smile and say over and over, "S'pleasure—pleas't'meet you."

But they did not ask him to make a speech, and as to contributing to his campaign for feeding the hungry they were bleakly silent. Now that they had curiously shaken his hand, they were through with him and in impenetrable knots they returned to discussing Ethel Barrymore and winter tops. Gurazov stood on one foot and felt unhappy.

In a room leagues away the swinging of a door, the scent of steam and pastry, two maids ushering a tea wagon.

Gurazov was a good lap ahead at the tape. And all the food he beheld was a

(Concluded on Page 121)

"The Motor's the Thing"

Herschell-Spillman Motors

GRAND Opera—Limousine—Herschell-Spillman Motor—aristocrats, all of them. Hence the choice of people who understand and have a penchant for the finer things in life.

These people appreciate the comfort of riding behind a motor whose noise does not drown their voices, whose vibrations do not jar their nerves, and whose caprices do not interfere with their plans as scheduled.

That is why Herschell-Spillman Motors have been put into some of the fine and exclusive cars. Increased post-war production will allow putting them in many more.

Builders of high grade motors since nineteen hundred

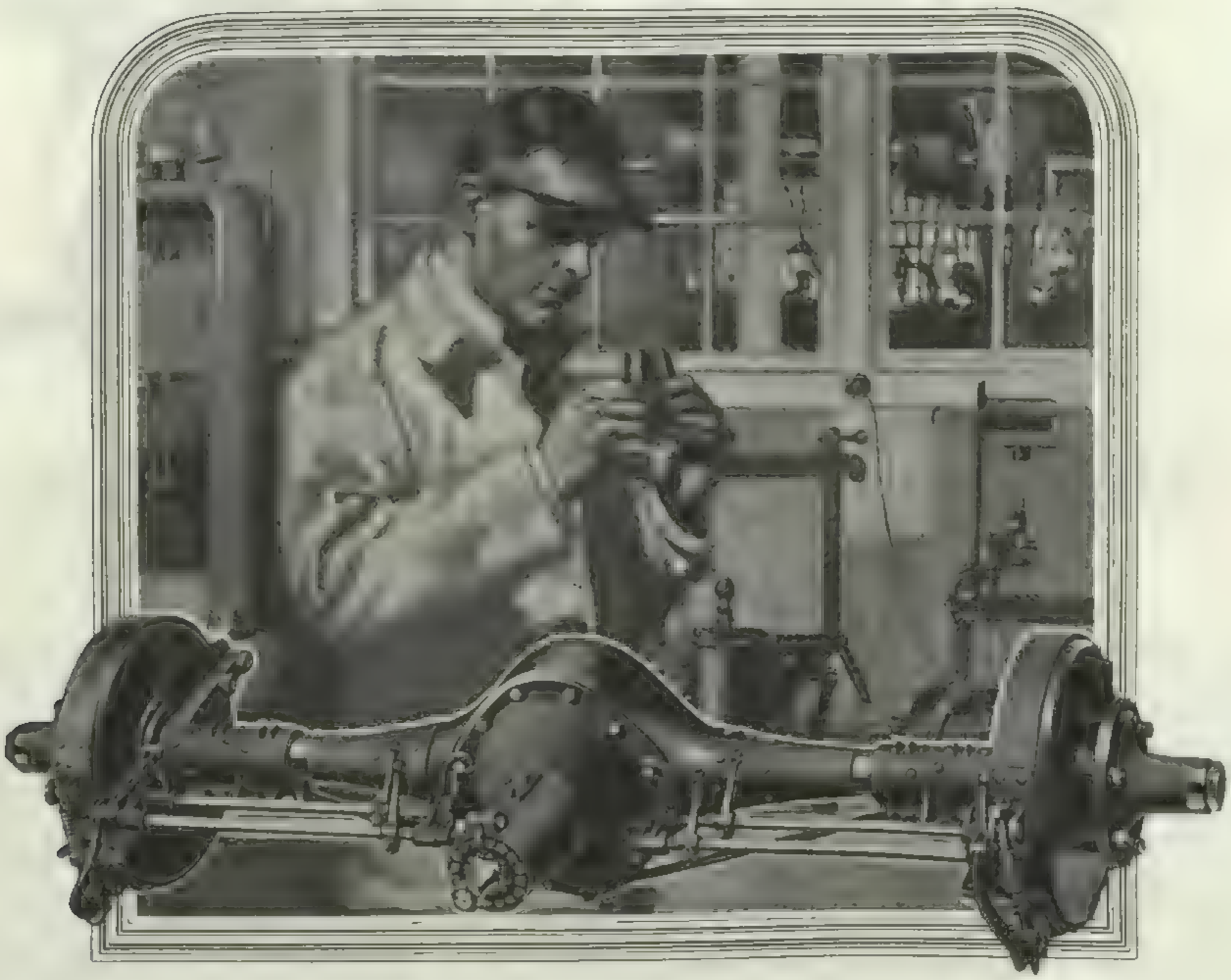
Four
3½" x 5"

Six
3¼" x 5"

"The Pick of the Field"

The HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN MOTOR CO.
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

SALISBURY AXLES



Every pound of metal that enters into the construction of a Salisbury Axle must measure up to a definite standard of quality. This standard is set and maintained by our own metallurgists in a completely equipped Chemical and Physical laboratory.

An all-important result of this scientific experimental work is absolute uniformity in the finished product. *All* Salisbury Axles enter service with the same honest heritage of strength and stamina. It is our pledge to American motorists that there will be no exceptions to this rule.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 118

large silver engine filled with tea and four large platters filled with insults to the appetite. There were cakes, thin and criss-crossed and shiny with sugar, and sticks of pastry less significant than the end of a right piece of apple pie. There were macaroons—and Gurazov had hated coconut ever since the South Seas. He did succeed with seven cakes—he took one every time a girl went by him with a tray. After them he was so hungry that he prowled round till he came on an innocent pitcher of cream on a bookcase and he hastily drank all of it.

When the crowd began to look at watches and to mutter, "I'm afraid we better be trotting on, Wilkie," he was still uninvited to make even a little pink speech. He sneaked out and desperately headed for Henry's Lunch. His disgust widened into a despair not in the least whimsical and humorous. Half the evening he tramped the railroad yards, an obscure humped figure in the roaring blackness. Blocks away was a sparkle of lanterns, green and twinkling crimson. Trains passed with a melodramatic fury of headlights, a sliding flare of yellow—and the infuriating hint of food in dining cars. Again were the yards thick with gloom—a hard gritty place of rails and cinder-covered ditches. Through them poked Gurazov and fear strode with him.

Henebry would win. Gurazov would not be deported. And if he was not he had for the rest of his life the prospect of these railroad yards and labor unending. When he was at last summoned to appear before Inspector Blymer he was slightly hysterical.

X

BLYMER lounged at his desk as informal as ever, but his office was lively with witnesses, all busily herded by Counselor Henebry, who used his eyeglasses as a shepherd's crook. Gurazov anxiously heard the testimony. Prof. George T. Waghouse of the University of Vernon so ably interpreted Gurazov's pamphlet that nobody—neither the inspector nor the original author nor the professor himself—had any idea what it really meant. Miss Pluma Wilcox, in white gloves and a boa, told how brave and misunderstood Gurazov was and hinted that it was the poor fellow's ignorance of English which had made him misstate his patriotic ideals. Nick Benorius and Becky Tchernin testified that far from being a dangerous anarchist Gurazov was a joke to every red in town.

"Now, Mr. Gurazov, I'll ask you a few questions," droned Inspector Blymer.

Gurazov dived out of his chair, leaned over with his fists on the desk, his shoulders humped, his elbows bent. He shouted:

"I love this country! I want to stay here! I fight deportation! But I don't care—I rather be deported than back down on my principles. I think you got one bum Government. I think we ought to rise and overthrow it."

"That'll do," snapped the inspector. "I don't believe we need go on with this hearing. The prisoner admits that he advocates the overthrow of the Government by force. He is to all intents an anarchist. I shall recommend his deportation."

"I protest," Counselor Henebry placidly sketched. "The prisoner is a socialist, not an anarchist. He does not, to quote the immigration code, 'disbelieve in all organized Government.' If you will permit, I purpose to show ——"

In a passion of fear at Henebry's calmness Gurazov chattered, "I do! I disbelieve in all government! I—I have just become an anarchist."

The inspector tapped his pencil.

"I think we'll call this enough, Mr. Henebry—unless you have some material witnesses."

"I have none, but I wish to explain that I don't think my client realizes what he has said."

"You do not yield then?"

"No, sir. And I want that to go in the record."

But Mr. Henebry's defiance was feeble and he drilled his waistcoat pocket with a cigar as though he wanted to get out and smoke.

"If you wish to file a brief, counselor, I'll forward it to Washington with my report. Washington must make final decision, but in my opinion this hearing indicates that the man is liable to deportation. That's all. Klosk, take him back to the city prison. Counselor, it will require a week or so for them to review this case in the law office of the bureau and for the secretary to make decision and I shall recommend a higher bail than five hundred. But if you want bail I'll advise Washington."

"I do ask for it," mumbled Henebry.

Gurazov did not hear him. He was in a haze of glory. Bulgaria was only a step away. It was beautiful to be taken to a nice quiet cell instead of going back to the section gang. He slept for most of forty-eight hours. He was still soaking in drowsiness two days later when Miss Pluma Wilcox was admitted to talk to him through the bars.

"How do?" he grunted.

"Oh, we all admire you so! Just to think that my class can go on being content with golf and making money when people like you lead such an exciting life! Some day I shall go right out and defy the Government. And I have a wonderful idea. I'm going to start a radical night school. I shall be president. But you are to be secretary and instructor in European economics—if we can save you from deportation. I will pay you a salary of four thousand a year."

Gurazov was not drowsy now. He was yanking at the bars as though he was trying to break them. He had never in his life made so much as a thousand a year clear. He was yelling:

"Save me from deportation! Tell Henebry to hurry! Tell him to come see me! Save me! I love this country! Four thousand a year? Tell Nick the comrades got to save me! He got up a petition for them Hindus. He got to get up one for me."

XI

ALL day after release on bail Gurazov was in conference with Miss Pluma, Nick and Henebry. He was being trained to withdraw his testimony; to explain that he had not understood the meaning of the word "anarchist." All four of them talked at once in the black-paneled Wilcox dining room. They drank coffee and pounded the table and read pieces out of little paper-bound books. Gurazov was showing possibilities of hysteria unknown to himself. He wanted to escape deportation more than he had wanted to attain it. He saw as heaven the office of the night school, himself loftily advising students and napping in a desk chair—and not in danger of Balkan counter-revolutionists. He kept clutching the tail and lapels and sleeves of Henebry's staid gray cutaway till the irritated lawyer barked, "Don't paw me!"

"The poor man—can't you see his spiritual agony?" Pluma reprimanded.

Nick Benorius looked doubtful. He was fed up with Gurazov and he was sure that he knew a much better man than Gurazov for a certain four-thousand-dollar job.

Henebry had settled down to read aloud a transcript of the testimony at the hearing when the maid murmured, "Man to see you, Miss Wilcox."

Behind her stood the lean, casual Inspector Klosk.

"Come on, Gurry, we have received the warrant of deportation. We start on the eleven o'clock train this evening for Chicago. All aboard for New York and Ellis Island!"

Miss Pluma flattered at Henebry, "Do something! Go to Washington!"

"No, the Secretary of Labor has decided. But maybe we can call on the Federal courts," fussed Henebry.

"Take my limousine! See the district judge here!"

"Don't think he'd decide for us. He'd hold the Department of Labor had jurisdiction. But—what train do you take out of Chicago, Klosk?"

"New York Limited to-morrow."

Henebry pondered.

"Miss Wilcox, will you order the limousine? I have twenty-two minutes to make my train."

"What do you do? Don't desert me! Save me from being deported!" Gurazov pleaded.

"Please phone my wife and the office that I may be out of town for a week or more," Henebry amiably observed to Miss Pluma, and was out of the door into the Wilcox car.

XII

THE district judge in the city of Battleville between New York and Chicago was in his gold and maroon and oak chambers in the summer evening when he ought to have been out fishing. He wore neither a gown nor a frock coat; in fact, he was in his shirt sleeves and unofficially interested in a cigar presented by a very pleasant fellow, one Henebry, an attorney from out in Vernon. This Henebry was sitting by the judge's long table, accompanied by young Tiffin of the distinguished Battleville legal firm of Vincing, Vincing, Mather and Scharken. Between glances at the cigar his honor looked over Henebry's petition for a writ of habeas corpus begging that the person of Leo Gurazov be produced in the Federal court.

"You see, y' honor, speaking unofficially, this poor fellow Gurazov, a very worthy but excitable Bulgarian peasant, got to talking too much and was reported through overzeal. He did not understand the questions put to him. That is shown in the hearing by the fact that he actually volunteered statements injurious to himself; and the inspector, a gallant fellow but fiery and impatient, closed the case before I could get Gurazov to explain his meaning."

"Well, I grant the writ. I wish it weren't so hot to-night," sighed the judge.

"May I suggest that the train with the inspector and the prisoner will be through here in less than half an hour now?"

"All right. Tiffin, will you phone to Mat Haffner, the marshal, while I make out the papers?"

Twenty minutes later Henebry, Tiffin and the United States marshal left the courthouse in a rearing taxicab.

The vast new Battleville Union Station, a glare of steel and Indiana limestone and floors like incredible stretches of petrified bread pudding, was clattering with preparations for the arrival of the New York Limited. In the train shed, where tracks reached from behind steel gates into a shadowy tunnel, was a mass of red caps, traveling men, army officers, families bound for the Adirondacks. Through them crushed the small squat marshal with two persons of professional dignity in his wake.

"What you shovin' for?" growled the gateman.

The marshal showed his badge; the three men flew through the gate, down the long cement platform. From the tunnel slid a train, powerful and clean-cut and brassy—the National Central's fastest express. The three men ran beside it. Before it stopped they swung up on the steps of the first sleeper, pushed the protesting porter aside, shouldered down the aisle, brushing against the green curtains of just-made berths. At the smoking compartment of the third sleeper they stopped.

"That's them!" shrieked the normally grammatical Mr. Henebry.

The marshal saw Gurazov, dumpy and depressed in a corner, while Inspector Klosk, making circles with a cigar as he talked, informed three sleepy traveling men that his farm in Saskatchewan was a darned sight better investment than any phony oil stock.

"All off, inspector," grunted the marshal. "Writ of habeas corpus. Federal court."

"And me with a date in New York! There's a gentleman friend of mine there, a cop, and he says he can raise some real old-fashioned red-eye. I kind of expected you gents and your writ back in Chicago. Come on, Gurry, shake a leg."

As the passengers packed at the door and whispered, "What is it, a pinch?" Klosk snorted, "Out of my way."

They fell back before the law and Gurazov toddled after Klosk, dumb with beatitude. This here habeas corpus would save him from deportation. He would return immediately—and in a Pullman—to his four-thousand-dollar job in Vernon.

It wasn't till morning in the Battleville County cell house that he learned that he would be held here while the court sent to Washington for a certified file of his case. He fell into such fear of deportation and such new patriotism that when Henebry came to see him four days later he tried to sing Marching Through Georgia, despite extreme protests from the wife beater in the next cell.

Henebry hawed, "I think I have a good chance to win this time—on one provision. Let's have this clear now: Do you want to be deported?"

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"Then when you appear before the judge you must not lose your temper the way you did with the inspector in Vernon. Don't volunteer any information about any fool theories you may have."

"I won't! Oh, you are my benefactor!"

"Pluma does seem to have drafted me for that job. I suppose I'll have to find work for you when we get back to Vernon."

"Oh, no!"—rather patronizingly—"I am the secretary of Miss Wilcox's great college. She appreciate my learnings."

"No, you're not. That's one thing I've come to tell you. Miss Wilcox writes me that she's given up the night-school idea. She's going out for a new country club instead."

"Then I—I have no job and—and you keep me from being deported?"

"That's about it."

Gurazov slowly raised his hands, slowly opened his mouth to bellow: "I wish you to tend to your own business and not butt in! I will be deported. I will not be stopped by you—or any of these yellow socialists. Get out of here! Go tell the judge I'm an anarchist, and the sooner I go to Ellis Island the sooner I'll get over having to look at fool Americans like you."

Henebry polished his chin while he speculated. "I think I can withdraw my petition to the Federal court. And I think I'll give a little information to your radical friends about you."

Thus it happened that a week later Gurazov stood before the desk of the immigration commissioner at Ellis Island.

"Do you want bail while we make final arrangements? Is some radical organization going to raise it for you?" the commissioner was asking.

"I—I have had of a row with them. A lawyer lie about me to them. I don't think they raise much for me. No, please-s-s, just let me go to Bulgaria right away," begged Gurazov.

"Bulgaria? Why, we don't send you to Bulgaria!"

"What-t-t?"

"You first landed in America from Vladivostok—Russian territory. You get sent to the country of embarkation—Russia."

"But there are no steamers for Russia."

"No, indeed—and no recognized government of which we can ask permission to land you. Gurazov, you must be a clever man and a hard worker. You seem to have managed to get in wrong with about all the kinds of people there are. If you can't raise bail I guess we'll have to keep you on Ellis Island till conditions are settled abroad."

"But the good political jobs, they will all be gone in Bulgaria! How long you keep me here? How long? How long?"

"Can't tell. Depends on Russia. Maybe one year. Maybe five. That's all, inspector, take him back."

To Gurazov came a vision of Mississippi Street in Vernon; the dark stone buildings, the cigar-store Indian, a lunch room full of Yankee slang. It seemed very homelike, very desirable and infinitely far away.

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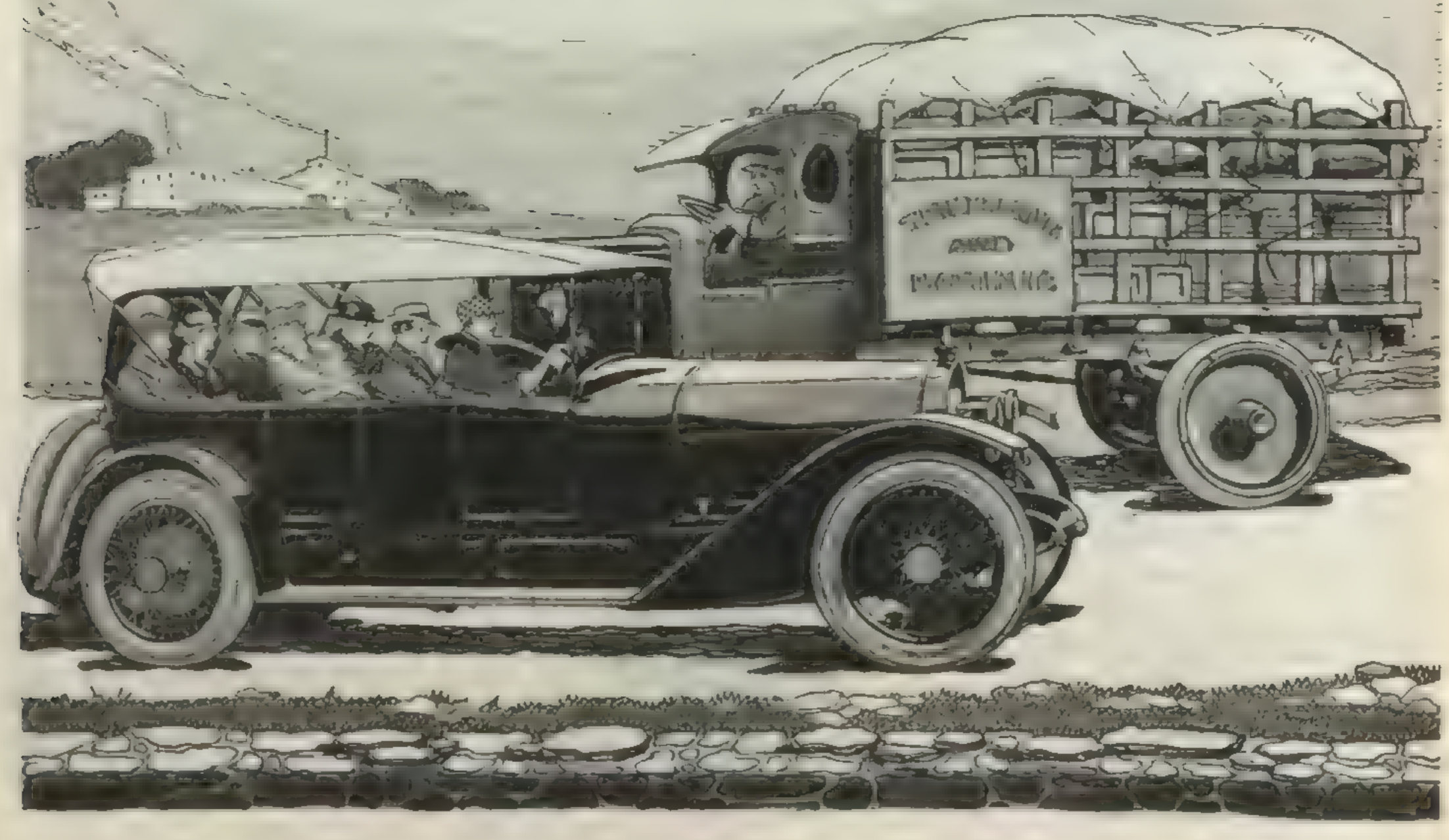

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THE GORGEOUS GIRL

(Continued from Page 27)

Mary nodded. But Trudy was not to be discouraged.

"Gee, but that ring made a lot of trouble, Mary, come here, deary. Will you forgive me? They say you forgive the dead anything. Listen, I was awfully discouraged and Gay was so mean and I was all wrong anyway—you know—foolish—see? Beatrice was mean too. . . . I want you to marry Steve because he loves you, and a divorce won't break her heart—you just see if it does. I always knew he was the one you liked—and he does care now. Sure, he does. You can tell. Even I can tell, Mary. . . . I just told her so—and my, she is wild but won't admit it. She never asked me to her house after that if she could get out of it. And now I'm sorry—and I want you to have the ring. That will help some, won't it? You tell Gay what I said. You must have it. Your fingers are thin and long and can carry it off well. And so you do forgive me, don't you? I shouldn't have told her, but I couldn't help it, she was so mean. And now he cares—and you can be happy ——"

"You told Mrs. O'Valley?"

Trudy was panting. Perspiration stood on the white forehead as she managed to finish: "I said you always loved her husband and now he loves you—and I am sorry. But I was mad at them all; you can't understand, because you're not my sort. . . . But you can be happy now. Marry him and make him happy."

She dozed into a contented sleep. A little later it was all over.

xx

GAY'S course of action was exactly what his wife had prophesied. He displayed all the proper symptoms of mourning and grief as far as his clothing and stationery went. After a brief period of retirement from the world, during which he chattered with fear when he wrapped Trudy's gay little possessions in bundles and gave them away, he emerged in the satisfactory rôle of a young widower on the loose who feels that "Perhaps it was all for the best; an idyl of youth, y'know; someone quite out of my sphere," and was welcomed by the old set enthusiastically.

Beatrice particularly saw to it that he was petted and properly cared for regarding invitations and dainties to eat and drink. In this new rôle, with a well-established business and no shrewd red-haired wife to point out his meanness and try to make him go fifty-fifty with the profits, Gay felt at peace with all the world.

He did not even miss Trudy's work after a little. The only thing that bothered him was an occasional memory of the white, still face and those limp red curls, the hacking cough and the way her big eyes had followed him about the room that last night. He hated anything connected with suffering of any kind let alone death itself.

Before long Gay found himself back at the club and running a neat shop on a prominent corner with deaf mutes from charity institutions ensconced in the back rooms to do the work. Memories of Trudy and of their life together became as remote as the memory of a dinner eaten twelve months past.

He had her ring set over for himself, Mary never having mentioned the matter. In fact, he avoided Mary as he avoided Steve, for it was Mary who had spent the last moments with Trudy, and whatever was said remained a most uncomfortable mystery to Gay's way of thinking. She had remained at the apartment to help Gay through his sorrow, looking at him with brief scorn as he stammered inane thanks, scantily concealing his impatience to sample a basket of wine just sent him.

As Easter Sunday came slipping into the calendar, with Mary and Luke sightseeing in New York in plebeian fashion and not ashamed of it, there came a great though not unexpected crash in Steve O'Valley's fortunes. Steve's unreckoned-with enemies were about to have their innings; they succeeded in bringing Steve down to the level of being forced to ask his father-in-law for aid and admit that he could not handle Constantine's affairs or what remained of them.

This was exactly what the enemies desired. A number of things combined to make the crash a mighty one. Steve still speculated, secure, he fancied, in his surplus savings, his speculations all ended disastrously and his factories were no longer bustling places of commerce. It was a case of keen competition for orders, and closing round Steve relentlessly was a circle of enemies forming a gigantic trust which played the big-fish-swallow-the-little-fish game. Knowing of Steve's disaster on the Stock Exchange, as well as the thin ice on which his industries were managing to survive, the trust now invited him to become one of them—at a ridiculous figure—or else be squeezed out of the game overnight.

Steve's first emotion upon receiving the offer was nonchalance and determination to appear unconcerned and weather it through. So he held out as long as he could, plunging in the stock market, with the result that he was beaten as if he had been a street vender whose wares are confiscated by the police authorities.

It was not a time to do some new devil-may-care thing. Fortunes were not achieved as they had been from 1914 to 1919, and Steve told himself in vain that since it was luck that had made him it must be luck that should again bring him out on top of the heap. All at once luck seemed no jaunty chap with endless pockets of gold, but, rather, a disgruntled, threadbare old chap who said: "None of you ever treat me right when I do smile on you; now go take care of yourselves any way you like, for you have ruined me too."

With this pleasant state of affairs Steve came home to the Villa Rosa one wonderful April day, half of him wondering if Mary would let him come and tell his story and the other half trying to hope that the news of his failure would prove the saving grace between the Gorgeous Girl and himself, that she would accept his plea of becoming just folks and starting anew, her father's wealth in the background, entirely removed from Steve's new field of endeavors.

It did not take long to disillusion Steve as to this. Beatrice accepted the news of the stock failure and the new trust so easily that he saw she was incapable of changing her viewpoint.

"Why gamble so, my dear Stevuns?" she began almost petulantly. "And do you know that every time I make engagements for you you are late? You are nearly a half hour late to-night."

"I am losing the factory as well. I'll have to sell out for a song. I can't compete with cutthroats ——"

"Are you going to hurry and dress so we can go?" She smiled her prettiest.

At one time Steve would have noted only that white tulle and pearls spun witchery, and her skirt possessed the charm of a Hawaiian girl's dancing costume. Even at this juncture he recalled and smiled at past blindness.

"You don't seem to understand what I am saying and all that is happening. First I played Copper until they taught me not to monkey with the band wagon; then I played Cobalt until the same thing took place." He sank impolitely into an easy-chair. "Then I got the chance to come in with the gang—an insulting proposition any way you want to figure—a paltry sum for everything I have and the statement in veiled terms that I need not expect to have that unless I did as they dictated."

"Well—sell your business to someone else before this happens!"

"I couldn't even if I wished to cheat; it is quite the talk of the town."

"Well—manage. Papa will tell you how. Why do you come running to me? Goodness, don't stare like that. It's nothing unusual to manage! I don't know about business—you made a lot of money once and I should think you could do it again."

"It doesn't bother me as much as you think," he said almost breathlessly, eager to know the worst. "It means I am a poor man in your estimation. I can sell out to these people, who have thrown a steel ring round their game, so to speak, and had to wait to do it until your father was out of the running. I can never buck them—I'm not fool enough to be goaded on to try. Your father could not win out the way things are now—but he could have prevented their ever getting the upper hand—because he knows every last turn of the wheel. They could not have fooled him. I didn't know what was coming until it was too late. A get-rich-quick man always pays for his own speed!"

"Stevuns, you'll make me so nervous I can't go to-night. It's a lovely party. You stay home and tell papa all about it, but leave me in peace."

"Thank you, I will. And is this the sympathy and the understanding you give me when I say we are being ruined?"

"Don't keep saying it." She stamped her little foot. "Papa has lots of money in English and Chinese securities and I don't know what all. Why, that factory of his was the least of his fortune."

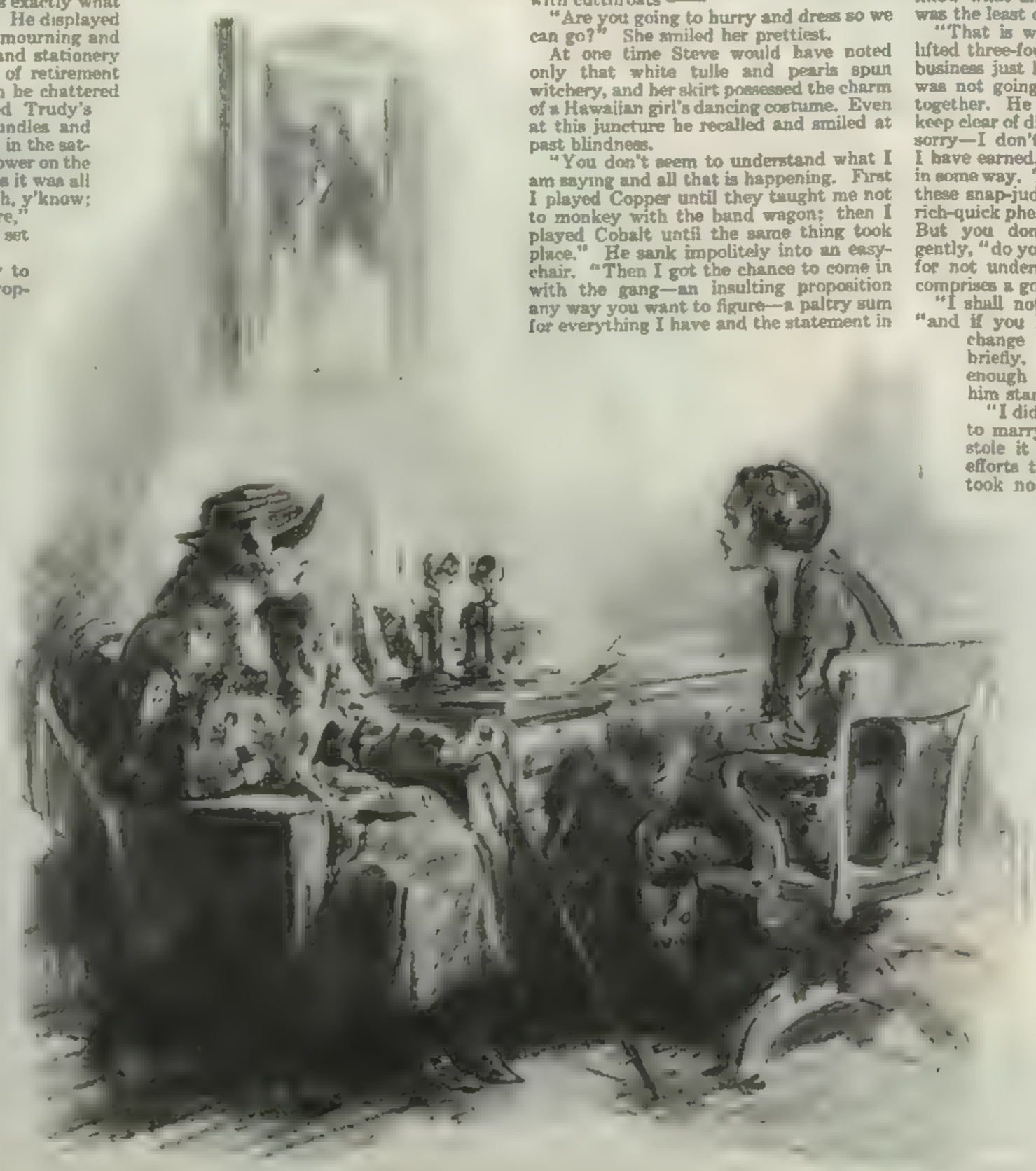
"That is why your father deliberately lifted three-fourths of his money from the business just before he was taken ill. He was not going to risk cutthroats' getting together. He overestimated my ability to keep clear of disaster. But after all I'm not sorry—I don't want anything more than I have earned. For you always pay for it in some way. The world may not know, but these snap-judgment profiteers, these get-rich-quick phenomena, always have to pay. But you don't understand," he added gently, "do you? You must not be blamed for not understanding anything unless it comprises a good time!"

"I shall not try," she said petulantly, "and if you love me you will hurry to change your things and tell papa briefly. To-morrow will be time enough to go into details and have him start you into something new."

"I didn't take your father's money to marry you with, and even if I stole it in a sense, it was my own efforts that brought it to pass. I took no help from him until I was established. So I shall not sneak back to let my wife's father support me now. I'm going to drop out of this game, Beatrice. It is for you to decide whether you go with me or stay at the Villa Rosa." He stood up suddenly and came close to her, looking down at her in all her fragile loveliness, wondering, half hoping, halfway expecting that a miracle might happen even as he had hoped for the miracle of his fortune—that at this late hour she might cease to be a mere Gorgeous Girl and understand.

Beatrice frowned, playing with her fan. "You look shabby and tired," she complained; "not my handsome Steve. You don't mean such things, because you do love me and you know I could never be happy living any other way. I'm all papa has and he wants me to have everything I want. Of course I want this dear house and you and all that both of you mean, so be a lamb and get

(Continued on Page 128)



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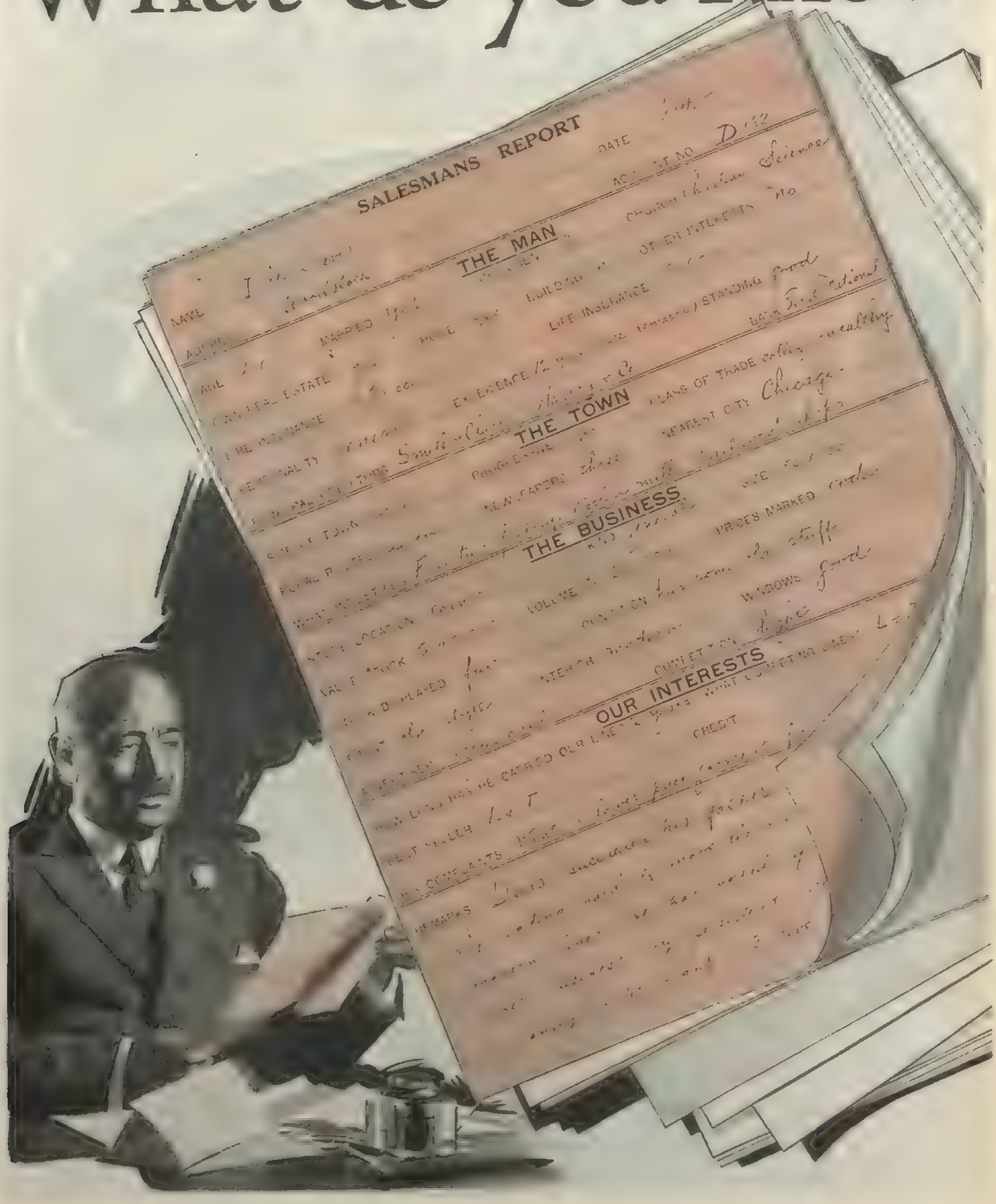
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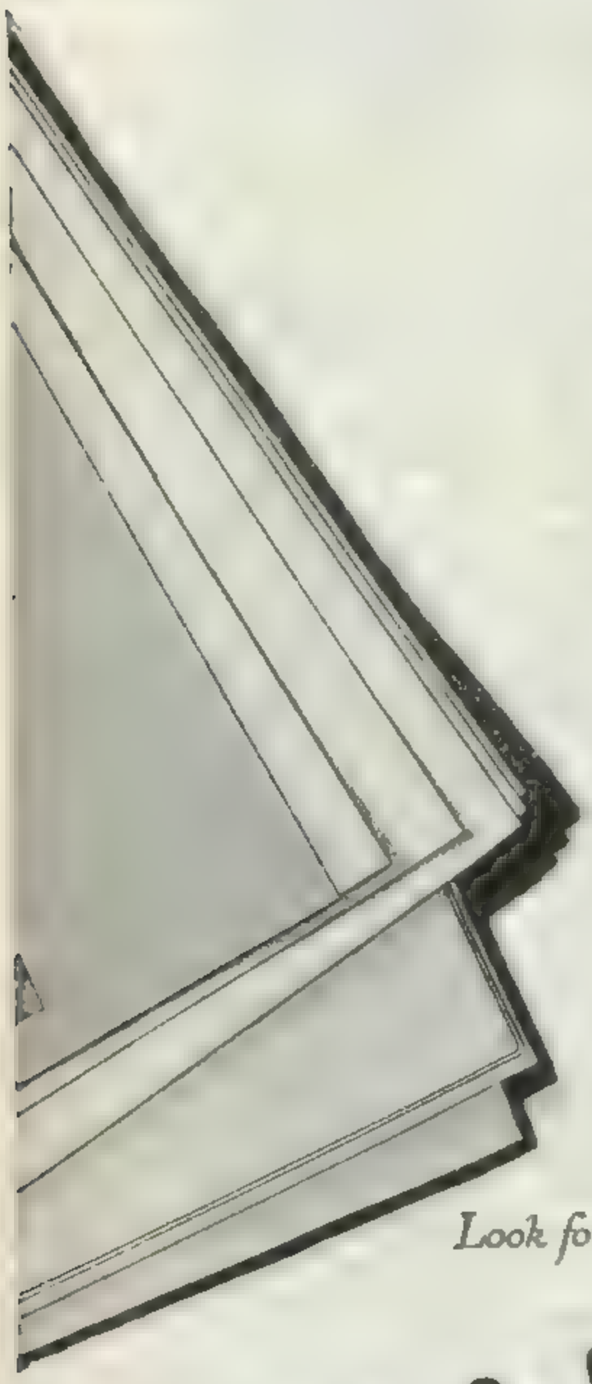

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"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 124)

dressed and papa will help you into some nice safe business that can never fail."

She stood on her tiptoes, about to kiss him. But he pushed her away.

"You mean you won't begin with me, you won't take our one chance for happiness? Just to begin together to learn and earn, be real? Do you think for one instant I will be like Gay Vondeploeshe, subsisting on a woman's bounty? No. I shall support my wife; it was never my wish that we come here to live, and you insisted upon luxuries my purse could not afford. In the main, to the outsider, I have supported you. But we both know it is not true; I have merely been a needed accessory. From now on I shall either support you or else not live with you. I ask you to stop having a good time long enough to give me your decision."

"Oh, Stevuns—you funny old dear!"

"If it were a direct loan of money from your father it would be a different matter—but it is one of those intricate involved deals that mean more than you or I choose to admit. It means I have learned the hollow satisfaction in being a rich man and husband of a Gorgeous Girl. I want to be a plain American with a wife who is content with something else besides a Villa Rosa and pound-and-a-half lap dogs. I am going to be a mediocre failure in the eyes of your set, since it is the only way in which I can start to be a true success in other than dollar standards. The two elements that collect a crowd and breed newspaper headlines are mystery and struggle; remove them and you find yourself serene and secure. That is what I propose to do. I ask if it is too late for you to come with me or are you going to linger in the Villa Rosa? Answer me—I want something real, common, definite—can't you understand?"

"If you ever dare treat me like this again ——" she began whimpering.

Steve brushed by her and up the stairs. He went into Constantine's room, where the old man lay in helpless discontent, his dulling eyes looking at the sunken gardens and the chattering peacocks and his heart longing for Hannah and the early days together.

"Why, Steve," he said in a pleased tone, "you look as if they were after you. Thought you'd forgotten me. That nurse Bea engaged has a voice like a scissors grinder in action."

Briefly Steve told him what had taken place, not mentioning Beatrice's name. It had an astonishing effect; as a mental tonic it was not to be surpassed, for the fallen oak of a man throbbed anew with life, as much as was possible, his hands twitching with rage, his teeth grinding and the dulled eyes bright with interest.

"The dogs! I knew it! Why didn't you tell me long before? Blocked 'em off—snuffed 'em out. Meddling with wildcat stocks—asinine any way you figure it! Well, I don't know that I blame you. The first success was too sweet to leave untried again, eh?" He chuckled as if something amused him. "We'll close out to 'em. We'll start again ——"

"I don't want another fortune handed me," Steve interrupted. "I want to earn it, if you please. I'm not a pauper in the true sense of the word; I am merely trained down to the proper financial weight for a man of my age and experience to carry, and I can now enter the ring with good chances. The other way was as absurd as the four-year-old prodigy who typewrites and is rather fond of Greek. But I loved your daughter and I thought it quite the right thing to do. I asked your daughter just now if she was willing to live with a poor man, according to her standards, as your wife lived with you—to give me her help and her faith in me.

"Do you know what she answered? She told me to come to you and truckle for another big loan, which I am not capable of handling, to cheat legally and never hint to the world the truth of the affair. She hadn't the most remote idea that I was in earnest when I told her I was going to be a failure in the eyes of the world—but I was not going to have my wife's father support me. I'm not sorry this has happened—I feel as if the Old Man of the Sea had dropped off me. But this is the thing: either my wife and I will live in a home of our own, and such a home as I can provide, being an independent and proper family and keeping our problems and responsibilities within our gates; or else your daughter is going to stay with you and lose her one chance of freedom while I leave town."

The Basque grandmother and the Celtic grandfather lent Steve all their passionate determination and keenness of insight, as they once lent him chivalry, humor and charm. He stood before the old man taut with excitement and flushed with sudden fury.

"It is you I blame," he added before Constantine could make answer. "You kept her as useless as a china shepherdess; it is not her fault if she fails to rise to the occasion now."

Constantine's face quivered; what the emotion was none but himself knew.

"You poor fool boy!" he said thickly. "Don't you know I made you a rich man all along the line? You never did anything at all. It wasn't luck on the stock exchange—it was Mark Constantine back of you. Gad, to have made what you did in the time you did you'd have had to do worse than dabble your hands in the mud. You'd have had to roll in it—like I did." He gave a coarse laugh. "That was what I figured out when you said you wanted Beatrice and what you were going to do to try to get her. I liked you, I wanted you for her husband, I hated the other puppies. So I wasn't going to have Beatrice's husband a cutthroat and a highbinder as he would have to be if he had turned the whole trick.

"You young fool, don't you suppose I made the stock exchange yield you the sugarplums? Gad, I knew every cent you spent and made. It was for my girl, my Gorgeous Girl, so why shouldn't I do it? I saved your ideals and kept your hands white so that you would be good enough for her; that was what I figured out the hour after you had told me your intentions. I followed you like the fairy books tell of; I brought you your fortune and your factory and scotched all the enemies about you—and gave you the girl. And you thought you killed the seven-headed dragon yourself. . . . I don't blame you for the foozle, Steve; I cotton-wooled you all along—it was bound to come. But, damme, you'll come down to brass tacks and take more of my money now and keep her from being unhappy—and stop this snivel about earning what you get and needing responsibilities—or you'll find you've put your foot into hell and you can't pull it out!"

White-heat anger enveloped Steve's very soul, yet strangely enough he felt not like sinning but rather like Laertes crying out in mental anguish, "Do you see this, O God?"

XXI

STEVE knew he brushed by Aunt Belle, who was coming in to see what her brother was roaring about, and down those detestable gilded curlicue stairs to seek out his wife and try again to make her realize that for once he was determined on what should come to pass as regarded their future together, to force her to realize even if he created a cheap scene.

Whatever blame fell upon Constantine's shoulders was not within his province to judge—Constantine was a dying man and Steve was not quite thirty-five. So that ended the matter from Steve's viewpoint. It was his intention not to try to evade his personal blame in the matter but to make reparation to his own self and to his wife if he might be permitted. If he could once convince his wife that their sole chance of future happiness and sanity lay in beginning as medium-incomed young persons with all the sane world before them it would have been worth it all—excepting for Mary Faithful.

Even as Steve tried in a quick tense fashion to dismiss Mary from his mind and say that Beatrice was his wife and that love must come as the leavener once this hideous wealth was removed, he knew the thing was impossible. The best solution of which he was capable was to say that he owed it to both Mary Faithful and Beatrice to play the game from the right angle and that in causing Beatrice to disclaim her title of Gorgeous Girl and all it implied he at least would find contentment—the same sort of uninteresting contentment of which Mary boasted.

He found Beatrice in a furore of tears and protests, angered at missing the dinner engagement and not understanding why any of it was necessary. She felt her own territory had been infringed upon, since making a scene was her peculiar form of mental intoxication.

But Steve was composed, even smiling, and as he came up to her she fancied her father had made everything all right as his check book had seen fit to do upon so many occasions. The slight worry over Steve's possible folly vanished, and she felt it safe to proceed to reproach him for having been so horrid.

"Now, my dear Stevuns, why did you get me all upset? And yourself and poor papa, to say nothing of my having to send word at the last moment that we could not attend the dinner. Oh, Steve, Steve, will you ever be really tamed?"

"Come and sit beside me." He drew out a notebook and pencil. "I must tell you some things."

Rather curious, she obeyed, but keeping a discreet distance so her frock would not be ruffled. "I'm still cross," she warned.

Steve was writing down figures, adding them and making notations.

"Look here, dear," he began patiently; "this is just where I shall stand—a poor man to your way of thinking, almost as poor as when I set out to win you. I'm going into a salaried job for a few years—a real hope-to-die job—and we can have a house ——"

"I thought we talked that all out before," she interrupted half petulantly, half wistfully. "Why do you keep repeating yourself? You'll be thumping your fists the first thing we know!"

"Do you fancy I am not going to do this? Are you not sufficiently concerned to listen, to realize I have been a blind conceited fool? But I have learned my lesson. I shall support my wife from now on and live in my own house or else I shall no longer be your husband."

"Steve!"

She opened and shut her fan quickly, then it fell to the floor. But he did not pick it up.

"You were never keen for details, so I shall not irritate you now by introducing them. But the fact remains that I have been made and backed by your father merely because he wished me to be your husband. You picked me out—and I was keen to be picked out—and he decided to make me as proper a companion for you as possible. I am in some ways as untried to-day as any youngster starting out; as I was when I fancied I made the grand and initial stride by myself. Your father feels I ought to be eternally grateful—but then, what else could the father of the Gorgeous Girl think? He has harmed me—but he has ruined you. I hardly thought you would meet me halfway, still it was worth the try."

Forgetful of her flounces Beatrice crumpled them in her hands, saying sharply, "Are you taking this way of getting out of it?"

"Good heavens," Steve murmured half inaudibly, "I keep forgetting you have never been taught values or sincerity! There is no way I can prove to you how in earnest I am, is there?"

"You mean to say I am a failure?" she preened herself unconsciously.

"The most gorgeous failure we have with us to-day! And the worst of it is it is growing to be a common type of failure since gorgeousness is becoming prevalent. There are many like you—not many any more gorgeous, and thousands less so. You are a type that has developed the last twenty years and is developing these days at breakneck speed. And you can't understand and you don't want to and I'm not going to try to explain again."

"Well," she asked shrewdly, quite the woman of the world, "what is it you are about to do? Wear corduroy trousers and a red bandanna and start a butcher-paper covered East-Side magazine filled with ravings?"

"No; that is another type we plain Americans have on our hands."

"Don't spar for time."

"I'm not. I'm through sparring; I want to go to work. I want ——"

What was the use? He stopped before adding another spark to her wrath.

"I suppose you want to marry that woman—Mary Faithful, who has loved you so long and made herself so useful! She was clever enough to pretend to efface herself and go to work for someone else, but I dare say you have seen her as often as before. Oh, are you surprised I know? I gave you the credit of being above such a thing, but Trudy told me that this woman had told her the truth—so you see even your Mary Faithful cannot be trusted. You better turn monk, Steve, be done with the whole annoying pack of us! Anyway Trudy came running to me, but I never lost sleep over the rumor. I felt you were above such things, as I said, but presently little indications—straws, you know—told me she cared; and if a woman cares for a man and is able to pass several hours each day in his employ, unless she is cross-eyed or a blithering idiot she cannot fail to win the game! Now can she, Stevuns?"

Steve raised his hand in protest. "Please leave her out of it."

"So—we must talk about my being a failure, my father clipping your wings of industry and all that—yet we must not mention a woman who has loved you—and gossiped about it."

"She did not! You know Trudy—you know her nature," he interrupted.

"Taking up her defense! Noble Stevuns! Then you do reciprocate—and you are planning one of those ready-to-be-served bungalows with even a broom closet and lovely glass doorknobs, where Mary may gambol about in organdie and boast of the prize pie she has baked for your supper. Oh, Stevuns, you are too funny for words!"

She laughed but there was a malicious sparkle in her eyes. She was carrying off the situation as best she knew how, for she did not comprehend its true significance, its highest motive. Underneath her veneer of sarcasm and ridicule she was hurt, stabbed—quite helpless.

With her father's spirit she resolved to take the death gamely—and make Steve as ridiculous as possible, to have as good a time as she could out of such a sorry ending. But she knew as she stood facing him, so tired and heavy-eyed, the rejected sheet of figures fallen on the brocaded sofa between them, that it was she who met and experienced lasting defeat.

By turns she had been the spoiled child of fortune, the romantic parasite, the mad butterfly, the advanced woman, the Bolshevik de luxe; and finally and for all time to come she was confronted with the last possibility—there was no forked road for her—that of a shrewd cold flirt. She realized too late the injustice done her under the name of a father's loving protection. Moreover, she determined never to let herself realize to any great extent the awfulness of the injustice. It was, as Steve said, a common fate these days—there was solace in the fact of never being alone in her defeat. But at five minutes after twelve she had glimpsed the situation and regretted briefly all she was denied. Still it was an impossibility to cease being a Gorgeous Girl.

She felt cheated, stunted, revengeful because of this common fate. Steve was setting out for new worlds to conquer, he very likely would have a good time in so doing. She must continue to be fearfully rushed and terribly popular, having a good time too. How dull everything was! Strangely, she did not give Mary Faithful or her part in Steve's future a thought—just then. She was thinking that Ibsen merely showed the awakened Nora going out the door—as Victorian matrons have shown their daughters, urging them to do likewise. But it really begins to be interesting at this very point, since it is not the dramatic closing of the door that is so vital, but the pitfalls and adventures on the long road that Nora and her sisters have seen fit to travel.

Beatrice was deprived of even this chance, even the falling by the wayside and admitting a new sort of defeat or traveling the road in cold supreme fashion and ending with selfish victory and impersonal theories warranted to upset the most domestic and content of her stay-at-home sisters. But she, like all Gorgeous Girls, must be content to stand peering through the luxurious gates of her father's house, watching Steve go down the long road, then glancing back at her lovely habitation, where no one except tradesmen really took her seriously, and where all that was expected of her, or really permitted, was to have a good time.

Steve shrugged his shoulders. He felt a great weariness concerning the situation, nonchalant scorn of what happened in the future of this woman. As for Mary Faithful—that was a different matter, but he could not think about Mary Faithful while standing in the salon of the Villa Rosa with the Gorgeous Girl as mentor.

"Suppose we do not try to talk any more just now?" he suggested. "We are neither one fit to do so. Wait until morning and then come to an agreement." He spoke as impersonally as if a stranger asking aid interrupted his busiest time.

Beatrice recognized the tone and what it implied. "I am agreed," she said after a second's hesitation. "Do not fancy my father and I will come on our knees to you."

(Continued on Page 130)

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel

One of the Twenty-Five Oil Companies Who Have Endorsed

Sewell Cushion Wheels

This is the statement of the Continental Oil Company of Denver:

"We purchased our original set of Sewell Cushion Wheels August 22nd, 1917, mounting same on 2½-ton truck, which, in turn, was mounted with a 700-gallon gasoline delivery tank. After approximately 19,000 miles of service we find that the *repairs* on this particular truck as compared with the balance of our 2½-ton trucks is enough lower to practically pay for the original installation of the Sewell Cushion Wheels.

"The results of this first purchase were so satisfactory that we have specified Sewell Wheels on the additional trucks we have ordered. We believe they are an excellent medium to lengthen the life of any heavy-duty trucks and are a good investment."

THE CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY

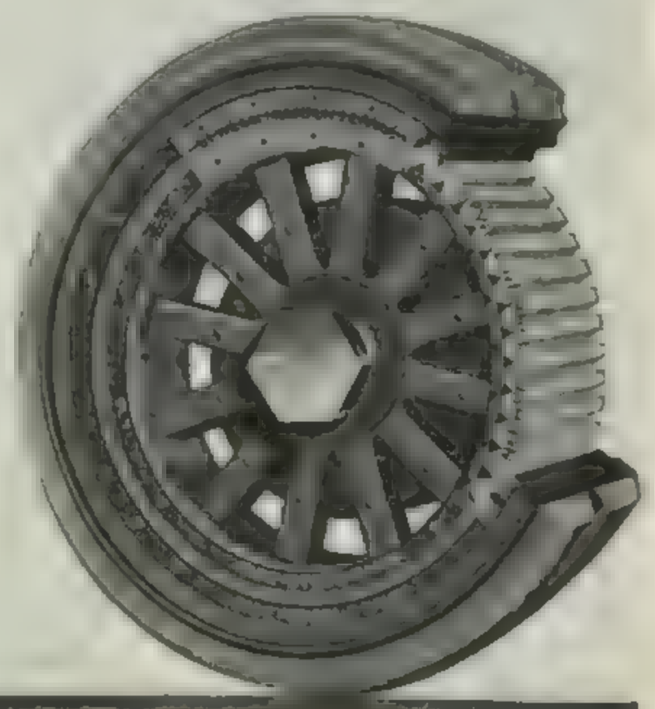
Savings in the repair cost alone, with 19,000 miles of travel, paid for the initial cost of the Sewell Cushion Wheels on this Continental Oil Truck.

$150,000 Investment

These twenty-five Oil Companies, among the largest truck operators in the world, have ordered and re-ordered Sewell Cushion Wheels for a total investment exceeding $150,000:

American Oil & Supply Co.
Associated Oil Company
Continental Oil Company
Crown Oil Company
Great Western Oil & Refining Company
Gulf Refining Company
Indian Refining Company
Independent Oil Company
Kansas City Refining Co.
Kentucky Oil Company
Magnolia Petroleum Co.
Merchants Oil Company
Pure Oil Co. (Div. Ohio Cities Gas Co.)
Shell Oil Company
Standard Oil Company of Kentucky
Standard Oil Company of New York
Standard Oil Company of Ohio
Stoll Oil and Refining Company
Sun Oil Company
Suor Oil Products Co.
Texas Oil Company
Tidewater Oil Company
Valvoline Oil Company
Wadhams Oil Company

You can get full information regarding Sewell Cushion Wheels at the Automobile Shows.



The Principle is Practical

The permanent Resiliency built in Sewell Cushion Wheels that reduces maintenance replacements and repairs; that increases the life of the truck and every working-part of the truck; that gives Solid Tires the all-essential Resiliency and, therefore, the all-essential Economy—this is the reason that the Oil Industry has adopted the Sewell Principle—"The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel."

In Your Line of Business, We Can Furnish You With a List of Companies Who Use Sewell Cushion Wheels

SEWELL CUSHION WHEEL COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Sewell Wheels Can Be Applied to Any Motor Truck Without Change in Design or Construction of the Truck

(Continued from Page 128)

She swept from the room in a dignified manner. Steve waited until he heard the door of Constantine's room bang. He knew his wife had rushed to tell her father her side of the matter—to receive the eternal heartsease in the form of a check so she could go and play and forget all about Stevuns the brute.

He walked unsteadily through the rooms of the lower floor, out onto the main balcony and back again. He could not think in these rooms; he could not think in any corner of the whole tinsel house. It seemed a consolation prize to those who have been forbidden to think.

He went to his own ornate and impossible room, which should have belonged to an actor desiring publicity or some such puppet as Gay. He tried to sleep, but that too was impossible. He kept pacing back and forth and back and forth, playing the white bear as Beatrice had so often said, wondering if he would be too much of a cad if he should go to Mary Faithful and merely tell her. He could think at Mary's house—he must have a chance to think, to realize that Beatrice refused to come with him and to tell himself that nothing should force him to remain in the Villa Rosa and be the husband of the Gorgeous Girl, set right by her father's checks, the laughingstock of the business world that had called his hand.

The humiliation, the failure, the loss were good to have; stimulating.

Wonderfully alive and keen, he did not know how to express the new sensation that took possession of his jaded brain. He was like a gourmand dyspeptic who has long hesitated before trying the diet of a workingman and when someone has whisked him off to a sanitarium and fed him bran and milk until he has forgotten nerves, headaches and loginess he vows eternal thankfulness to bran and milk, and is humbly setting out to adopt the workingman's diet instead of the old-time menus.

Steve could begin to work simply, to find his permanent place in the commercial world. He had enough money—or would have—to start a home in simple yet pleasant fashion; he had knowledge and ability that would place him favorably and furnish him the chance to work normally toward the top. That was all very well, he told himself toward early morning—but must it be done alone? He had had the Gorgeous Girl as the incentive to make his fortune, and now he had Mary Faithful as the incentive to lose it—and if the Gorgeous Girl stayed on at the villa and became that pitied dangerous object, a divorcee, and if Mary did care —— Strange things both wonderful and fearsome happen in the United States of America.

XXII

BEATRICE never having gone to her father for anything save money did not know how to broach the subject in heartfelt and deep-water fashion. When she went into his room she found him with scarlet spots burning in his grayish cheeks, his dark eyes harsher and more formidable than ever. He tried twisting himself on the bed, resulting in awkward halfway muscular contortions and gruff moans punctuating the failure. He held out his arms to her and she went flying into them, not the dignified woman of the world putting a cave man in his proper place.

"He is impossible!" was all she said, giving way to hysterical sobs. "Don't even try talking to him again ——"

More gruff moans before Constantine began coherently, "He'll do what I say or he'll not stay in this house. I expected this ——"

"Oh, you don't understand, papa. He doesn't want to stay here, not at all! He does not want me. There, now you know it! He must have said something of this to you—perhaps you didn't believe him. Neither did I—at first. Oh, my head aches terribly and I know I shall be ill. He wants me to be a poor man's wife—starting again, he calls it—while he earns a salary and we live in a poky house and I do the cooking. I'd think it awfully funny if it were happening to any of my friends—but this is terrible! Well, goat tending tells, doesn't it? And after all we have done for him—to babble on about honesty and earning and all those socialistic ideas. He is a dangerous man, papa; really. I don't care."

Constantine stopped moaning. "Look up at me." He made her lift her face from the tangle of silk bedquilts. "Do you love him?"

"Why, papa, I always adored Stevuns—but of course I can't give up the things to which I've been accustomed! It's so silly that I think he is queer even to suggest it—don't you?"

"You won't love him if he goes out of here and you stay," the old man said slowly; "but if he will stay and do as I tell him—then you'll love him?"

"Yes" with great relief that she was not called upon to keep on explaining and analyzing her own feelings and Steve's motives; it was entirely too much of a strain—"that is it. If Steve will stay here and do what you tell him—I think he'd better retire from business and just look after our interests—I shall forgive him. But if he keeps up this low anarchistic talk about dragging me to a washtub—oh, it's too absurd! I'm going to Reno and be done with all of it." She drew away from her father and the same cold shrewd look of the mature flirt replaced her confusion. "Don't you think that is sensible?"

Her father closed his eyes for a moment. Then he whispered, "So you don't love him?"

Beatrice had to stoop to catch the words. "You can't be expected to love people that make you unhappy."

"Oh, can't you?" he asked. "Can't you? Did you never think that loving someone is the bravest thing in the world? It takes courage to keep on loving the dead, for instance; the dead that keep stabbing away at your heart all through the years. Loving doesn't always make you happy, it makes you brave—real love!"

He opened his eyes to look at her closely. Beatrice whimpered.

"Isn't it time for your drops? You're too excited, papa dear."

"Then you don't love him," he repeated. "Well, then, it's best for you both that he go—that's all I've got to say. I thought you cared."

Beatrice's eyebrows lifted. "Really, I can't find anyone who can talk about this thing sensibly," she began.

Suddenly she thought of Gay. There was always Gay, at least she could never disappoint him, which was what she meant by having him talk sensibly. Gay knew everyone, knew how to laugh at the most foolish whims, pick up fans, exercise lap dogs and wear a fancy ball costume. What a blessed thing it was there was Gay.

"It has been quite too strenuous an evening," she said in conclusion, "so I'm off for bed. Steve and I will talk more to-morrow. Good night, papa. I'm terribly distressed that this has come up to annoy you." She bent and kissed him prettily.

"I've seen you make more fuss when your lap dog had a goiter operation," her father surprised her by way of an answer. "It's all different in my mind now." The thick fingers picked at the bedquilt. "I thought it would break your heart, but it's just that you want to break his spirit; it's better he should go."

Left alone Constantine lay staring into darkness, his harsh eyes winking and blinking, and the gnarled thick fingers, which had robbed so cleverly by way of mahogany-trimmed offices and which had written so many checks for his Gorgeous Girl, kept on their childish picking at the quilt. Yet his love for Beatrice, monument to his folly, never dimmed. He mercy was beginning to realize the truth—too late to change it. And as the pain of loving his dead wife had never ceased throughout the years, so the new and more poignant pain of loving his daughter and knowing she was in the wrong began tugging at his heartstrings. Well, he was the original culprit; he must see her through with flying colors. As for Steve—he envied him!

In the morning Steve was accosted by Aunt Belle, who felt she must say her conventional marcelled-gray-satin-and-violet-perfumed reproaches. All Beatrice had told her was that Steve was now an impossible pauper and he loved Mary Faithful and had loved her for years, that it was quite awful and she was going to divorce him. Her aunt, with the proper emotions of a Gorgeous Girl's aunt, and uncomfortable memories of love in a cottage with the late Mr. Todd, began to upbraid Steve. She began in a cold stereotyped fashion, calling his attention to the broken-hearted wife, the sick man who lay upstairs and who had befriended him and to the social ostracism that was to result should he take such a drastic step.

She felt it indelicate to mention Mary but she did say there were "other vicious deceits of which we are well aware, my young man," warning him that in years to come old age would bring nothing but remorse and terror, asking him what he would be forced to think when his marriage was recalled?

"My marriage?" Steve answered too pleasantly to be safe. "I dare say in time I'll come to realize it is always the open season for salamanders." Which left Aunt Belle with the wild thought that she must accompany Beatrice to Reno to sit out in the sagebrush for the best part of a year.

Steve found his wife in her dressing room; she had waited as eagerly for his coming as she had done during the first days of their engagement. She too during a sleepless night had resolved that the only solution was a divorce, but she was going to have just as gay a time out of the event as was possible, which included making Steve as wretched as could be. Even with the rumors concerning Mary she believed, in the conceited fashion of all persons so cowardly that they merely consent to be loved, that Steve still adored her and that she was dealing with the deluded man of a few years ago.

She wore a sapphire-colored negligee with slippers to match, and lay in her chaise-longue gondola, her prayer books with their silver covers and a new Pom as touching details to the farewell tableau. Then Steve was permitted to come into the room.

She gazed at him in a sorrowful forgiving fashion, quite enjoying the situation. Then she held out her hand, wondering if he would kiss it; but he took it as meaning that he might sit down or try to sit down on a perilous little hassock which he had always named the Rocky Road to Dublin despite its Florentine appearance.

"I hope you agree with me," he began in businesslike fashion as he noted the prayer books, the untasted breakfast tray, the snapping Pom, which never tolerated his presence without protest, "I am going to see your father, out of courtesy, and explain more in detail how things stand. It won't interest you so I shan't bore you. I have enough money and securities to cover the loss of any of his money. I shall apply for a position in another city. I am reasonably sure of obtaining it. It seems to me it would be better that I go away."

"I forgive you, Steve," she said sadly, shaking her golden head.

"I presume you will want to do something about a legal separation—and if you do not I shall."

The prayer books fell to the floor in collision with the slipping Pom but Beatrice did not notice.

"So you do love her!" There was a hint of a snarl in her high-pitched voice. "So you want to marry her after all!"

"I think," Steve continued in the same even voice, "that as you are going to tire of being a divorcee playing about, and will want a second husband to dissipate the ennui that is bound to occur, you had best select your form of a divorce and let me do what I can to aid in the matter. You are very lovely this morning, as you usually are. There is no doubt but that many men far better suited to you than I will try to have you marry them—they will wisely never expect to marry you. That was our great mistake, Beatrice. I thought I was marrying you—but you were really marrying me."

"So you do love her," she repeated, paying no heed to what else he said.

"Yes, I do," Steve said with sudden honesty.

It was a relief to be as brutal and uncomplimentary as possible, it offset the silver-covered prayer books, the breakfast tray, the jeweled-earringed Pom, the whole studied, inane effect of a discontented woman trying to play coquette up to the last moment.

"I have loved her a long time. I could no more have refrained from it than you can refrain from feeling a pique at the fact, though you have nothing but contempt for us both and only a passing interest if the truth were known. I am glad you have persisted in asking me until I told you. I think one of the most promising signs that women will survive is the fact that they are never afraid to ask questions no matter how delicate the situation. Men keep silence and often bring disaster on their sulky heads as a result."

"So—and you dare tell me this?"

"Of course I do. I dare to tell you the truth, which no one else has ever taken the pains to tell you. If you do not get a divorce I intend to. Not that I champion the custom as a particularly healthy institution, but it is sometimes a necessary one. If it is any satisfaction to you I do not think Miss Faithful has the slightest idea of marrying me. She has put that part of her aside for business and taking care of Luke. The time has passed when she would have married me. Still, I shall try to make her change her mind," he added with the same spirit he had once displayed toward winning the Gorgeous Girl. "Only this time I shall not bargain for her."

Beatrice gave an affected laugh. "Quite a satisfactory arrangement all round. I hope you do not bother me again. Tell my father what you like, and then take yourself off to the new position and do as you please. When I decide what course I shall pursue you will be informed. Would you please pick up my prayer book?" she added languidly.

Steve bent over to grasp the intricate nothing in his hand and lay it gently in the sapphire-velvet lap.

"Good-by, Beatrice," he said a trifle sadly—for the day the child discovers there are no fairies is one of sadness.

It was something of this Steve felt as he looked at his wife for the last time. How thrilled and adoring he would have one time been. Just such visions, a trifle cruder no doubt, had stirred his young soul in the bleak orphanage days—the beautiful princess and the valiant young hero chaining the seven-headed dragon. And in America it was just bound to have come true!

"Good-by, Stevuns," she answered in the same gay voice—but a trifle forced if one knew her well. "I hope you have a wonderful time leading a mob somewhere and your wife selling your photographs on the next corner curbstone!"

She pretended to become interested in the prayer book; and with the Pom shooing him out by sharp ear-piercing barks Steve left the room.

XXIII

NOT an hour later Mrs. Stephen O'Valley's card was taken in to Mary Faithful as she sat trying to work in the new office—it never ceased to be new to her. She had heard the swift rumors of Steve's failure. Understanding that the visitor's card had a deeper significance than the messenger who delivered it realized, Mary closed the outer doors of her office and waited for her guest.

It was a very Gorgeous Girl who swept serenely into the room and lost no time in introducing the nature of her errand.

"I don't know how well informed you are in business reports," she began in her high-pitched voice, "but perhaps you have heard ——"

"The report of the new leather trust—without including your husband's factory? Yes—but it was bound to come. I always told him so."

Beatrice lost sight of the business introduction she had so carefully planned while dressing and then driving downtown.

"You have told my husband a great many things, haven't you?" she insisted. "Don't seem to be surprised. I am quite well informed."

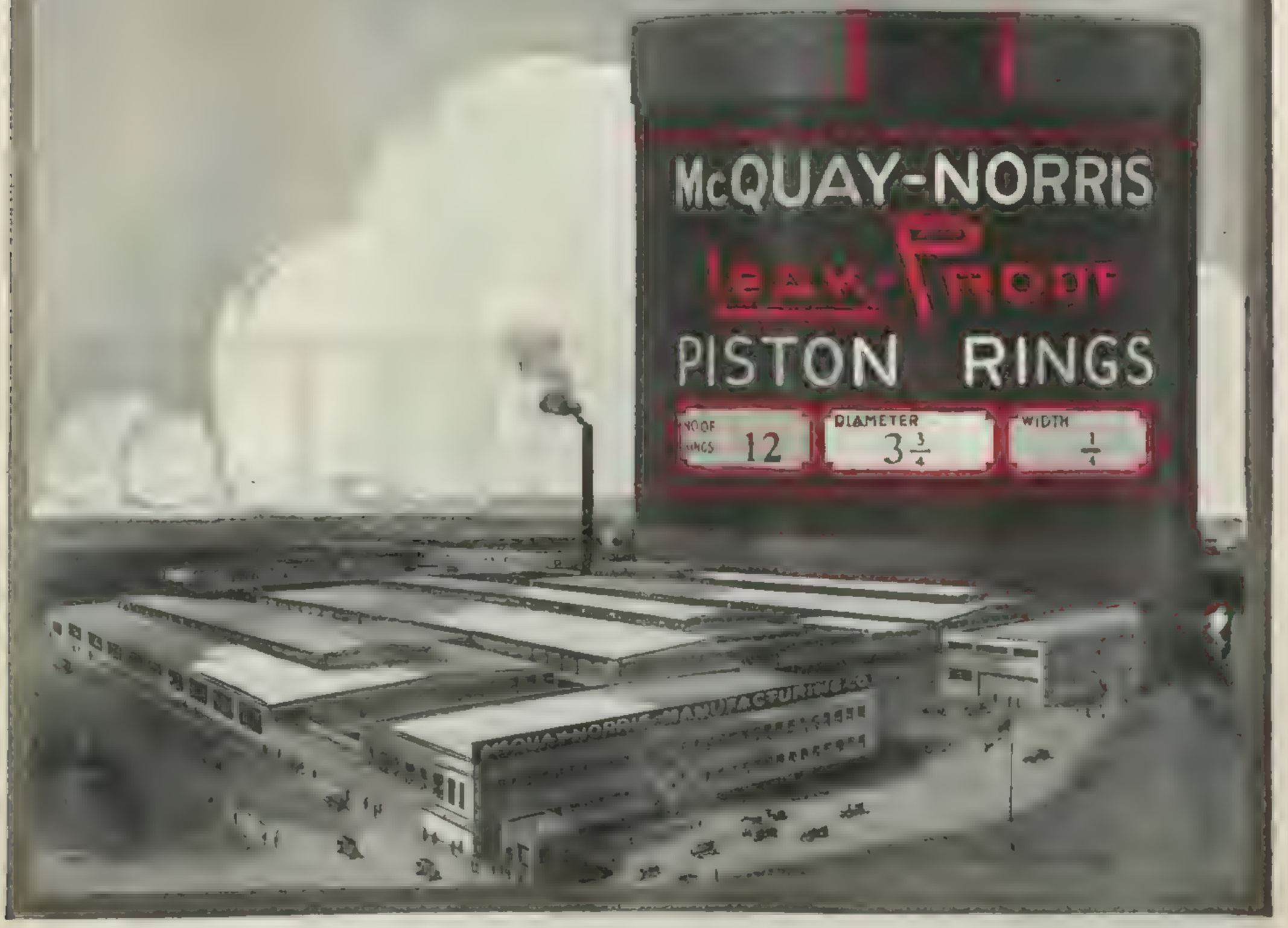
She was scrutinizing Mary as she talked. Within her mind was the undeniable thought that there was something about this thin tall woman with gray eyes which was real and comforting. She even wished that Steve had fallen in love with someone else, and that she, Beatrice, might have come to Mary for comfort and advice. If anyone could have set her right with herself it would be just such a good-looking thing as Trudy used to say, a commercial nun who had kept her ideals and was not bereft of ideas. Faith and intellect had been properly introduced in Mary's mind.

Mary blushed. "I have always wished to speak to you about something Mrs. Vondeplossne told you shortly before her death. Won't you sit down? I am sure we have much to say to each other."

Beatrice found herself obeying like a docile child. As she took a chair facing Mary's desk she realized that in just such a kind practical fashion would Mary proceed to manage Steve, that the years of experience in the business world as an independent woman would give Mary quite a new-fashioned charm in his eyes. Whether she was dealing with gigantic business interests in deft fashion or showing tenderness for the little girl who puts away her dolls for the last time Mary possessed a flexibility of comprehension and power.

(Continued on Page 133)

-for greater production of motor power



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See your Lexington dealer without delay.

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One could not be cheap in dealings with her. And as the eternal sex barrier was not present in Beatrice's behalf she realized that her jargon so impulsively planned would never be said. Nor could she dismiss Mary patronizingly and say the halfway melodramatic things she had said to Steve. It occurred to her as Mary began to talk that Mary had been brave enough to love, not merely be loved, the truth of this causing her to wince within.

"In a malicious moment Trudy told you of my—my affection for your husband. It is true, if that is what you have come to ask me about. I told myself months ago that if you did come to ask me this thing I should answer you truthfully and we must remain at least polite acquaintances over a hard situation. I think I have played fairly." Mary's face had a tired look that bore proof to the statement. "I even left his employ. As I once told you from an impersonal standpoint, I have a theory that many business women of to-day are in love with someone in their office. Propinquity perhaps and the shut-in existence that they lead account for much of it. Yet no woman is a true woman who forgets her employer is a married or engaged man.

"You and I know, however, that love does not stop to ask if this is the case, and I sometimes feel—impersonally, remember—that the business women earn the love of their employers and associates more than said employers' and associates' wives. Does it sound strange? Of course you need not agree—I hardly expect it. Yet the fact remains that we watch and save that you Gorgeous Girls may spend and play. In time the man, tense and non-understanding of it all, discovers his trust and confidence may be placed in the business woman while romantic love is not enduring in his home. Not always of course; but many times in these days of overnight prosperity and endless good times. So I have neither shame nor remorse. I have as much right to love your husband as you have—and because of that I shall be as fair to you as I would ask any woman to be toward me in similar circumstances."

"I think I understand," the Gorgeous Girl said swiftly. "I see something of the light." She laughed nervously. It was easier to laugh than to cry, and one or the other was necessary at this moment. "I wanted to tell you my husband is going away to take a rather mediocre position. I shall divorce him."

"He's won out," Mary said in spite of herself.

"Has he? So you have been the urge behind him and his poverty talk?"

"I'd like to claim the credit," Mary retorted.

"Really?"

Beatrice found herself in another mental box, undecided how to cope with the situation. She had fancied she could make Mary cry and beg for silence, be afraid and unposed. Instead she felt as ornate as a circus rider in her costume, and as stupid regarding the truth as the snapping Pom under her arm. Her head began to ache. She wondered why all these people delighted in accepting sacrifice and seeking self-denial—and she thought of Gay again and of what a consolation he was. And through it all ran a curious mental pain which informed her that she had not the power to hurt or to please either of these persons, and she was being politely labeled and put in her own groove by Mary Faithful. This stung her on to action, just as any poorly prepared enemy loses his head when he sees the tide is turning.

In desperation she said coldly, "After all I shall play square with you because you have played square with him. I'll give you the best advice a retiring wife can give her advancing rival. Don't copy me—no matter how Steve may prosper in years to come, do you understand? Oh, I'm not so terrible or abnormal as you people think. I'd have done quite well if my father had never earned more than three thousand a year and I had had to put my shoulder to the wheel. But don't ever start to be a Gorgeous Girl—stay thrifty and be not too discerning of handmade lace or lap dogs. You know, there's no need to enumerate. Stay the woman who won my husband away from me—and you'll keep him. And I think you will make him a success in time for your golden-wedding anniversary! There, that's as fair as I can be."

"Quite," Mary said softly.

"Once you admit to him there is a craving in your sensible heart to be as useless as I am—then someone else will come along to play Mary Faithful to your Gorgeous Girl." There was a catch in the light gay voice. "I don't want him," she added vigorously. "Heavens, no, we never could patch it up! I shall always think of this last twelve months as *l'année terrible!* My Tawny Adonis was a far more soothing companion than Steve. Nor do I envy you and your future. I don't really want Steve—and you deserve him. Besides, we women never feel as secure as novelists like to paint us as being in their last chapters! So I'm giving you the best hint concerning our mutual cave man that a defeated Gorgeous Girl ever gave a Mary Faithful. As far as I am concerned the thing is painless. I shall have a ripping time out West, and some day perhaps marry someone nice and mild, someone who will stand for my moods and not spend too much of my money in ways I don't know about—a society coward out of a job! The thing that does hurt," she finished suddenly, "is the fact that I'd honestly like to feel broken-hearted—but I don't know how. I've been brought up in such a gorgeous fashion that it would take a jewel robbery or an unbecoming hat to wring my soul."

"Thanks," Mary said lightly. "I may as well tell you I've determined never to marry Steve, for all your good advice."

"Why?" All the tenseness of her nature rushed to the occasion. This was decidedly interesting, since it resembled her own whims. She felt almost friendly toward the other woman.

"Because," Mary answered, handing the psychologists another problem for a rainy afternoon.

Beatrice nodded, satisfied at the answer and the eternal woman's notion inspiring it, for it was just exactly what she would have replied in like circumstances. She felt there was nothing more to be said about the matter and that Gorgeous Girls and commercial nuns had much in common. As usual, Steve was appointed the official blackguard of the inevitable triangle!

Going home that night Mary felt that truly the day was "a bitter almond." It even began to be dramatically muggy and threatening, in keeping with her state of mind—the sort of forced weather that issues offstage in roars of thunder the moment the villain begins his plotting. She took a street car, having meant to walk and give herself time to pull together and adopt the fat smile of a professional optimist.

A tired-faced woman, heavily rouged, was talking to another tired-faced woman, also rouged. Mary listened because it was a relief to listen to someone else besides herself, to realize there were other persons in this world occupied with other problems besides a commercial nun with a heartache, a tired cave man about to start again, and a Gorgeous Girl defeated in no uncertain terms. The whole thing was beyond Mary's comprehension just now; as much as the graybeards' lack of understanding when they try to Freud the schoolboy's mind.

"That's me too, Mame, all over—and when she tried telling me she was a natural blonde, never using lemon juice in even the last rinse water—well, when you've been handing out doll dope and hany bluster over the counter of a beauty department as long as I have you know there ain't no such animal! Good-by, Mame. I hope you get home safe."

"There ain't no such animal," Mary found herself repeating. "No, there sure ain't!"

"There were no real commercial nuns; it was a premeditated affair entirely, merely a comfortable phrase borrowed by the lonesome ones unwilling to be called old maids; a big brave bluff that women have adopted during these times of commercial necessity and economic stress. Commercial nuns! As foolish as the tales told children of the wunks living in the coal bins as if there ever could be such creatures! The reason Mary would not marry Steve was because she, Mary, did not want to disappoint him even as the Gorgeous Girl had done. She did not want to be an helpmate, practical comrade, she had fed herself with this delusion during the years of loneliness. She had adopted the veneer, convinced herself that it was true, but she knew now that it was false. It had taken a Gorgeous Girl to scratch beneath the veneer in true feminine fashion. Mary did wish to be dependent, helpless—to have Gorgeous Girl propensities. The cheap phrases of the shopwomen kept interrupting her attempts to think of practical detail. "There ain't no such animal."

She found Luke wild-eyed and excited, brandishing an evening paper.

"Look what's happened—the O'Valley Leather Company has gone under! Won't Constantine help him out! I always said you were the mascot ——"

"I'd rather not talk about it."

"Why? I always tell you everything."

Mary smiled. Luke was so boyish and square. She felt that particularly toward Luke must she keep up the illusion of being a commercial nun, content with her part in things.

"It's such a horrid day. I rode home on a car that was as crowded as a cattle shipment. My head aches. The stenographer has left to be married."

"You mean you are not interested about Steve O'Valley?" Luke was not to be trifled with regarding the affair.

Mary sank into the nearest chair. "Of course I am. But what right have I to be?" she asked almost bitterly. "It never pays to be too keenly interested."

Luke laid the paper aside. "Mary," he began, his voice very basso profundo, "do you like this man?"

Mary gave a little cry. "Stop—all of you—all of you!" Then she began sobbing quite as helplessly as the Gorgeous Girl could have done.

Luke stood before her in helpless posture. He might have coped with her temper but his reliable tailor-made sister in tears? Never. As she cried he experienced a new sympathy, a delightful sense of protectorship. He decided his wife should cry occasionally—it became women.

"See here," he began shyly, "you mustn't cry about him; it won't do any good. If he has failed it isn't your fault. And if you do like him—well you like him. He likes you," he finished with emphasis. "I know it. I've known it all along."

"Oh, Luke!" Mary said helplessly. "Luke!"

He put his arm round her clumsily. "There—now I wouldn't—please don't, it makes me feel awful bad—there's no sense worrying about it—you have a lot of good things ahead of you. There, that's the girl."

At that moment Luke grew up and became far more manly and self-sufficient than all Mary's practical naggings and deeply laid plans could have achieved. He felt he must protect his sister; hitherto it had been his sister who had protected him. And he watched with pride the way she smiled up through her tears in rainbow fashion and patted his cheek, calling him a dear. She was a new kind of Mary. Both of them felt the better for the happening.

But when Steve came unceremoniously to Mary's apartment that same evening, and Luke, very amusing and pathetic in his dignity, met him, innocent of the tornado of emotion sweeping about his nice boyish self—Mary almost wished the happening had not taken place. For a moment she feared that Luke would try to take command of the situation. There was something maternal in Mary's wishing Luke to be ignorant of the hard things until the ripe time should come. And Luke, quite willing to be released, since it was a trifle beyond his powers of comprehension, retired to read a magazine and resolve to be ready for action at the first sound of a sister's sob!

"I had to come," Steve said simply. "I've been like the man who never took time to walk because he had always been so busy running. I want to walk but I don't know how."

Mary shook her head, really shaking it at herself. "Go away, Steve."

"I shall after a little. But I had to come now. She said she saw you and made quite a time of it. I'm sorry."

"I'm not. We are good friends in a sense; far better than we have ever been before. We found we were in accord—after all."

He looked at her in the same helpless fashion Luke had adopted.

"She will divorce you and marry someone else and continue to be a Gorgeous Girl," Mary finished quietly. "No terrible fate will overtake her, nothing occur to rouse or develop her abilities. She will remain young and apparently childish until she suddenly reaches the stately dowager age overnight. Gorgeous Girls are like gypsies—they should either be very young and lissom or old, crinkled and vested with powers of fortune telling—the middle stage is impossible. I realized this morning that I've been fooling myself, all the heart in me trying to be a hundred per cent efficient, when I really want to be a Gorgeous Girl—fluffy, helpless—a blooming little idiot. And I'm glad you have come so I can tell you."

"You don't mean that," he corrected.

"Being incurably honest I am bound to tell tales on myself. Yes, I do mean it. I'd probably be rushing round for freckle lotion and patent nose pins to give me a Greek-boy effect. I'd take to swathing myself in chiffons and having my hair a different tint each season. I think every business woman would do the same too—if she had the chance. We have to fool ourselves to keep on going down the broad highway; or else we would be sanitarium devotees, neurasthenic muddles. So we strike our brave pose and call ourselves superwomen, advanced feminists and all the rest of the feeble rubbish until the right man comes along. Sometimes he never comes—so we keep right ahead, growing dry as dust at heart and even fooling ourselves. I did. But it took your wife to show me my smug conceit, my fancy that I was a bulwark of commerce, so proper, so perfect! She showed me I was just plain woman making the best of having been born into the twentieth century! There is a Gorgeous Girl in all of us, Steve. So I can't advise or comfort or do any of the things I used to—a bag of tricks we women in business have adopted to make the heart loneliness the less. Go away and make good! That is just what she told you—isn't it? You will never believe in any of us again. And I don't know that you should after all. For cave men need Gorgeous Girls."

Steve was laughing down at her. "True—but they need the right Gorgeous Girl. I'm glad you have finally told the truth. I always suspected it. You have overemphasized it somewhat—and the woman I married was unfairly overemphasized as well. But in the main what you have said is the truth. I assure you I am twice as glad to have an incentive as a lady directress. And I want you to be helpless—if you can; and fluffy—if you will! Don't you see that you are the right Gorgeous Girl—and she was the wrong one—and I'm the culprit? Why, Mary, the worst thing you could do would be to descend upon me in curl papers under a pink-net cap. Even that prospect does not frighten me!"

"Are you going away?" she asked shyly.

"Not far—nothing spectacular or romantic. I'm done with that. Beatrice goes West, I believe. She is quite happy. She is going to New York first to get her divorce wardrobe. It is her father I pity—he has to face another son-in-law," Steve laughed. "I am merely going to work for an old and reliable firm—use my nest egg for a house. A brown-shingled house, I think, with plain yard and a few ambitious shrubs blooming along the walks. I don't know what they will be. I leave that to you!"

Luke wondered why he was not called upon for action, but he wondered still more as Mary came presently to ask that he tell Steve good night. Her gray eyes were like captured sunrise.

"Luke, dear," she said in as feminine a manner as Beatrice might have done, "don't worry about me any more. I'm a queer old sister—but it's all coming out all right," kissing him before Steve, to his utter confusion.

XXIV

BEATRICE sent for Gay before she decided to run down to New York to gather up some good-looking things to wear while West. More and more the novelty of the situation was appealing to her. She would ship her car out and take with her a maid, the Pom and her saint, besides three trunks of clothes. She also had learned of hot springs that were extremely reducing—and of a wonderful lawyer whom several of her friends recommended. It had grown very distressing to have a cave man prowling about the villa, with eternal disapproval of whatsoever she did, and her father's presence got on her nerves. Taking it all in all she was glad to escape, and she welcomed the sympathy and peculiar publicity that would be hers. The rôle of an injured woman is almost as attractive as that of a romantic parasite. All in all she was just bound to have a good time.

To be sure she thought of Steve working for someone else, making one-twentieth of his former income, marrying Mary and

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ATKINS

THIS NAME ATKINS represents three hundred years of experience in metal working. It is the name that has brought forth the greatest developments in saw and tool making, such as "Silver Steel" and "segment grinding." On the battlefields of France, in the great North woods, in the pine forests of the South, in the leading industries of the East and the great construction work of the West—the ATKINS name on saws and tools has come to insure a standard of better material and finer workmanship resulting in easier and quicker work, increased output and greater service. It will pay you in buying any saw for wood or metal cutting to look on the blade for ATKINS—

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Proved Better for Every Use

Ninety per cent. of the saw equipment for the forest regiments over-seas bore the Atkins name. The officers' reports show that this equipment, in Alpine forests, operating double shifts *at 344% above the rated capacity* gave extraordinary service.

The greatest lumber concerns in this country—operating at maximum capacity to meet the demand for lumber—use and recommend the circular and cross-cut saws bearing this name—Atkins.

A growing list of the great industrial plants such as Ford Motor Co., Bethlehem Steel, Pennsylvania Railroad and representative concerns in every line are using metal-cutting saws and equipment backed by the name—Atkins.

These records of value of Atkins Saws among these leading users are based upon the same features you should use in saw buying.

Every Atkins Saw is of better quality—gives easier, quicker cutting—has longer life and greater value.

Remember—whenever you buy a saw, for any purpose, look for the name Atkins on the blade. It means the most your money can buy in real saw value—now and always.

If you are interested in "reasons why" ask for any of these folders describing Atkins Saws and Tools—*"KWIK-KUT Metal Cutting Machines"*, *"Atkins Metal Saws"*, *"Hack Saw Blades"*, *"Atkins Hack Saw Chart"*, *"Atkins Cross Cut Saws"*, *"Silver Steel Drag Saws"*, *"Atkins Mill Saws"*, *"Atkins Braces"*, *"Atkins Machine Knives"*, *"Atkins Plastering Trowels"*, *"The Story of Silver Steel"*, *"Saw Sense"*, *"The Saw on the Farm"*.

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—At Leading Jobbers, Dealers and Mill Supply Houses Everywhere.

Courage

GREAT men count not the cost when confidence spurs them on. The dungeon has been the dwelling of many a lonely genius whom later the world has acknowledged, but whose spirit the world could never chain.

The courage which makes for progress, the courage of the inventor, scientist, discoverer, or thinker who sees the needs of the future and works for their fulfillment, is the courage on which is founded achievement.

This is the courage that denies veneration to the obsolete, that hews ahead while complacence lags, that will not drown talent in timidity, that fears neither criticism nor doubt, that is unmindful of ridicule. This courage of belief in one's own plans and in the ability to carry them forward, this is the courage of determination.

Such a courage has sent our public service organizations into the wilderness, and made it bloom. It has taken the sturdy seed of ability planted in a workshop and from it produced a great industry.

It is such courage of faith in their products, in their methods of production, and in the markets of the country to consume, which has made our industrial leaders fear nothing but stagnation.

It is the habit of courage which has grown with our own half-century of leadership, courage founded on knowledge and backed by experience, courage now more dominant than ever before, that has built the house of N. W. Ayer & Son.

The duty of courage has given us the will to uphold the ethics of our operations and establish standards of practice. In this spirit are we constantly working with many industries. In this spirit will we continue to work with all whom we represent.

For, ours is the courage of devotion to advancement, that will, in the broadest sense, "*make advertising pay the advertiser.*"

This service we offer to courageous businesses, both large and small.

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ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

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starting housekeeping in nine rooms and a pocket handkerchief of a lawn—and she envied them. This was only natural; it would be fun to be in Mary's place for a fortnight or so, so she could tell about it afterward. And she thought of Mary and of all she had admitted in the tenseness of their conversation.

When she returned from New York Gay met her at the train. He carried a single long-stemmed white rose, which he lisped stood for friendship. And Beatrice—three pounds heavier if the truth were told quite languid and easily pleased, looked affectionately upon Gay, who was trying to smile his sweetest.

"Of course this is very hard"—feeling it the thing to say "but inevitable."

"I always knew it," he supplemented, feeling the gates of paradise were slowly opening for him. Within a year or so he would not have even the pretense of a business. "I understand only too well. May I say to my old friend, one whose opinions have swayed me far more than she has imagined, that I too have experienced a similar disillusionment which terminated more tragically?"

"Really?" Beatrice roused from her cushions. "Tell me, Gay, just when did you regret having married Trudy?"

The barriers down Gay began a rapid fire of incidents concerning Trudy's gross nature and lack of comprehension, and the patience it had required to bear with her. He twirled her diamond ring on his finger. Beatrice spied it.

"Why, that setting is just a little different from any I have," she said almost crossly. "I never saw it before."

She held out her hand, and the minor question of a dead wife and a discarded husband was put aside until further ennui should overtake them.

Aunt Belle opposed the divorce trip more vigorously than anyone else concerned. It seemed to her naught but a wild panorama of rattlesnakes and Indians, with no opportunity for her daily massage. Besides, she knew Beatrice's moods, and as time went on, between Constantine's ridicule and his daughter's tempers, Aunt Belle was forced to work hard to maintain a look of joyous contentment.

But there was nothing else for her to do unless she wished to be taken to an old ladies' home. Her brother had said he would be delighted to have her away; her pretenses and simpering nothings drove him to distraction; and he had at last secured a man attendant who knew how to dodge small articles skillfully for the compensation of a hundred dollars a month and all he could pilfer. Like Beatrice, Aunt Belle regretted that the actual divorce must lack a gorgeous setting, it was quite commonplace. But one cannot have everything, and Beatrice had as much as hinted that for her second wedding she would use the sunken gardens at the Villa Rosa and wear a cloth-of-gold gown and an aigrette of feathers instead of a veil.

Beatrice shrank from saying good-by to her father. It was more than her usual dislike of entering the sick room. She had come to realize that though her father caused her to be the sort of person she was, he per se had remained both real and simple, succeeding by force of this fact, and her contact with both Steve and Mary convinced her that she did not wish to know real everyday persons—they had nothing in common with her and caused her to be restless and distressed. Gay was as wild a mental tonic as she desired.

However, she bent solicitously over him and murmured the usual things: "Take best care of yourself—miss you worlds—do be careful—will write every day."

Constantine looked up at her, tears in the harsh eyes, which had lost their black sparkle. "I'm sorry," he said in childish fashion, as she waited for an equally conventional reply. "Your mother would have liked Steve."

"Papa," shocked at his lack of fairness—"how horrid!"

"Maybe I was wrong—maybe if your mother had lived it would have been different. She would have liked Steve."

Beatrice played her final weapon against Steve's reputation in her father's eyes.

"He is going to marry Miss Faithful. He has loved her for a long time. Now you see what I have endured."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, quite. He admitted it. So did she." Beatrice knew that Mary's declaration against ever marrying Steve would have as much effect as to attempt to keep the sun from shining if it so inclined. "I've no doubt they will be the model couple of a model village, for if ever there was a reformer it is Steve. He never should have been a rich man."

"Not at thirty," his father-in-law championed. "So—it's the woman who worked for him that won. . . . I guess it's the way of things, Bea."

"You uphold him?" Her temper was rising.

Constantine shook his head, closing the dull eyes. "I'm out of it all," he excused himself. "There's a check for you on the table."

Either really or in pretense, he seemed to go to sleep without delay.

Some months later Gaylord, very suave in white flannels, came in to tell Constantine he was to meet Beatrice in Chicago, en route from the West, and they were planning to announce their engagement shortly after their arrival in Hanover. At which Constantine managed to curse Gay in as horrid fashion as he knew how. But Gay was quite too happy and secure to mind the reception. Besides, there was nothing Constantine could do about it. It was a rather neat form of revenge since his own child would bring into his family the son of one of the men he had ruthlessly ruined in his own ascent of the ladder.

Gay had done nothing but write letters to Beatrice, in which he copied all the smart sayings and quips of everyone else, purporting them as original, impoverishing himself for florists' orders and gifts, and even taking a desperate run out to see Beatrice ensconced in state in a Western town with her tortured aunt and lady's maid and a stout squaw to do the work. Gay knew that all this work would not count in vain. So when he proposed to Beatrice, having taken three days in which to write the love missive, he knew that he would be accepted, and therefore counted Constantine's wrath as a passing annoyance.

Everything considered, Beatrice could do no better. She had inclined toward a minister as a second husband, she one time said, but her chances there were small since she was not a bona fide widow. Gay would endure anything at her hands; he knew no pride, he had no purpose in existing save to have a good time, neither did he possess annoying theories about life. He was an adept at flattery and he understood Beatrice's sensitiveness about being called stout. With a suitor at hand well trained for the part, why waste time looking further, she argued.

So the wedding in the sunken gardens with the cloth-of-gold garbed bride was planned for next season's calendar and there would be all the pleasure of talking it over, the entertainments, the new clothes and so on. His father-in-law was paralyzed and his aunt-in-law was senile. Gay was bound to be master of all he surveyed before long.

Perhaps during the breaking up of his establishment he might be unpleasantly reminded of a red-haired girl who had died unmourned and whose very ring Beatrice now wore in exchange for one of hers which Gay wore. But he could take an extra cordial if that was the case and soon forget. After all Trudy, like Steve, had been impossible; and Gay felt positive that impossible people would not count at judgment day.

Likewise Beatrice, who regarded the whole thing as a lark, thought sometimes of Steve, who she understood was superintendent of a large plant some two hundred miles removed from Hanover, and of the time when the slightest flicker of her eyes made him glad for all the day or the suggestion of a pout brought him to the level of despair. Perhaps she thought too, of the very few moments as his wife during which she had wished things might have been as he wanted. No, not really wished—but wondered how it would have been. And of Mary she thought a great deal—that was to be expected. No one wrote her about Mary, no one seemed to think it would be interesting. The dozen dear friends who deluged her with weekly items of local scandal never once told her of her wife-in-law, as Gay dubbed her. Therefore she thought of her more than she did of anyone else—even Gay.

She wondered if Mary was making simple hemstitched things for her trousseau, if she would shamelessly marry this divorced man, superintendent of a cement works, if she would live in a brown-shingled house and belong to the town social center and all the rest of the woman's column bargain-day sewing-society things. And Beatrice knew that Mary would. Moreover, that she would make a complete success of so doing. Whereas even now Beatrice merely regarded Gay as essential to complete her defeat.

When she reached home, in company with Gay, her aunt, the maid and an armful of flowers, the attendant told them her father was dead. He had had a bad turn in the early morning—no pain—just drifted off. Well, the only intelligible things he said were—should he repeat them now? Well, the two words he said over and over again were "Steve—Hannah—Hannah—Steve."

So the cloth-of-gold wedding with the sunken-garden setting was changed for a wedding at twilight in the conservatory, Beatrice dressed in shimmery mauve out of memory to dear papa!

"You have renounced your economic independence and you are now approaching the legal-vassal stage," Steve warned Mary as they viewed the rooms of the new brown house. "Do you know what it all means?"

"No; probably that is why we women do so," she retorted. "Luke says you are bully and everything is fine—and I set quite a store by Luke's opinions."

"You'll have green-plush and golden-oak people call on you, I'm afraid, and a few who run to Sheraton and crystal goblets. There will be funny entertainments and dinner parties where the hostess fries the steak and then removes her apron to display her best silk gown."

"I am prepared. And the maid will leave us before the month is over and I shall be doing the same thing. Well, I can. That is something."

"I'm not going to ask permission to smoke—I'm going to sprawl in all the chairs and puff away at my leisure."

"Do. I'll try to remember it is good for moths."

"Mary, are you satisfied?" he asked wistfully.

"Of course. It never does to have it all perfect—to the last detail of the wall-paper designs. That never lasts."

She went to lay her head on his shoulder for a brief second, almost boyishly darting away and running upstairs to see to some detail in which Steve was not concerned.

He went to the side doorway of the house to look out at the other houses and yards—pleasant livable dwellings without romantic construction or extravagant details—the homes of the people who keep the world moving and mostly turning to the right.

He felt he had earned this brown house—and the woman who was upstairs examining the linen-closet capacity. He had neither stolen nor bargained for either. It was true there was a tinge of regret, like a calm stretch of road without the suggestion of a stirring breeze. One cannot chain youth, romance and Irish-Basque ancestry together and let them go breakneck speed without glorious and eternal memories of the feat.

Mary realized this even though she might pretend ignorance of the fact. She had reckoned with it before she gave Steve her word. Perhaps it too had been a factor in stripping off the mask of commercial nun and showing him the Gorgeous Girl propensities. Nothing would content him so much as to think of someone to depend upon him, make him shoulder responsibility, surround him in a halo of hero worship. Even if they both knew this to be a lovely rosy joke—aid-de-camp of romance, which even the most practical American woman will not forgo—Mary had been wise in telling him the truth. The only time women do at all well in fibbing is when they are fibbing to each other.

Steve had earned this, therefore it would be his for all time. And though he felt youth had gone from him, the optimistic swashbuckling youth which conquered all in its pathway, approaching middle age was good to have, and he rejoiced that this mad noonday was over. As he looked out at the simple grounds and thought how sensible Mary was, and how sensible was the color of their modest car, and of a hundred like facts—there crossed his mind a vision of the Gorgeous Girl like a frail exotic jungle flower, clad in copper-colored tulle with tiny rusty satin slippers and surrounded by a bodyguard of the season's best dancers.

"Why, Stevuns," he almost fancied her light gay voice saying, "aren't you funny!" Then the tiny rusty satin slippers tripped away to the latest of waltz tunes.

Well, that was at an end. Perhaps even to Mary, who had come downstairs, delighted at finding extra shelf room, Steve would never confide these fleeting visions that would cross his mind and his banished boy heart from time to time. Mary would grow a trifle matronly of figure, become addicted to severe striped silks, perhaps insist on meatless days—and smokeless rooms, though now she thought otherwise. She would dominate a trifle and be on committees, raise a great hue and cry as to the right schools for the children. But she would always be his Mary Faithful, gray-eyed and incurably honest and loving him without pause and without thought of her own splendid self. Truly he was a fortunate man, for though there is an abundance of Gorgeous Girls these days there are seldom enough Mary Faithfuls to go round.

But he would never tell even his nearest and dearest of the visions. This would be Steve's one secret.

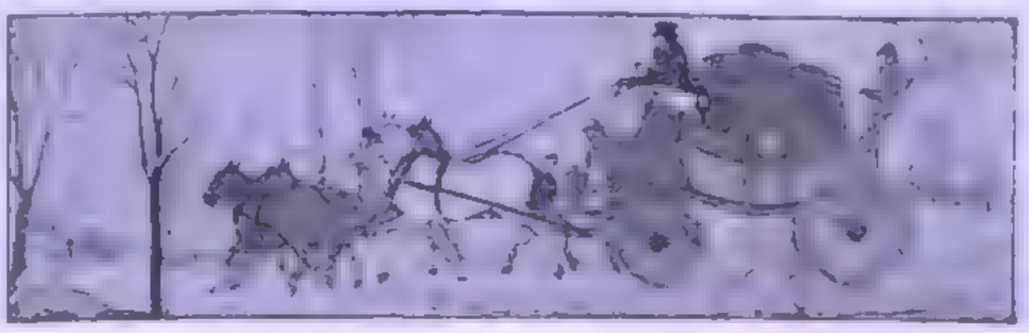
And as Steve thought sometimes of the Gorgeous Girl in copper-colored tulle and with a dancing bodyguard or in white-fur coats being halfway carried into her motor car, so would the Gorgeous Girl sometimes find Gay and his simpering servility quite beside her own thoughts. Once more she would see Steve, young and flushed with a lover's dreams!

The same germ of greatness in these Gorgeous Girls as in their fathers frequently causes them to produce good results in the lives of those they apparently harm. As in Steve's case—he found his ultimate salvation not so much in Mary Faithful's love and service as in realizing the Gorgeous Girl's shallow tragedy. With iron wills concealed behind childish faces and misdirected energy searching for novelty, so the Gorgeous Girls stand to-day a de luxe monument to the failure of their adoring, cheek bestowing, shortsighted parents. They are neither salamanders nor vampires. Steve had not spoken truly. They are more chaste and generous of heart than the former, more aloof from sordid things than the latter. Wonderful, curious little creatures with frail, tempting physiques and virile endurance, playing whatever game is handy without remorse and without vicious intent just as long as it interests them—in the same careless fashion their fathers stoked an engine or became a baker's assistant as long as it proved advantageous.

Moreover, they are so apart from the workaday world that it is impossible to refrain from thinking of them in unwise fashion—even after life has fallen into pleasant channels and the dearly beloved of all the world is by one's side. So strong yet so weak, so tantalizing yet so generous, they have the power to haunt at strange intervals and in strange fashion. So it was with Steve. He could not experience a storm of definite reproach at the thought of Beatrice—nor a bitter hatred. Only a vague lonesome urge, which soon dulled beside the sharp commands of common sense.

It was only Mary who was done with visions and could give herself unreservedly to the making of her home, the rearing of her family. But Mary had realized her vision—not relinquished it.

THE END



The Curtain Window that Made Smart Style Practical

THE present immense popularity of the beveled plate glass window for motor cars is almost wholly due to the exclusive excellences of Johnston construction.

It is the Johnston Window that is suspended independently of the curtain so that the fabric cannot wrinkle, sag nor pull out; it is the Johnston that cannot rattle, warp, leak nor break.

It is the Johnston Window, also, that is cushioned in its metal and wooden mounting without putty, rubber or cement; it is the Johnston that is guaranteed for life.

For its structural perfection, for its flawless crystal beauty, it is the Johnston Window that has been chosen by sixty-five manufacturers of the finest American automobiles as standard equipment.

Naturally Johnston Windows cost a little more, but their superiority is evidenced by the fact that there are now more than one million three hundred thousand of them in use.

Conscientious trim shops install and guarantee them in all shapes and sizes. Make sure the ones *you* buy have the Johnston trade mark stamped clearly in the metal rim.

Send for our booklet, "On the Inside Looking Out." It tells the whole story.

WILLIAM R. JOHNSTON MFG. CO., CHICAGO

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You will admire Johnston Windows on most of the beautiful cars at the Chicago Show. See our exhibit also.

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A day seldom passes without affording beneficial uses for Listerine.

Completing the Traveling Kit

Four essential needs are taken care of by the small bottle of Listerine found in so many toilet kits.

It enables the traveler to guard the mouth and the nasal passages against the threatening infections of crowded places.

As a mouth wash, it cleanses the spaces between the teeth where the most thoroughly wielded tooth-brush cannot reach.

It provides a pleasing and antiseptic lotion for use after shaving.

It supplies a convenient and thorough antiseptic dressing for scratches and cuts.

For these and other uses Listerine has long enjoyed a preferred position because of its known efficacy and non-poisonous nature.

Manufactured only by
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

THE LAST WILDERNESS

(Continued from Page 15)

snowshoe cabins or fighting forest fires. Wherever the trouble center is, there you'll find MacBride. You see, he's our chief ranger; and chief ranger in a park of this size and character is no lazy man's sinecure. There are all the wild animals to look out for, and their winter feed; the forests and forest fires; campers and poachers; and all the summer and winter work of his rangers to lay out and organize. And then too, Mac's gun-shy; he likes to keep far away from the madding crowd. By birth and breeding and inclination he's a wilderness man. But I'll see what I can do."

And MacBride, for some inscrutable male reason, proved complaisant. He came along. I think the Grand Vizier lured him by the promise of some new snowshoe cabins for his rangers. For one night sitting in the dusky spacious shadows of Old Faithful Inn the Grand Vizier touched my elbow.

"There's MacBride," said he in a low voice. "Good. He's come in."

Apostles of the Wilderness

What he had come in from was, in fact, a sufficiently spectacular affair. About five thousand dollars in summer tolls from automobile tourists had been collected at a certain lonely pass, and nobody in particular seemed to hanker for the job of fetching that wad of bills in. Hold-ups are still plentiful in that country, and it was rumored that certain light-fingered gentry hanging about back in the hills were going to get any messenger that should be sent and make off with the swag. And so MacBride went out. He went on a motor cycle. And he whizzed by on those lonely roads at a mile-a-minute clip. Nobody disturbed him at all. Nobody wanted that money enough to fight MacBride.

The next morning we set out for the Jackson's Hole country and the Teton Range, the sharp crenelated peaks and pinnacles of which we could just see, a faint cloudy blue, melting dreamlike into thin air, on the distant horizon rim. I wish I could reproduce the emotion, the fine careless rapture of our setting forth upon that trip. It was a picnic, a pioneer enterprise and a religious pilgrimage all in one. For both the Grand Vizier and MacBride were passionate apostles of the wilderness; and they were conducting me into the Tetons as priests conduct a neophyte into the sacred mysteries. So in the first place there was the suspense, the expectation of the goal. Would the Tetons, those stark granite elder-world giants crouching far over back yonder in the lilac haze of the hinterland, come up to the advance press notices of the Grand Vizier? We would be approaching them all day; see them from a hundred angles, in varying lights and shades. Would they disappoint us, those grim reigning monarchs of yesterday, to-day and forever—or would they on closer view, as we stood, tiny human pygmies at their feet, loom even more stupendous, eternal and austere?

In the second place, aside from this goal, which was of itself sufficiently thrilling, there was the air. We were up about seven thousand feet, and the air, clean, cold, sweeping down from those dazzling icy heights, seemed to flow about us in a sparkling impalpable flood; we gulped it in great eager drafts and it went straight to the head and created a gay, mazed enchantment of the wits. I know now why such tall yarns come out of the Rockies. It's the air which the old-timers drink down like champagne with beaded bubbles winking at the brim, then tell great yarns—and never know they're shot. If anybody could bottle that mountain elixir and serve it on Broadway it would fetch twenty dollars a quart.

And then, aside from the exhilaration of the air, we could see in that dry radiant upper atmosphere hundreds of miles. We could see the mountains flatten out into plains and the plains again bulge up into mountains. We could see lakes and forests, immense tracts, and yet apparently no larger than the palm of the hand. We could see, it seemed to me, the exact point—some distance beyond the bright rainbow-hued horizon line—where the earth stops being flat like a pancake and starts in being round like a ball. There was in particular one glittering little disk, about the size of a five-dollar gold piece, which I am convinced was the shining dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, as I have seen it shine a thousand times through the screen of trees over beyond the tranquil Seine. And that night I saw clean over to the soft dark couch in the misty eastern cave where the moon reclines before she walks forth into the evening sky. She has a low couch, draped Empire-wise, with a little round gilt crown on top, like Josephine's at Malmaison.

Curves on a Mountain Road

In our car was a mixed collection—as one should always have upon such a trip. There was the Grand Vizier, governmental lord of the domain, who was responsible for all the scenic splendors along the route. Be the landscape monotonous or scraggy or wild or superb, he took all the praise and the blame. Then there was MacBride, friend and advocate of the jungle and all of the jungle folk—the elk, the deer, the antelope, the grizzly bear, the skunk, coyote and mountain goat—to whom he had issued secret summons to show themselves now and again as if by accident across our route in order to oblige him and to maintain his reputation among the two-legged tribe who go forth to slay with bang sticks in their hands. Then there was a Mormon, the son of a Mormon, and married to a Mormon, and a very pleasant gentleman withal, who made pretense that his Utah contained much more noble and savage scenery than anything the Grand Vizier could show. In addition were the Grand Vizier's secretary, myself and the driver—a youth so enamored of the beauties of the wild that whenever we rounded a horrific mountain turn, where the road was flung like a spider's web along the face of a cliff, we could see him gazing rapturously off into space and we would take those dizzy hair-raising curves with a margin the width of a knife edge between us and eternity. Half a score of times we roared round abrupt mountain curves, and I thought we were heading on a tangent straight out into the deep gulf of air.

The road unrolled before us—now through sweet-scented forest aisles of lodgepole pines standing slim and straight like masts, pierced here and there by shafts of white sunlight, with perhaps in a distant glade a band of mule deer, their long sensitive ears pricked forward as they regarded us with timid curiosity. And every time that MacBride produced an animal the Grand Vizier would murmur: "Good old Mac! They got your wireless, hey?"

Now the road wound sharply round the shoulder of a mountain and crossing the big divide we got a kind of Pisgah view of the entire region stretched out below us in a radiant scroll, and saw little crystalline streams that ran chattering, now down into the Pacific slope and now down into the Mississippi plains. Primeval pine forests, mile upon mile, like noble tapestries, covered the plains and the lower foothills, the delicate tip of each individual pine standing forth in a triangle, exquisite, precise, decidedly brighter than the lower branches, as if embroidered in brighter wool. From above we looked down on this magnificent great tapestry extending mile upon mile; upon hundreds of thousands of those bright little triangles of lucid green, exquisite, precise, as if wrought in silk by a lady's needle, which represented the budding tops of living trees. There were mountain lakes, a deep thick turquoise, as made by an alchemist out of those melted gems. And these lakes were watched over by brooding mountains and whispered to by pines which came down to the very water's edge. Here the men looked for wild duck and geese; but as for me; I looked for the fabulous white spike-horned unicorn and the Lady of the Lake. We passed feathery tumbling waterfalls, and dashing, flashing young lieutenants of rivers, hurrying by with such a vast pretense of haste, of tremendous business

(Continued on Page 145)

Buffalo Herd in the Yellowstone National Park

WHITE

FIRST
in Retail Delivery

DEPARTMENT store service is the laboratory of retail delivery. Not only is it the most searching test to which a delivery truck can be put, it is also the most sensitive recorder of results.

The operations are constant and exacting. To keep a stream of merchandise flowing from railway terminal to warehouse, from warehouse to delivery depot, from depot to the customer's doorstep, requires unfailing performance daily, hourly, in all kinds of weather.

A slight interruption might throw the whole system out of gear. A small saving in cost or time of delivery is a big item, when applied to millions of packages.

Department stores *must* have the best delivery equipment. Competition compels it. For years they have been testing out all grades and makes in search of the most efficient truck. The weeding-out process is still on. But steadily and surely White Trucks are being standardized in the largest and most important retail fleets. In metropolitan centres they are the very backbone of department store service.

In New York, eighteen Department Stores operate 431 White Trucks; in Pittsburgh, ten stores operate 291; in Cleveland, eight stores operate 120. In all, 224 Dry Goods and Department Stores operate 1639 White Trucks.

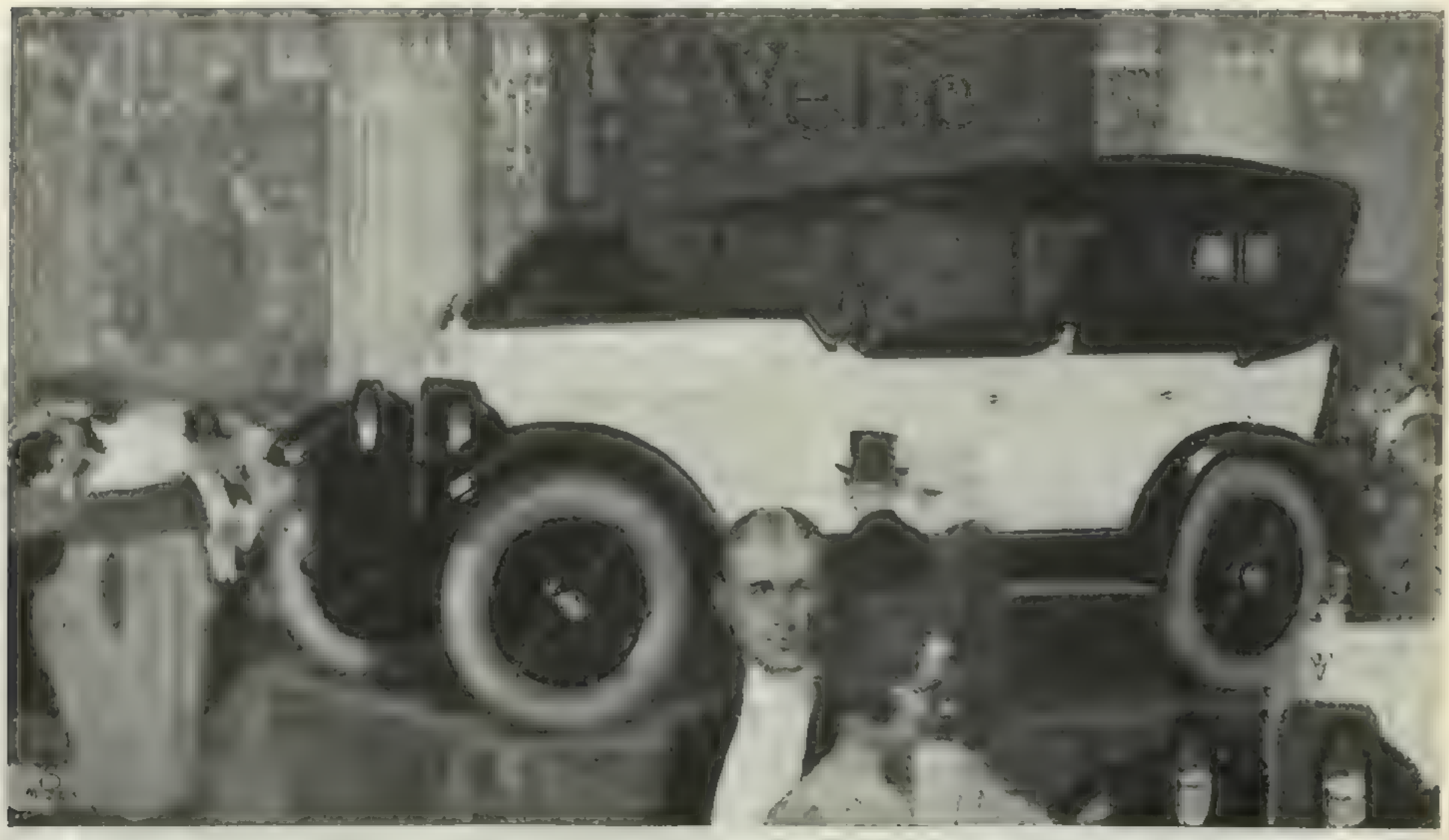
Many stores report mileage records for their White Trucks of 100,000, 200,000 and 300,000 miles. Gimbel Brothers say: "Our White Trucks (25) purchased in 1911 and 1912 have run over 100,000 miles each and are still in service. We have compared them with three other standard trucks and have decided they are best suited for our use." Gimbel Brothers now own 78 Whites.

In the White fleet owned by The Higbee Company, Cleveland, one truck has covered 265,000 miles, another 225,000 and another 100,000 miles.

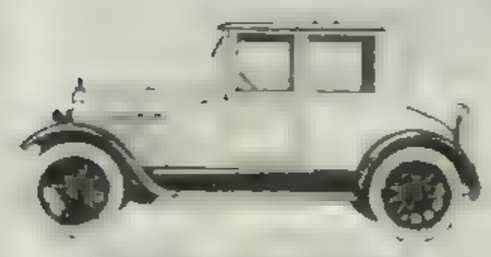
White Truck performance in department store service is so widely and favorably known that it has become the standard for the whole retail delivery field. Comparative records everywhere show that White Trucks *do the most work for the least money.*

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

TRUCKS



Star Attraction at the Shows



Four Passenger Sociable Coupé

Four Passenger Speedster

NEVER in our history was a car the center of such interest and admiration as the New Velie in the authoritative style at the several Shows just concluded.

Crowds day and night inspected the new body lines so satisfyingly expressed in the harmonious combination of symmetrical planes.

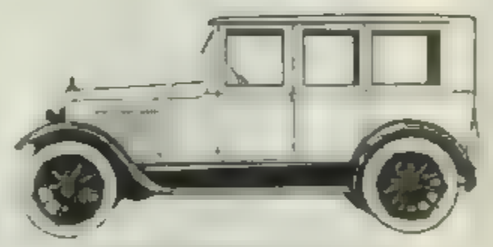
Every detail of design and appointment, no matter how minute, has been developed with painstaking care. The Velie lasting mirror finish is in itself a distinct triumph in motor car artistry.

Open and closed cars alike meet the extreme demands of motorists looking for the latest in comfort and luxury. Velie closed models are cushioned in mohair velvet; their temperature may be regulated to please.

The amazing new Velie motor with internally-heated vaporizer, burns low-grade fuel and is as great a sensation as the style of the car. Mileage is vastly increased—cost per mile surprisingly low.

Then there is the newest Velie Six—shown for the first time. An attractive, sturdy and roomy, five-passenger car—lower in price—of foremost quality—a fit companion to the larger Velie models.

The complete Velie line of six body styles will be exhibited at the Chicago Show, and all the notable Shows to follow. Be sure to see these pattern cars of 1920. Catalog on request.



Six Passenger Four Door Sedan

Two-Passenger Touring Roadster

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
Moline, Illinois
Builders of Automobiles, Motor Trucks and Tractors

See the Velie at the Chicago Show

(Continued from Page 141)

on hand, that you would have sworn they were generals' aides working for decorations. And then there were slow old grandfathers of rivers, who had made their reputations long ago and were now taking life easy, flowing tranquilly along over the flat floor of a valley, moving without haste so limpidly that we could see the gravel of their river bed, see shadowy trout, too lazy to flirt a tail, their mouths upstream, sitting—or rather reclining—at the receipt of custom for whatever might come down their way.

And once we jumped a buck. He was a superb creature of I do not know how many points. He came leaping lightly out into a sweet sunlit meadow that Belasco could not have bettered, fringed round by dark and moody pines. He wheeled, came upstage, paused dramatically, flung back his crested front—to sniff, I suppose, the tainted gale—and then he spotted us. Indeed I have every reason to believe that he had spotted us a full five minutes before, and had deliberately planned that melodramatic stage entrance simply in order to oblige MacBride. For I saw a kind of high sign, a flash of the eye, pass between the two, and then the chief ranger said to the driver in the casual offhand tones of one who has produced a masterpiece and knows that it is good: "Stop the car."

Needless command. The driver had already stopped, and sat, paralyzed with joy, his eyes glued on the splendid apparition, the color rising in his cheeks, excited past speech. And so we sat for a space, breathless, spellbound, our hearts going like trip hammers. For there is something very fine, thrilling, in an unexpected vision like that. The world turns suddenly young and you turn young along with it.

"Do you see his antlers are still in the velvet?" murmured MacBride.

"No," I whispered back, not knowing what he meant, for he was all velvet to me. And so the great buck stood still, grave, immobile as a statue, whilst I, sighting over MacBride's finger, strove to discover the fuzz on those not yet toughened horns. "That's why he comes out to sun himself," said MacBride; "in order to harden his tender horns." He dropped his hand. And as if at a given signal—which perhaps it was—the noble monarch of the chase wheeled, and with head flung back like a Marathon runner bounded across that sunny upland slope as if on springs, taking leaps into the air three times as high as he needed, just to show us what he could do. As he vanished MacBride sank back with a breath of relief.

Chocolates for Baby Baloo

"Well done, Mac!" cried the Grand Vizier. "That was as fine a piece of coordination as I've seen you pull off for some time." He turned to me: "Mac's been concentrating on that buck for the last half hour. He sent out a general summons by his engineer friends, the beavers, to pass along word that all his jungle brothers, fish and flesh and fowl, were to show themselves upon our road in an accidental-on-purpose review. It seems that all got the word except the bucks and the buffalo back in the high hills. Isn't that so, Mac?"

But the chief ranger only said: "I thought we might jump a buck round here. They come out on these high rocks to sun their horns."

"We can all of us 'call spirits from the vasty deep,'" quoted the Grand Vizier, "but Mac goes us one better, for he can make them come when he calls. And now the next thing we want to see is a bear. What kind of a bear do you choose?" he asked, turning to me. "MacBride can produce all kinds."

"Not a grizzly," said I. "A black bear. A cute little black-bear cub a regular sweety, with fuzzy black hair and bright little eyes, that will climb right over the side of the car and eat these chocolates out of my hand."

"You hear that, MacBride—a regular sweety!"

"I'll see what I can do," promised his colleague.

A little later we stopped at a ranger's cabin, and all descended to stretch our legs whilst MacBride vanished inside, as he said, to telephone concerning a forest fire. Scarcely had he shut the door when a little black-bear cub with fuzzy black hair and bright black eyes came toddling gravely forth from the pine woods on a little bear trail all his own. At sight of us he half looked round for mother, and then sat down on his hind quarters, scratched his round furry stomach and regarded us with solemn eyes. He was a sweety all right, a regular Kipling Baby Baloo, and so I got out a chocolate and waved it temptingly to and fro in the air. Baloo wrinkled up his round black muzzle, caught the sweet scent, rose, shook himself and padded cautiously forward, his beady little eyes never leaving my face save for an occasional swift backward shift to see if anyone was closing in on his rear. And when he reached that sweet he suddenly stood up, whisked it out of my hand with his lips, his eyes still glued to my face. At that moment, with Baloo standing on his hind legs, MacBride elected to open the door.

"Oho!" said he softly, affecting surprise. Baloo looked at him inscrutably, and then having bolted the chocolate coolly padded up for more. And now he kept a backward eye for MacBride, who was stationed behind.

"Watch him!" murmured the chief judge advocate of the jungle, and suddenly with an abrupt movement he stooped down, as if pulling a gun from his boot leg. Instantly the baby beast whirled with a lightning screw turn of his body, and uttering a startled "Woof! Woof!" scuttled back along his bear trail. The men roared. Hearing which Baloo, on the edge of the clearing, perceiving that he had been stung and that there was no bang stick after all, turned sulkily, sat down on his tail and contented himself by making the worst faces he could think of at MacBride.

Later we met some beavers hard at work cutting aspen to lay down on the floor of their pond for winter. "They're very fond of canned aspen," observed the ranger, and he waved his hand toward the pond. Immediately the beavers dived.

"Did you mark that?" muttered the Grand Vizier to me. "Just waves his hand!" Aloud he added: "MacBride, tell us that story of how the government engineers came out from Washington to build a dam and fell afoul of the beavers."

"I can't talk about my superiors," said MacBride soberly but with a gleaming eye.

"Well, I'll tell then: It seems that some engineers, bigwigs from the East, decided to build a dam across a certain stream in the park. And so their chief told Mac, who was head scout in those days, to get ready to build that dam. Well, Mac took the plans and specifications down to the river to look over the ground a bit.

"When he came back he said to the chief: 'If I were you, sir, I wouldn't build the dam in that particular spot.'

"'And why the brazes not?'

"'Because the beavers won't like it. That's their stream.'

"'Because the beavers won't like it!' roared the amazed chief. 'Say, who's the boss round here—me or the beavers? You build that dam where I tell you, and if the beavers don't like it they can come and tell me so. Tell 'em to send a delegation. My office hours are from ten until noon. But you put that dam where I say.'

"'Yes, sir—but the beavers won't like it.'

"So MacBride built the dam in the prescribed spot. And the beavers held a conference, and they put on night and day shifts of wreckers and pulled down that dam inside of a week. The park engineer was furious. He declared it was all Mac's fault; he didn't know how to build a dam. And he said, 'Go out and build it again.'

"'The beavers won't like it,' reiterated MacBride. 'You see, sir, they use that stream to float down their logs from the hills. I don't think they'd mind if you built the dam farther down.'

"But the engineer from the East said: 'Pish!' and 'Pooh! You're a fool, MacBride. Go out and build that dam where I say, and no more nonsense about it.'

"So MacBride went out and built a second dam, and this time he built it stronger still. The beavers tore it down again. Five times MacBride built that dam, under protest, by superior command; and five times the beavers tore it down. At last the park engineer gave in and built the dam farther downstream, where the beavers had wanted it in the first place. And MacBride says that if the park engineer had just shown his plans to the chief beaver engineer the latter could have told him what was wrong in two shakes of his tail."

Wherein Alps and Rockies Differ

Shortly after this the desert became more barren, wild and scraggy; the roads nothing but apologies; the rocky upland mesas so arid, with a soil so shallow, that the torrential rains sluiced through it like a sieve, and even the hardy sagebrush grew stunted and sparse. We were now well down in the Jackson's Hole country, and south and west of us rose the Teton Range, a stupendous wall of gray granite shutting out the world. Personally I do not like granite, either in character or in hills. It is fit only for tombstones. And even then I prefer grass and a tree. There is about it something stern, implacable, unyielding; a forbidding harshness that—well, does not fit into my conceptions of life. I think that even granite might yield a little—on occasion. And yet at the same time, disliking the material in itself, I cannot think of any other substance out of which our Rockies could be carved and still preserve their primitive majesty, their naked, savage splendor, their stark simplicity of line. Beside them the Alps look soft, cozy and a bit made up—like fine ladies powdered and dressed for the opera in ermine capes. The Alps seem fashioned by the hand of man—or at least tampered with by him. The Rockies none but a master mind could have conceived in the first place—sheer stark granite, without color, without form, slung in stupendous shivered masses or wrought into peaks and pinnacles that reach up and stab the stars. The one tickles the romantic fancy; the other lays hold of the taproot of a strong man's soul. The one we comprehend, it is man size, lady size; the other is god size, and we bow before it and adore it—or are bored!

With the vision of the Alps still fresh in my mind as I had seen them one night at Modane, looming up ghostly, magical, I contrasted them with these grand, gray, massive heights, and it seemed to me that they represented different moods of the Creative Mind.

I do not know whether I have made clear the essential difference between the Rockies and the Alps; but make no mistake about which ones are the primates.

In the morning it had rained, and a fine rainbow mist hung over ravine and plain, so that for a time we could distinguish but two giant peaks, Mount Moran and the Grand Teton, rising like two monoliths, visible for a hundred miles, keeping watch

(Continued on Page 149)

South From Summit of Mount Washburn, Yellowstone National Park

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone

Firestone Cords for Winter Driving

THE Firestone Cord plays no favorites among roads in any season. Its extra size and greater air capacity assure reliable performance where tires are put to every test. The firm, sure traction of the Firestone tread makes motoring a safer pleasure.

All the resources of Firestone's capital and man power are directed toward most miles per dollar.

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Complete stocks of genuine "CROSBY" Clips are carried by dealers in the United States and Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you, wire us.

TOWERING above the highest buildings, this derrick hoists the steel for a new sky-scraper. Its long boom swings out and a heavy girder rises hundreds of feet above the hurrying throngs—all in perfect safety. For the fastenings on hoisting and guy lines are genuine "CROSBY" Clips.

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Genuine "CROSBY" Clips—"*small sentinels of Safety*"—made of drop-forged steel, costing but a few cents.

Stand guard over human lives and thousands of dollars' worth of equipment.

For thirty years the genuine "CROSBY" Clip has provided the one dependable, quickly applied wire rope fastening.

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Be sure that every wire rope clip you buy has the trade-marked name "CROSBY" in raised letters on the base. If your dealer cannot supply you, wire us.

No matter where you are, an "AMERICAN" representative can reach you within twenty-four hours.

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AMERICAN

HOIST & DERRICK CO.

(Continued from Page 145)

and ward over the land. But as the mist burned off we perceived that these two were but taller brethren of an entire clan, and behind them were other crests, and still others, their mighty jagged crenelations, their peaks and turrets and cathedral spires rising clean-cut as if etched by a diamond point against the deep jeweled blue of the sky.

At high meridian we arrived at a hunting lodge set down in the wilderness for the benefit of those who come hunting big game back in the high country. Here famous Nimrods gather from the four quarters of the globe, British sportsmen out for grizzly bear; maharajas from India; millionaires from the windy cañons of Wall Street and the heights of Murray Hill. At this lodge is to be found everything of external equipment that a mighty hunter may desire, and he rents a complete outfit at so many shekels a day. These outfits generally consist of a guide, a horse wrangler to care for the animals, a cook and a pack train to carry the equipment. Only one article they cannot buy over the counter of that store—from whose walls dangle all manner of skins, angora chaps, sombreros, rusty spurs and hunting and fishing gear—and that one thing is the open sesame of the wilderness.

After lunch we took once more to the trail. And a trail it was! First it led us up over the shoulder of a hill at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the car had to be hitched to a team of stout farm horses, which dragged us, snorting and puffing behind, up the steep incline. Later the road dwindled to a wagon trail, then to an elk trail, then to a rabbit trail, and presently out on the rocky open mesa, full of bowlders and sagebrush and perpendicular little cuts and arroyos, it petered out altogether. We were bound for the mountain lakes, Jenny and Leigh, magnificent lonely sheets of water, mirroring the Tetons, which towered above them an additional mile and a half in midair.

Mountaineering by Auto

"I used to know my way through here," murmured the guide whom we had taken on at the lodge. "It's a wagon trail made when I fetched in an elk a few weeks ago. Can any of you see where the sagebrush has been pressed down?"

We hung our heads out over the sides of the car in an upside-down position, and we took horizontal sights across the mesa, but if ever the sagebrush had been pressed down it had recovered itself in the recent rains and we could not discover anything that even faintly resembled a track. Apparently we were the first that ever burst into that silent sea.

Presently the driver, who, as I said before, was a lover of beauty, took matters into his own hands and steered a course straight for the topmost pinnacle of Mount Moran, choosing infallibly, by a kind of youthful intuition, the steepest, most perilous way. Down we would crash, pell-mell, followed by an avalanche of gravel and young bowlders, into a gully, whose perpendicular walls, to be sure, were not over twelve feet; and at the bottom the driver would cry out with a laugh: "All right back there? Anybody killed?" And then with another rush we would climb the perpendicular wall on the opposite side. For an ordinary automobile, and not a caterpillar tank in the Argonne, we were doing pretty well! A dozen times we all but turned turtle; a dozen times we shaved a horrible death by a hair.

"Is that pesky boy following a road?" demanded somebody, breathing rather hard.

"He has such a fine sense of beauty," said I, "that he can't see a thing but yonder peak. Look at him! He's steering dreamily for that highest pinnacle, exactly as if we were at sea."

"Blast his sense of beauty!" growled the guide, who, being fat, was in constant danger of being pinned first under one side and then under the other of the wildly rocking car.

On we plunged. Sage hens flew up with a startled whir before our wheels; an owl fluttered blindly out of our path; and a coyote skulking in the distance followed with interest our mad career. The westering sun beat straight in our faces and blustered our noses; the dust of the mesa, not to mention flying pebbles and branches, stuck in our hair. We were tired. We had no refreshments—liquid or solid—in the car. We did not know if or when we should arrive or if or when we should ever get back to the lodge. Some of us—the fat guide in particular—had grave fears that our beauty-loving driver would wreck the ship and leave our bones to whiten on the plain. But we did not care, for we were approaching the goal. We beheld the Tetons. They loomed before us, over us, above us, clothed in austere might, more stupendous, more grimly powerful than we had even dared to suppose. Reality outran the imagination. And we felt exhilarated, like explorers.

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

It was the Grand Vizier who had this particular part of the show in charge, and for an hour he had been grievously disturbed—though he hid it gallantly—by a little good-for-nothing white-chiffon cloud which wrapped itself with irritating pertinacity about the very topmost needle spire of the Grand Teton. Anon the filmy scarf would seem about to float off into space, leaving the needle free, and the Grand Vizier would start to heave a sigh of relief; but suddenly it would change its mind or a thread of the scarf would get caught on the sharp needle, and it would wind and rewind itself and enshroud the entire peak. For some time the Grand Vizier silently concentrated all the powers of his mind on that aimless little cloud to make it float away. I watched him from the tail of my eye. He slumped down in his seat and fixed his eyes—slightly narrowed like those of a snake charmer—unwaveringly upon that errant little white cloud, while his upturned nose under the fiery rays of the sun blistered and peeled; and I am sure that had I passed my hand before his eyes I should have received a strong shock of electricity. And yet that silly, volatile little cloud would not budge.

At length he sat up, exasperated, and burst forth: "Mac, do you suppose that darned little cloud's going to stick round all day? It completely spoils the view!"

Now MacBride had marked that little cloud all along, and he had done a bit of deep concentrating off his own bat, but now he affected not to have been aware of its existence.

"What cloud?"

"That little idiot up there!" said the Grand Vizier petulantly, waving his hand. "It just won't go off; you think it's going to, and then it turns round and coils itself up afresh. It's a gosh blamed nuisance."

And now MacBride cast up his eyes as if making the acquaintance of the nuisance for the first time. He studied it seriously, as if taking its pedigree. Then he glanced round in that pure upper blue air, as if searching for something. But there was no buzzard or eagle wheeling in those lonely heights to carry the message to that little white cloud that the lord of the jungle and his grand vizier were passing below and they commanded that annoying cloud to get off the earth forthwith.

"Oh, I guess it'll burn off presently," said MacBride casually. The Grand Vizier looked at his colleague and his colleague looked back at him. Deep called unto deep. The Grand Vizier's look said, plain as day: "For Pete's sake, old man, help me to pry that little cloud loose. I just can't stand it up there!" And the ranger's mild, level glance replied: "Keep your shirt on. That cloud hasn't got the chance of a diplomat in heaven."

And so it eventually proved. For the next half hour MacBride wore a serious and the Grand Vizier a stealthy, preoccupied air—like that of a hostess at dinner when the soup fails to appear. We laughed, but the laughter jarred. And beneath the gay surface I was aware that a battle royal was being waged between the wills of two strong men and one little fool cloud. And of course the iron wills won! They always do—at least, sometimes almost always. Out of courtesy I had refrained even from looking at the cloud—aware that my mind was divided, and that from it the little cloud might receive illicit encouragement to stay on—which illicit encouragement on my part would not be cricket, as the English say.

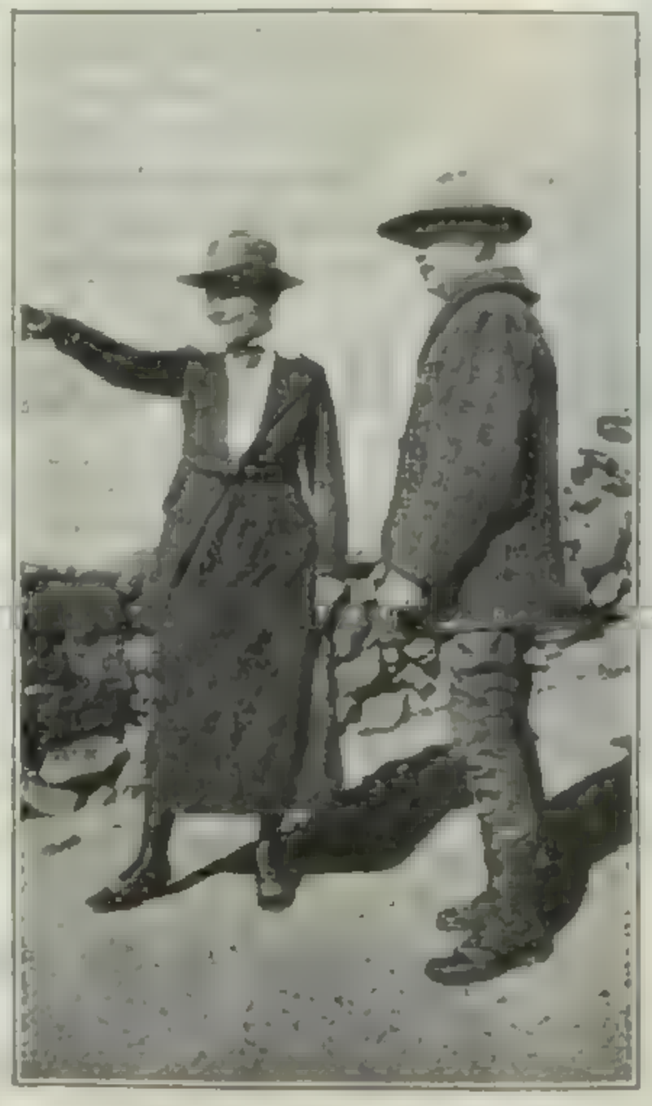
Presently I heard MacBride exclaim in a low voice: "There!" and he sat bolt upright.

"Look! Look!" cried the Grand Vizier. "The peak is clear!"

I looked. The little cloud which had so nonchalantly opposed itself to two strong wills had not only floated away but it was nowhere to be seen. It had evaporated—or else it had been deliberately wiped out, slaughtered to make a Roman holiday. I looked at MacBride in awe. A mild triumph sat in his eye. But all he said was, casually: "Those little clouds, you know—they come and they go." It was the cloud's epitaph. After that I was careful not to oppose seriously anything these men wanted.

And now the peak of the Grand Teton fronted us unobscured. "How high is it to the top?" I inquired. "And how wide across at the summit of the needle? And has anybody ever dared to climb it?"

The Grand Vizier replied: "Jenny Lake, at its foot, is about sixty-two hundred feet high, and above it the Grand Teton rises sheer seven thousand five hundred feet. It is said to be twenty-four feet across at the summit. Nobody had ever climbed it until recently when an Italian, a professional mountain climber, announced that he was coming over to America to perform the exploit; and after that a party was hastily organized by a Cheyenne man who declared he wasn't going to have any Dago put one over on his state—and so his party climbed it. It took four days. Then they forgot the data and had to do it all over again. There were some bad parts. There is one place where there is a ledge flung like a spider's thread across the smooth wall of a cliff, with a sheer drop of three thousand feet below; and that ledge, which they crawled along, is less than half the width of a man's body. That is to say, if a man stood upright, facing forward on the trail, more than half of his body would be suspended in midair."



I Was Asking Mr. MacBride if That Tiny Shining Point Which I Saw Glittering From Afar Was Not the Dome of the Hotel des Invalides, Paris

At Jenny Lake we made our way through pine groves to the shore. Here the scene is wild and spectacular to a degree. The granite peaks are steeped in splendor and solitude. Deep shadowy lakes, intensely blue, mirror those harsh crags with marvelous exactitude. Pine forests scent the air with their sweetness. Some unknown bird pipes a sudden strange note. The setting sun begins to fire the heights with glory. And we, a bunch of poor little pygmy dood tourists with burned noses, saturated with the troubles of a half-baked civilization, restless, unbelieving, full of doubts and fears, sit round on bowlders, blinking in the face of all this tremendous and lonely beauty, which, mysterious, impassive, still somehow lays hold of the very foundations of the soul—and suddenly we feel the enchantment of the wilderness. The wild lays its spell on us. And one by one we rise and wander off alone, looking, listening, without inner thought, without individuality or identity even, lapped in a strange sweet restfulness, for the moment lost to conscious self, part and parcel of the universe, a single instrument in the general orchestra.

Thus you give yourself to the wilderness. And if you can do that unreservedly the wilderness is a grand and sumptuous lover and pays back more than you give.

The Tetons Seemed Afire

Mount Moran bears a trade-mark; likewise the Grand Teton. This mark consists of a great dike or streak of black basalt which cleaves its way from the peak straight as a die down the front of the mountain, vanishes under a glacier and reappears below. There are on Mount Moran gigantic gorges and cuts, clean and smooth as if chiseled by a stonecutter; and massive aprons of granite smooth as glass, where sometime the entire rock surface has tobogganed off and lies in splintered masses below. And there is a glacier, which from the foot of the mountain looks like a crumpled pocket handkerchief or a flake of dirty plaster. And yet that flake of dirty plaster is three hundred feet thick at its base!

We cruised about for several hours visiting the lakes and then, a sudden chill and a shadow falling down upon us from those remote heights we turned our car back toward the lodge. But we were forever twisting our heads round, like squinchowls, to obtain another final view. For the Tetons, with the gorgeous war of the sun behind them, were flung up in black and relief as if by a giant hand and stood forth like mighty ramparts reared in against the glowing sky. On our side, with that tremendous wall shutting out the light of that western bonfire, dark came on with a rush. The night seemed to have its war in those savage gorges, and it sent out its army of shadows by legions and cohorts to invade the land. There was no doubt about it, those big dusky fellows back there, already showing ghostly through the gloom, already moving up closer as if following hard on our trail—they were the conquerors, the gods of the land. Here we were only squatters, with squatters' rights.

"It's funny," ruminated the guide, a native of the Hole, "how these Tetons seem to follow you about. They do, for a fact. There's days when they've moved right up into your back yard and you can put out your hand and touch their flanks. And there's days when they've moved back so far toward the horizon that they don't seem to count at all."

"What do you mean by 'don't count'?" said I. "Do you mean they have some mysterious power, some pull over you? Have you ever tried to go away—to leave them?"

"Yes. Three times. And each time I came back. Didn't know what I was coming back for until I'd look up and see those peaks. There's a sort of secret drag to them—if you know what I mean. And yet the winter's lonely here—everything under ten foot of snow."

That night at the lodge, ravenous in that clean sparkling air, we dined on fried chicken and milk gravy; potatoes *en robe de chambre*, which means dressed in their skins; canned peaches, and coffee as strong and black as the mountains at our back. It was a repast fit for the gods. And to say the truth, in that intoxicating atmosphere, with the spell of the wilderness in our blood and those big ghostly fellows back there calling, calling, whispering strange seductions in our ears—we felt a bit like gods ourselves.

(Continued on Page 153)

What Does Pure Iron Mean to You?

WHAT does it mean to you to have almost all impurities eliminated from iron at tremendous heats in the open-hearth furnaces? What does it mean to you to have sheet iron made absolutely uniform in structure and analysis? What does it mean to have rigid laboratory tests and inspections at every step of manufacture? What does it mean to the housewife, the property owner, the architect and builder, the railroad executive, the engineer, and the manufacturer to have *Armco Iron—the purest iron ever made on a commercial scale*—available for all his or her needs and uses?

for Enameling

Take the housewife who envies her neighbor's enameled refrigerator, kitchen cabinet, stove parts, and table-top because they are so smoothly beautiful and perfect, while her own are rough, full of flaws, and always flaking off. The difference is not in the enameling coat, but in the metal underneath.

Kitchen products made of ordinary steel are full of impurities that will show through the enamel in the form of scars, seams, cracks, gas bubbles, and pinholes. The enameling keeps peeling off, because the metal underneath is too uneven to take a coat properly and hold it fast. Enameled kitchen products made of pure, uniform *Armco Iron* take and hold an enameling coat smoothly and securely, and make possible flawless, polished white surfaces which delight the eye and the sense of touch.

Rust Resistance

Long-Lasting Washing Machines—The housewife is further interested in pure iron, because it means *rust-resistance* and *long life* as well as perfect enameling qualities. Several leading manufacturers of fine, modern washing machines make all the sheet metal parts of Armco Iron because they know of no other iron that will resist rust so well or last so long. Iron stoves, range boilers, milk cans, and toilet equipment are some of the metal household products made of Armco Iron that pay back every penny of cost and more in the service they render year in and year out.

ARMCO

ARMCO IRON

ARMCO IRON

WEATHER-DEFYING Building Parts—Armco Iron's rust resistance is even more important outside of a house than inside. Metal roofs, sidings, window frames and sashes, ventilators, skylights, penthouses, downspouts, cornices, eavetroughs, flashes, and metal lath are some of Armco Iron's contributions to durable, economical, and safe building construction.

Rust-Resisting Metal Industrial Equipment—Industry at large is greatly benefited by pure, uniform, rust-resisting Armco Iron. It takes a wide variety of useful forms such as locomotive jackets, locomotive smoke stacks, coal handling stations, oil, water, gas and underground storage tanks, all-metal box cars, gondolas, hoppers, passenger, mail and express cars, locomotive tenders, grave vaults, culverts and flumes, and welded barrels.

for Welding

The purity of Armco Iron insures rapid and thorough union between filler and solid metal. Its evenness assures uniform holding strength throughout the finished weld. Autogenous welding—with Armco Iron as the welding agent—can save American industry many thousands of dollars each year by welding into renewed usefulness broken or worn-out castings. Armco Iron is also commonly employed in welding together new side-sheets or for making various welded articles such as iron and steel barrels, grave vaults, pressure tanks, and polished stove parts.

Electric Conductivity

The purer iron is, the better it conducts electricity. Armco—the purest of all irons—makes exceptionally efficient, durable, and economical telephone and telegraph cable, and high and low transmission wire, because of its high conductivity and rust resistance. And, because of its low residual magnetism and high permeability, Armco Iron is used for magnet cores in the manufacture of all kinds of small electric machines, for pole pieces of motors, generators, and electromagnets.

* * *

We will gladly tell any housewife where she can obtain enameled products, washing machines, stoves, etc., made of Armco (American Ingot) Iron. We will be equally glad to assist any manufacturer, engineer, architect or builder in solving his sheet-metal problems. If better welding is your concern, you will do well to get in touch with the Page Steel & Wire Co., Monessen, Pa., makers of Armco Iron Welding Wire and Rods. Write today.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Middletown, Ohio

RESISTS RUST

The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark ARMCO is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

ARMCO

"Curtis" *Announces* The *Style in Foods* for 1920

And Some *New Ideas* for the 1920 Host and Hostess

"CURTIS" began thirty years ago to set the *style* in foods by making delicacies of an unusual character for homes of the better class.

Each year, as tastes have become better educated, more and more homes have come to use these rare foods. And now, through increased facilities, a hundred thousand additional homes will be able to secure them.

So "Curtis" foods, while increasing in favor, never will be common, therefore they will always set the style in foods.

Smart dinners, teas, luncheons, Sunday-night suppers, picnic lunches, etc., will be featured especially by "Curtis" foods in 1920.

Learn what they are and how to serve them according to the latest vogue.

Model Kitchens

The "Curtis" *Kitchens* at Long Beach, in California, have been judged by authorities to be the finest of their kind.

The "Curtis" plant is ideally located on the Pacific Coast opposite Santa Catalina Island. In these waters the rare fish of the Pacific are found.

Boulevarded roads make tributary the pimiento gardens and the olive groves of the Los Angeles valley, back of which lie California's snow-crowned mountains.

There will be other pages by "Curtis" in this publication from time to time announcing the style in foods.

What "Curtis" *Does*

"CURTIS" puts up rare foods that no one else prepares. And to foods of the kind that others also produce, "Curtis" adds an exclusive touch.

One may buy sardines, for instance, of many brands. But "Curtis" furnishes Kippered Filets of Sardines, boneless, and cured with just the right touch of olive wood smoke.

One may purchase canned tuna. "Curtis" offers Tuna Supreme, white meat cutlets garnished and packed in virgin olive oil; or Chicnic, a Kippered Tuna with a rare, dainty tang.

All "Curtis" foods are *special* in some distinctive way, such as Curtisola, an exquisite hors d'œuvre par excellence. Other "Curtis" dainties are Colossal and Mammoth Ripe Olives, Hearts of Baby Artichokes, Sandwichola, Garnishola and Pimientos Morrones. All are innovations—unlike anything else you know among American or imported fancy groceries.

And as for flavors—no finer flavors, if any as delicate, were ever before brought out in foods.

Naturally, "Curtis" foods are not inexpensive. Yet considering style and quality, you will find them so reasonably priced that thousands of homes can easily afford them. All one needs is the taste to appreciate them.

A new book, "The Style in Foods for 1920," will be issued by "Curtis" within a few weeks.

Send us your name and address with ten cents in postage and we will mail a copy of the style book as soon as it is completed.

CURTIS

"Unusual Things to Eat"

The Usual Foods in Homes That Know Them

Not found at every "grocery," but the merchant that carries these "*Unusual Things to Eat*" demonstrates a full appreciation of the requirements of an exacting trade.

The "Curtis" red ball with the green band, attested by eight gold medals, stands supreme as a mark of California product.

The Curtis Corporation

LONG BEACH (*Los Angeles Harbor*) CALIFORNIA

Packers of Sandwichola, Curtis Olives, Curtisola, Olive Oil, Garnishola, Pimientos, Hearts of Baby Artichokes, Chicnic, Tuna Supreme, Filets of Sardines and other Unusual Things to Eat.

New York Office, 90 WEST BROADWAY

Canadian Distributors: MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.; Rose & LaFlamme, Ltd., Montreal, Quebec; A. Magnano & Co., Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.; Watson & Truesdale, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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And not little tin gods either. Real ones. With power.

After supper, with the moon, as I have mentioned elsewhere, just rising to keep her rendezvous with earth, we strolled out to the dam near the lodge, where in the turbulent rush of white water under the bridge the trout were darting and leaping like quicksilver, as if they, too, had some god stuff inside; and a dozen or so fisherman dood tourists from the ranch were having rare luck.

Suddenly I heard a call. Clear as a bugle it came out of the dark. The guide at my side said "Sh-ah!" and we listened. And again, clear as a bugle, the call came.

"It's a bull elk down in the marshes," said the guide. "He's whistling for his mate. Back in the high country, a little later on, when we pack in for big game, the air at dusk is filled with the roar of bulls whistling all over the place. Would you like to walk down to the river and see if we can catch a glimpse of him?"

But I declined. The blazing log fire in the main cabin allured me; and, moreover, even a bull elk has certain inalienable rights when he goes a-queening. And so we went inside. Here the scene was classic, immemorial—a circle of dusky figures, and dancing flames which cast enormous shadows along the walls covered with all manner of hides. Somebody started a story. MacBride's belief is that the wilderness is the real test of a man. In towns, in houses, in love, a man may conceal a yellow streak. But the wilderness shows him up. If he can stand the test of the wilderness he can stand any test. And to back his opinion MacBride told a tale. It was the tale of a man with a yellow streak.

He was a big man in the East. MacBride mentioned his name. There was no reason why he should not. It is a name good for sundry cool millions when affixed to the bottom of a check. We will call him Smith. Smith came out to the wilderness, to do it, not thinking much of the same. He came out to shoot big game. And before he had even got back into the high country with his outfit he had put his guides, his cook, and even the very pack animals into such a murderous temper that to have kicked him to death would have afforded them vivid joy. For he was full of meanness, contempt and bile, and he showed it in divers ways. He nagged at the guides, swore at the horses, cursed the cook, and conducted himself generally, I suppose, as he was wont to do in his office or the sacred precincts of his home. Being a nabob back there he got away with it. But out in that roughneck country no man is a prince until he proves it and signing checks is not accepted in evidence.

Room for the Queen!

Where Smith made an error was in thinking he could bully those men simply because he had paid for their time. One day he demanded a grizzly bear. And he demanded him quick. They'd got him up there under the assumption that there were grizzlies in that region. Well, produce them then. For his part he didn't believe that there was a blanked grizzly in the whole section; and if there was he didn't believe it was dangerous anyhow; not more dangerous than an elk or a wildcat. It was all a matter of placing the bullet right. Westerners were all a pack of windbags; they loved to draw the long bow. Liars, liars, liars all. Now fetch on that bear. The men turned pale under their tan, and red sparks came into their eyes.

"I hope he falls afoul of an old lean she-b'ar, and the critter first mauls him and then scatters his carcass from here to Cody!" growled the cook. "Wouldn't I just cry my eyes out with grief! Ho, ho!"

"Take him up on that scrub-all," advised the leader of the party grimly, "and see if you can't get a shot for him."

And so the two set forth—the guide, glowering, in front, and Smith bringing up the rear, still babbling on the harmlessness of grizzly bears. On top of the hill Smith sat down after the manner of nabobs and the guide went on to reconnoiter. Presently he came tearing back with the announcement that a grizzly and two cubs were just ahead of them on the trail, and traveling like lightning express. Smith's face went a queer ash gray.

"What—what are we going to do?" he quavered.

"I'm going to light out," quoth the guide, suiting action to the word. And he added politely from the branches of a tree, "You can do what you please."

Now whether Smith could not find a tree suitable for the enterprise—he was somewhat broad through the beam—or whether he thought that being a nabob he could quell that grizzly by the majesty of his eye, or whether, as he said, he did not consider grizzlies really dangerous—nobody will ever know. In any case he hesitated just a fraction of a second too long. During which fraction Madam Bruin, traveling like a comet, with her two cubs as the comet's tail, in haste to meet her husband and lord, arrived on the scene and with one roll of her practiced eye took in the whole stage set, to wit and namely: One grinning man up a tree; another, half risen on wobbly legs, disputing with her the trail.

"Woof! Woof!" said madam impatiently. Had she not been in a hurry she was now fifteen minutes late for dinner—her treatment would have been more severe. As it was she simply reared up, clawed the puny man thing into her capacious arms for a hasty hug, administered a couple of playful taps, then flung him into the bushes and with a "Come, children! Whatever will your father say!" departed briskly on her way.

When the guide slid down from his roost he found not a corpse indeed, but a man who believed he'd got his death wound. Aside from a few nasty scratches—one had narrowly escaped his jugular vein—and a cracked rib, the nabob was as good as ever. But he decided he was a dead man.

"Oh!" he babbled. "Get me home. Let me die in my bed. Ah—that horrible brute!"

With labor the guide got him back to camp, and that night for the first time on the trip there was a bubbling hilarity in the air. Smith wanted to up-stakes that very night.

"But you're a sick man, Mr. Smith," protested the leader soberly. "You're not fit to hit the trail to-night —— Great jumping Jehoshaphat! What's that critter moving over there? A grizzly, as I'm a sinner!"

It was in fact nothing but a horse grazing quietly in the dusk—but Smith could not guess that. He cowered and shivered as if with an ague chill.

"Get me out of this place to-night," he moaned. "A thousand—two thousand dollars—to the man who'll get me safe out of these hills."

"There sure seems to be a lot of them plaguy critters hangin' round camp to-night," murmured the cook. "I reckon they smell this here ham. Grizzlies are mighty partial to ham." He picked up a sizzling morsel from the frying pan and swung it like a censer in the air while he appeared to search the gloom. "No—yes—no. Blame me if I can see straight with this grease smoke blinding my eyes! Al—come here." The horse wrangler lounged over to his side. "Is that a b'ar and her cubs down in yon little glade—or am I seeing things?"

Al sighted along the cook's finger and sucked in a deep breath.

"Well," he exclaimed softly, "if it ain't the old lady and the little scouts! Mr. Smith, was there two or three cubs with that party you met up with on the hill?"

"Two—three," groaned Smith, shuddering violently. "I—I can't seem to remember. Two, I think."

"Well, then," said Al decisively, "this ain't her. There's three in this outfit." Thus they peopled the dark with bears; transformed the landscape into beasts.

And presently the leader spoke reluctantly: "Well, Mr. Smith, if you still think you'd like to take a chance Al'll saddle up the horses, and I'll send you in with a guide."

Smith bounded to his feet. "One guide!" he choked hoarsely. "Do you mean that you'd send me out into these hills teeming with murderous beasts with only one single guide to guard my life?"

It was at this juncture that all the camp was suddenly seized with hiccups, and Al ran out into the dark and lay down and rolled round on the ground, uttering strange choked sounds.

"Well," said the leader mildly, "I sort of thought one would be enough—but, of course, if you'd like two ——"

In the end they sent Smith in with a handsome escort of three. And he may pass for a prince in the windy canons of Wall Street but they've got his number out in these hills.

"Speaking of bears," said a voice out of the dusky circle, "did you ever hear of Cherry?"

As the question was directed at me I replied that I had not. Upon which was related the following tale: Cherry, it appeared, was an old-timer who had come to the Hole away back in Year One. And Cherry was something of a frolicsome cuss. Among other things he gentled a grizzly bear and broke her to ride when he went forth into the high hills to hunt. This she-bear had two cubs, and these Cherry trained in as hunting dogs, and with the three he used to cruise round the whole countryside. It was a fine outfit. And Cherry, as you may imagine, had a great time.

One afternoon up in the mountains, upon a narrow way, he ran into four grizzlies who disputed with him the trail. The number of his enemy, Cherry was wont to aver, confused him for a second. Nevertheless, he lighted down from his mount and with his gun went into action. The rest I give in Cherry's own words:

"Well, after I'd killed them four b'ar I was feelin' purty good, and I mounted my grizzly again and headed her for home, thinkin' I'd had enough sport for the day. But the cussed critter commenced to act strange, and to cut up like she wanted to light out into the woods. But I kept her to the trail not without trouble and when I rode up to my gate and lighted down, by zounds, if I hadn't shot my own grizzly and rode a strange critter home!"

This story I do not vouch for. I tell it for what it is worth. And, as Mark Twain remarked, it should be worth about a million dollars to the man who can swallow it without straining himself.

The talk shifted round to elk. They spoke of the southern elk herd of Yellowstone Park, the herd which has its winter feeding grounds south of the park boundaries, in Jackson's Hole.

"Two or three years as things are going now," said MacBride bitterly, "and that fine southern herd will be no more. A thousand head of elk were slaughtered one fall at a single place outside the park during the open season—in one place."

"I've seen them," observed another, "hanging back on the hillsides by thousands, waiting to come down on the plains. And then they come down with a rush, thousands, packed close together like cattle. And I've seen hunters fire point-blank into the herd, not caring what they hit, cows, bulls or calves, and maybe they'd wound half a dozen that would crawl off into the woods to die. 'Smoking it up'—that's what these fake hunters call this flock shooting."

Vanishing Elk

"But I thought the elk herd was protected," said I. "I thought there were all kinds of laws ——"

"You get MacBride to tell you about it," intervened the Grand Vizier. "He's got that whole elk proposition down cold."

"It's this way," said MacBride: "There are two elk herds in the park—the northern herd and the southern herd. The northern herd feeds inside the park, and so it is safe. But the southern herd in summer feeds up in the high mountains, and in the winter it moves south to its feeding grounds in the Jackson's Hole country, outside the confines of the park. There they feed by thousands—outside our control.

"Now some people ask: 'Why don't you drive them to other feeding grounds? Why must they feed there?' For this reason: You can't drive a thousand head of wild elk as you'd drive a band of sheep. It would take a cowboy to every elk—if not two. And besides that, even granting we could drive them, the elk won't feed away from their native grounds. Some deep instinct keeps them close to their native pastures. You can't drive them away. There they will go in winter—or else they will die. And so, as we can't take them to strange pastures, we must be able to protect them from slaughter in their own."

"But do not the state hunting laws fully protect the elk?"

"The answer to that," said MacBride, "is that under those state laws the southern herd is being rapidly exterminated."

"State legislatures," observed the Grand Vizier, "are too unstable, too swayed by politics. And there must be absolute protection for the elk—a true national policy."

"I'd like to get this thing straight," said I. "What is the open season for elk now here in the state of Wyoming?"

"At present," said a guide, a native of the Hole, "it's from the first of October to the first of December two months. Formerly it was from September fifteenth to November fifteenth, and that was the better law. The present one works great injury to the elk. I'll tell you why: Throughout September the elk still feed in the high mountains away from man, so that the hunters can only catch the few that stray down into the lower hills. But about the middle of November—when the season closed under the old law—the cold of the high Rockies drives them down by hundreds and thousands to their winter feeding grounds on the plains. And here, under the present law, they are slaughtered by hunters, fakes, who can scarce tell the muzzle of a gun from its butt. These men are not the honest old-fashioned type of hunter who loves to chase his game, and never kills wantonly, but only for his need. The elk have nothing to fear from the real sportsmen. But it is these other fellows—men who will take a pot shot at a whole band, bulls, cows and calves, and then go back to their cabins with the antlers and tell tall yarns of what a fight the murderous brute put up. 'But don't tell my wife, boys!' That sort of stuff."

Concluded on Page 156

Miss Fraser Trying to Put on Elk

Our

THE LIST of motor cars at the right is not merely impressive evidence of Willard leadership—but of a three-fold Willard responsibility—fully realized and fully accepted.

As the leader of a great industry, Willard is held responsible, and rightly, for storage battery improvement, for storage battery service, and for giving all necessary help and information to the great car-owning public.

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Rock Falls
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Seagrave
Selden
Service
Signal
Stewart
Studebaker

Tiffin
Titan
Transport

Velie
Vim

Ward-LaFrance
White
Winther

STORAGE BATTERY

Trial

(Concluded from Page 153)

"But to place this herd and its sources of life—its winter feeding grounds—under the sure protection of the nation and beyond the unstable and shifting policy of the states, would not that destroy the big-game shooting in all this region?"

"No," said MacBride. "For even if their winter feeding grounds were inside the park there would still be a certain per cent of natural driftage of the bolder element away from the herd. The intention is merely to keep the main body of the elk herd intact—to keep the capital, so to speak, and use the interest. It is estimated that out of a herd one-quarter may safely be lost—die in infancy, be killed by wild animals or by man—and still not damage or cut down into the living quick of the herd. There is bound to be a certain percentage of losses and killings, and elk that will drift out of the national park; and this driftage, amounting to a goodly percentage, is enough to give a hunter his sport.

"These hunters will still have the open big-game country from which to pick and choose. This is the Gros Ventre region, Jackson's Peak and the headwaters of the Wind River."

We now have come to the very inside kernel of this article. For all which has preceded has not been just casual and random meandering. It had a definite object. For this particular upper section of the Jackson's Hole country which I have attempted to describe, containing the Teton Range, containing also the winter feeding grounds of the southern herd of elk, it is proposed to add to Yellowstone National Park as a southern extension, and in May, 1919, Mr. F. W. Mondell, from Wyoming, the state in which the proposed extension lies, introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington a bill to that effect.

And now for the exact territory included in the proposed enlargement. Well, it is not vast. There are two types of fanatics when it comes to national parks. There are the wild-eyed enthusiasts who want the entire world turned into a park. They never see a fine mountain or a tree without running to Congress with a petition to have it made into a park. They are nuisances. Just as rabid, just as extreme are the fanatics on the other side who fight tooth and nail against having any national parks at all. The first are rank sentimentalists. The second are rank materialists. Mr. Mondell in his bill has steered a wise middle course between the two extremes, and the result is a bill which is moderate and reasonable in its demands; not trying to grab the entire Jackson's Hole country; drawing the boundaries so as to exclude certain lower slopes of the Teton Range where cattle might graze; preserving with scrupulous pains the grazing rights of landowners in the region, as well as all other legitimate individual interests.

Reasons for the Extension

As it stands in this bill, the territory to be added to the park is a strip of national forest reserve lying along the southern boundary of the park, perhaps twenty miles from north to south and extending from east to west the approximate width of the park. These, of course, are only rough dimensions. Perhaps it would be more exact to conceive of the proposed extension as a solid block lying along the southern border of the park about twenty miles—less in some places, more in others—from north to south. Now with your finger on the western side push that block about twelve miles to the east. That gives you fairly definitely the location of the territory in question.

So much for the land involved. And now for the reasons for bringing this region under the control of the Federal Government. Mr. Mondell has enumerated them succinctly in a letter written to certain opponents of the bill. He says:

"The arguments for the enlargement of the park rest squarely on the proposition that it does not injure anyone or any interest, does not curtail any privilege now enjoyed, and on the contrary does accomplish purposes greatly in the interest of the public generally, and of the people of Wyoming in particular. What are these purposes?

"First: The rounding out of this great national pleasure ground so as to make its boundaries natural rather than artificial. Second: To include within the park the wonderful scenic features of the eastern slope of the Teton Range and Jackson Lake, and the headwaters of the Yellowstone and its tributaries. Third: By including these areas to make it possible to complete a system of roads and trails radiating from the new south boundary encircling Yellowstone Lake and forming south of the lake a system of roads and trails corresponding to those north of the lake. Fourth: Through this enlargement and improvement making the park and its wonders much more accessible from Southern and Central Wyoming and Eastern Idaho than it now is."

The above is a clean-cut statement of the reasons for annexing this southern territory to the national park, with the exception of the omission of the case of the elk herd. And just on that one point—the preservation of the winter feeding grounds of the southern elk herd, practically the whole bulk of the opposition to the bill rests. It is a straight case of private interests arrayed against the general good. For there are certain parties who want those winter feeding grounds to graze their cattle. These are the cattlemen. They have sworn the elk must go. Moreover, it is not the little ranchers, natives of the Hole, dependent upon their ranches for a livelihood, who are the chief objectors to the bill. It is the big ranchers; men who own millions, who do not live in the Hole, and whose interest in cattle is but one of a dozen irons in the fire. These are the ones who have sworn the extinction of the elk and have lined up the smaller ranchmen.

Reduced to its A B C, the proposition stands nakedly thus: There is enough grazing ground for the elk and the small cattlemen who live in the Hole; but there is not enough grazing ground for the elk, the small ranchers and the big cattlemen too. The big cattlemen, however, have entered the region. They covet the grazing grounds of the elk. The elk have no vote. The big cattlemen have.

This brings us directly to the question of beauty. There are on earth two kinds of beauty—the one native, original, made by God or Nature, such as the mountains, lakes, seas, forests and animals; and the other secondary, made by the hand of man, such as the Cathedral of Rheims, the statue of Moses, the frescoes in the Vatican. The first kind of beauty is original, a source, it cannot be duplicated, and if destroyed can never be replaced. The second is derived, reflected, man made. The elk herd belongs to the first type of beauty. The Cathedral of Rheims belongs to the second. And it is an act of vandalism to wipe out the elk herd just as surely as it was an act of vandalism to attempt to destroy Rheims. What I am trying to point out is that these original sources of beauty should be conserved at all cost, because they are capital; because that capital does not belong to us, but to all generations; we are but the life tenants of the trust; and finally because, once destroyed, no hand of man can ever reconstruct or bring them back again.

What boots it with incessant care to build up these colossal fortunes of ours in America; to tug, sweat, merge, compete; to gut our natural resources; to speed up labor; to raise the cost of living; to breed bewilderment, rage, discontent—if by so doing the only purpose achieved is more wealth; more restlessness; more expensive houses, furs, jewels for milady; and by the same token more doctor's bills; more automobiles; more picture galleries full of pictures the original sources of which are being quietly, systematically destroyed by the same hand that pays out fifty thousand dollars for a painted simulacrum to hang upon his walls? What are we after, anyway, here in America? What do we want? What is our goal? Simply crass, material, piled-up gold? To loot with all speed our stupendous natural resources—and then with that loot to hotfoot it to Europe, where life, art, beauty proceed at a slower and surer pace; to hire art experts to buy up treasures, carved doors, frescoes, sculptures from the tombs of dead kings; and fetch it all back here to install; these man-made masterpieces for which we as a nation are paying a terrible price? For this mad frenzied pace is costing us dear. It is costing us not only our big natural resources of wealth, of beauty, but it is costing us also our national integrity, our peace, our content. It is burning us up alive. High and low have caught the looting infection.

I quote from the letter written by the foreman of a large cattle ranch just south of the proposed extension, to his employer, who is not a native of the Hole, but a Western millionaire:

"Now I wish to take up the range proposition once more. I sent you Mr. Graves' program from Chicago. If you will look it over carefully you will note it is a program of successive elimination—that is, they"—the Forest Service—"will eliminate a certain portion of the range from grazing this year, a little more next year, and so on until the cattle industry is out of commission.

"I got"—here follow the names of seven men—"together with myself, to form an association, pledging one another to stand together and find effective means to fight both the arbitrary rulings of the Forest Department and the proposed extension of the park. Of course it is our purpose to get every cool-headed and respectable citizen of the Hole to join us with both financial and moral support. We have not gone very far with our plans as yet, more than to use plenty of printer's ink and get our side of the case before the public. Also to pester our congressmen with letters from every landowner, not only of the valley but everyone in the surrounding country that we can get to take the matter up. We want a good man"—what about a good lady, Mister Foreman?—"to take hold of the literary program, one who can get stuff into the magazines and papers of the country. . . ."

"Mr. Mondell told Mr. ——"—a lawyer sent by the cattlemen to Washington to fight the bill—"that he did not see that the bill would injure anybody; that the people in this area would continue to have the same privileges they held before. A thing that is absolutely worthless when you consider the fact that none of them"—the natives of the Hole—"has more than five or six head of stock, and settled here with the intention of increasing their herds according as they were able to improve their ranches and grow winter forage for an increased number of stock."

Ranchers in the Hole

And so none of the natives of the Hole has more than five or six head of stock? Oh, Mister Foreman, Mister Foreman! That was a damaging admission on your part! And is it, then, for these poor little ranchers in the Hole, with five or six head of stock apiece, that you are spilling all this printer's ink, forming delegations, pestering your congressmen, and looking about for a good man—or lady—to take care of the literary program? Such noble altruism deserves a crown. I hereby tender one to you.

The letter continues:

"Mr. Mondell also said that in his judgment there was no possibility of increasing these"—grazing—"privileges, even if this bill did not become a law. Mr. Mondell knows that the range privileges are simply a ruling of the Forestry Department and may be changed at any time, and that if the bill becomes a law the country in question is lost to any good purpose. . . ."

Of course that all depends on what is meant by "good purpose." If by that is meant that the country in question is lost to powerful cattle interests who wish to crowd their cattle in and crowd the elk out, in order to add to a bank account that is already sufficiently large for an average mortal, then truly the prognostication is correct. But the country in question is not lost to the little ranchers of the Hole, whose interests are scrupulously protected; it is not lost to the elk, who cannot speak or send petitions round or spill printer's ink; and most important of all it is not lost to the great general public, to the restless, toiling, city-worn millions in our land who, as the country becomes more civilized, more remote from the pioneer days, seek out each summer the wilderness, and particularly that big wilderness which is the last stand of the big game. The value of these wild parks is inestimable. They breathe sanity, courage, hope. And for this one reason alone no private selfish interest should be allowed to outweigh the general good. For in the troubled, tumultuous times that are before us as a nation and as a world we are going to need all our wildernesses; we're going to need everything we can lay hold of as sheet anchors if we are going to outride the storm.

There is a concrete moral to this article: Pester—I thank you, Mister Foreman, for the word!—your congressmen with letters. Organize. Form committees. Give the elk a vote!

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THE Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove, designed and built for kitchen service, for cooking, baking, roasting, ironing, and the hundred and one uses which made the old-fashioned heavy stove a necessity, lightens kitchen duties. Its use means more heat, less care and little expense, for kerosene is the cheapest of fuels. No ashes to shovel, no smoke or soot, easy to operate and easy to keep clean.

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Your dealer will be pleased to demonstrate not only why the use of the Florence Automatic Oil Cook Stove means more heat and less care, but also its ease of operation and perfect heat control. In the meantime we should like to send you a free copy of the "Household Helper."

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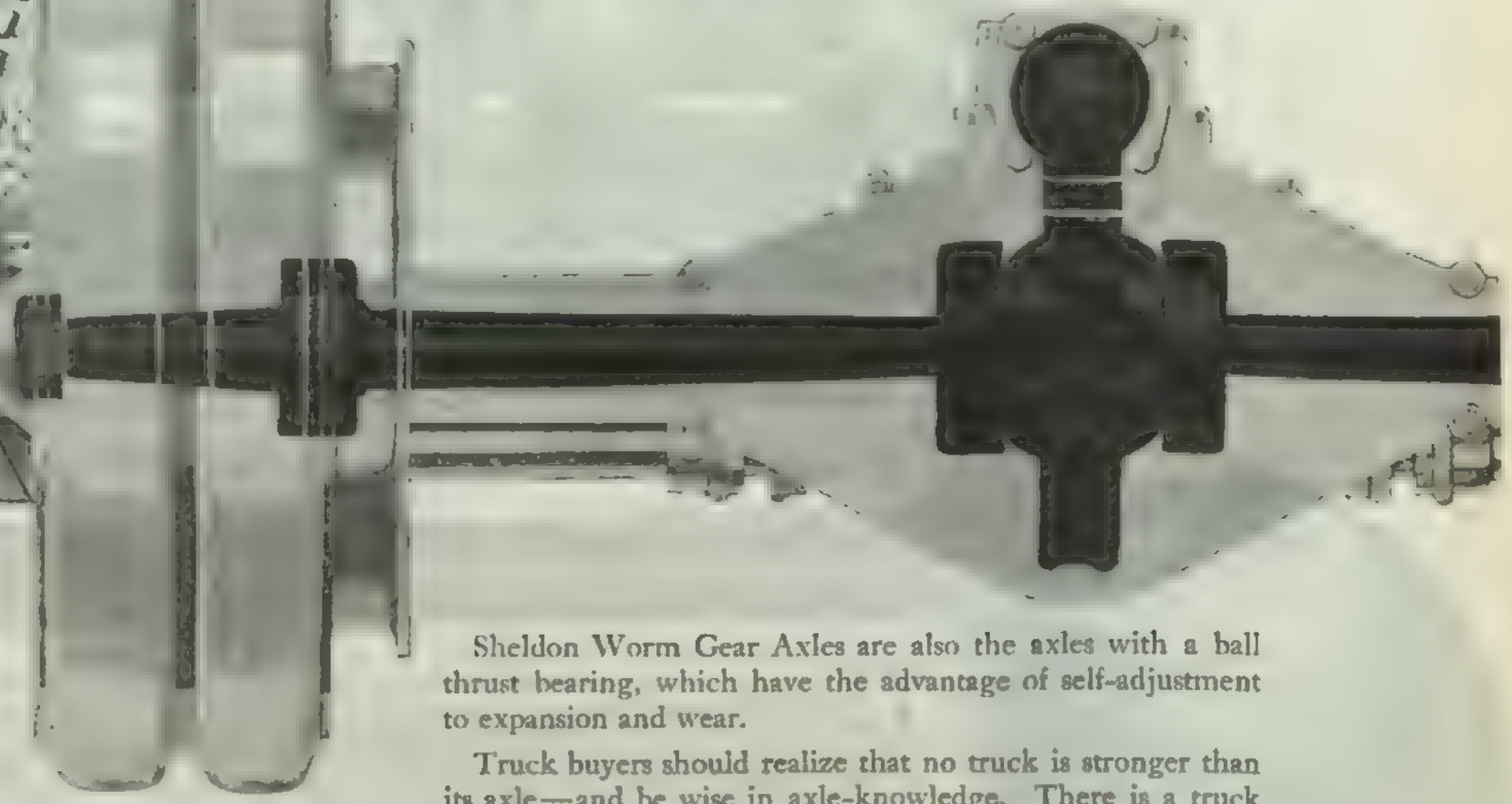
THE Locomotive Axle meets side-strain in rounding every curve. The Motor Truck Axle is subject to the same terrific side-strain when turning corners, running on slippery or uneven pavements, on crowned roads, and when hitting car tracks and curbstones.

Because of this the wheels on Sheldon Worm Gear Axles are rigidly fixed to the revolving axle, the same principle of construction that is employed in Locomotive and Freight Car Axles, which carry the Freight Tonnage of the World. This strength insures low maintenance costs.



Sheldon Worm Gear Axles are also the axles with a ball thrust bearing, which have the advantage of self-adjustment to expansion and wear.

Truck buyers should realize that no truck is stronger than its axle—and be wise in axle-knowledge. There is a truck of every size from ½ ton to 5 ton and for every purpose, equipped with Sheldon Axles.

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Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles

Look for this Sheldon trade-mark cast on the housing at the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies ... your assurance of strength, long life, safety and economy of upkeep.

BUILT ON THE LOCOMOTIVE AXLE PRINCIPLE

THE SWEAT OF HER BROW

(Continued from Page 19

so-called social or complaint secretary, to whom anyone could go direct with his grievance. As most of the complainants were women this officer was a woman.

It was to this court that Maisie had gone, and to this woman officer that she was now speaking.

Maisie's grievance was simple enough—she had been deserted by her husband and she was without money.

"My husband just left me without any cause at all. He didn't even threaten that he was going. I noticed he was moody, but I thought that was because of his dies he always thinks about. No'm, I don't know of any woman he was taken with. It couldn't have been that. He never bothered me any that way—always straight and honest. I don't know why he went."

"Your husband, you say, is a machinist?"

"I didn't say so, but he is. He's a die maker."

"Why do you suppose he left you?"

"He hadn't any reason at all—not any. He just left."

"No trouble about his meals?"

"He always complained because I wouldn't get up in the middle of the night and cook his early breakfasts."

"How about luncheon?"

"He bought a box lunch."

"Supper?"

"He complained about my cooking. The night he left he did. He said I burned the steak, and complained because the potatoes didn't suit him."

"No quarrel about other matters?"

"A kind of quarrel. I bought just a few pieces of furniture we had to have, and he canceled the order. He notified the stores not to sell to me."

"I suppose that made you angry."

"I was so angry I cried."

"Then you went out and bought something else anyhow?"

"I didn't go out, and besides it was only what we ought to have had all along."

"Books?"

"How did you know I bought books?"

"Your husband objected to your going into debt; then he cut off your credit; then you saw a chance to disregard his protest and bought these books. What did he say?"

"Hardly anything. I thought he had given in. When I went into the front room from the kitchen where I was washing dishes I only found a note."

"How long ago was this quarrel and this note?"

"Nearly two weeks now."

"How have you been living since then?"

"It was pay day. He left me his week's wages in an envelope."

"Do you know where he's working?"

"Not now, I don't. I asked Mrs. Herder, whose husband worked at the same place, but she says he quit there. But you can find out easy. All he knows is machinery and die making."

"What do you want us to do?"

"Arrest him for deserting his wife."

"I see. Now that you've spent the money he left you you want him to give you more. He gave you all he had. Now you want him arrested."

"He deserted me," said Maisie.

"Not as yet. He supplied you with money. According to you he merely left the house to secure suitable food and suitable rest. A workingman must have both."

"I can't have him arrested?"

"I doubt if there has been any desertion. You are the deserter, not he. You deserted him by refusing to cook his meals and by nagging him and wasting his money. There is no statute covering your offense or he might have had you arrested."

"I work as hard as he does!"

"You don't know what hard work is," said the other.

"Anyhow, marriage is a partnership; I have as much right as he has to decide what I ought to buy."

"You haven't the remotest idea of the duties of partners. I don't believe the judge would assist you, Mrs. Tarpey. This court is as interested in husbands as it is in wives."

Maisie angrily opened her network hand bag and then changed her mind and closed it.

"You're an able-bodied woman without children. You dislike domestic life. Why don't you go to work? Why don't you support yourself? Why remain dependent upon a husband who has left you?"

Maisie Was Entirely Calm and Was Looking Her Best

"I guess that's about all," began Maisie. "If the law ——"

"Why not show him you can?"

"I'd have earned my own money long ago if it hadn't been for his housework! And I will yet!"

"If you really want work I know of a very good position," continued the other. "It pays two-seventy-five a day for six hours' work. Six days, sixteen fifty."

"Not enough," said Maisie, going. "My husband received forty dollars a week. I'm worth just as much as he is."

"Let me know if I can help you, Mrs. Tarpey."

"I'll find something."

Maisie had closed the door behind her and started down the hall before she remembered that she had not asked what the position was. Gregg had to work longer hours for his larger wages. Perhaps, if the work was exceptionally pleasant, she had better choose the shorter hours. She therefore turned and reëntered the room she had just left.

"Was that work afternoon work?" she asked.

"Night work. It's acting as charwoman in an office building."

"What's it like?"

"Sweeping, scrubbing, dusting, cleaning. A charwoman is a kind of chore woman."

"I couldn't possibly, not that. I want to get into office work. If you know of anything ——"

"Read the want ads in the newspapers," replied the other a little sadly. "If you don't find what you need or if you change your mind let me know."

"I will, but I won't," said Maisie.

"A beautiful, selfish, lazy, ill-tempered woman," confided the secretary to an assistant as she went out. "She has the colossal self-confidence of the spoiled, and her husband loves her."

I find it hard to indicate even faintly the full extent of Maisie's conceited ignorance. That such ignorance should have a great fall was inevitable. She wished to work in an office in a modern building. She did not care to address envelopes because the ink would probably stain her fingers, using so much of it. She might become a cashier and handle money if it were not that the work was so public. She could become a file clerk, but the name reminded her of her husband's trade, and besides she hated hardware. She finally decided that she would be a secretary.

A public stenographer typed the letter of application; Maisie had once known a business woman who hired all her letters typed. "Fix it up right," she directed grandly. "Make the salary the same as my husband gets, forty dollars a week. A woman's services are worth just as much as a man's."

"More," said the girl, winking at a companion. "And I wouldn't speak of a husband unless they ask you. I'm leaving that part of it out."

"Do it right." This she did, and more; so excellent was her letter that the first delivery the second morning brought Maisie a reply, the Cloverleaf Tanning Corporation requesting Miss Tarpey to call at her early convenience for a conference with Mr. Barker. She arrived at the address given at twenty-eight minutes past ten, looking her best, her wedding ring in her purse.

Now Barker, who was office manager, by a freak of chance had been called away not ten minutes before Maisie's arrival to unsnarl a printing-office tangle, leaving the outer office more or less in charge of Miss Baird, the senior stenographer. Miss Baird knew all about the position vacant—Miss Tylor, President McKinnon's secretary, had quit in a huff because of a criticism of her evening habits. It had been Miss Baird who prepared the advertisement attracting Maisie, and she who wrote Barker's reply. She knew that Maisie was the successful applicant among two hundred. What more did she need to know?

"Mr. Barker is expecting you," she said, returning Maisie's letter. "He's out this morning, but I know about the correspondence. You are to be President McKinnon's secretary. He's in his office now. How soon can you go to work?"

"Any time," replied Maisie calmly.

"I'll speak to Mr. McKinnon," said the girl. "Will you have a seat?"

"Miss Tarpey has come," she announced a moment later behind the closed door. "The girl to take Miss Tylor's place. Mr. Barker selected her yesterday, but he's at the printer's. Shall I send her in or do you want her to come this afternoon?"

"Send her in," said McKinnon.

Such was Maisie's induction into her high office. As I have said, she was entirely calm and was looking her best.

"Lay off your hat and take these letters." He rang for Miss Baird, who appeared almost instantly in the doorway. "Kindly supply Miss Tarpey with a notebook and pencils," he said. "Sharpened pencils."

While the articles were being brought he glanced through the pile of opened letters on his desk.

"We'll wade through these in no time. I leave at one o'clock. Can you work until then?"

"Yes, sir," said Maisie.

"All right. Let's go."

He began at full speed, as was his custom, tearing through name and address and into the body of the letter much as a bullet might have torn through the cover into a book. Maisie caught a syllable or two of city and state, and a phrase or two of the first sentence. Thereafter she could only tag along. Yet she did not stop him to ask for a restatement at any point. She was hopelessly muddled with respect to the longer words, and her salvage of the shorter ones was oddly disconnected, but she gave no sign that her slow longhand fragments were not the verbatim transcript of the whole. Indeed she was too ignorant of stenography to know that completer results were possible. She wrote as fast as she could; no one, so far as she knew, could have written much faster.

"How are you getting along?" asked McKinnon after the first letter.

"All right," replied Maisie.

And her manner was so assured that he did not ask her to read her notes.

"Fine!" he cried. "Next."

He began the second letter at even greater speed, delighted that at last he had found someone who did not have to interrupt him to take what he said. Likewise the third letter, and the fourth. Letter followed upon letter, with Maisie calmly writing in her notebook, held casually at a concealing angle, such words as she happened to catch and as calmly allowing the surplusage to slide into oblivion. Eleven o'clock, half past eleven, twelve—the hands of her wrist watch crept slowly round, and still he kept on, and still she made no sign. Her fingers ached, her back ached, her eyes ached, but she did not betray the fact in sighs nor interrupt him with doubts of her competence.

"Getting tired, Miss Tarpey?"

"A little," admitted Maisie.

"One more letter and we'll stop."

This letter, to judge from the time required for its dictation, was a longer one, but in the notebook it was no longer.

"The rest can wait until morning," said McKinnon. "Fine work! Now, Miss Tarpey, this afternoon write those letters and get them off. Sign my name, initialed by you. Routine letters, all of them. I'll not be back. See you in the morning. I'm sure we shall pull together very well. You have good speed."

And with a pleasant smile he snatched his hat and sailed out of the room, bound for a club luncheon and the White Sox-Cincinnati game at Comiskey Park.

When Maisie returned shortly before two Barker was waiting for her.

"Already running on high, they tell me. I understand you've been taking Mr. McKinnon all morning. You seem to have pleased him. Everything go well?"

"Very well," said Maisie, "but he talks so fast nobody can understand it all."

"What's that? Say that again."

"I got along very nicely with Mr. McKinnon," replied Maisie.

"Fine! He does talk a bit fast, that's true. Now, if you'll type those letters and get them off —— What machine do you use, Miss Tarpey?"

"What machine? I don't understand you."

(Continued on Page 163)

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Thomas A Edison
The Inventor of The Phonograph

We, Edison Cylinder Phonograph dealers of the United States, whose names and addresses appear below, are co-operating with Mr. Thomas A. Edison to supply you with the world's latest and best music every month. We carry ample, up-to-the-minute stocks of Mr. Edison's famous Amberol Cylinder Records and of Edison Diamond Amberola Phonographs.

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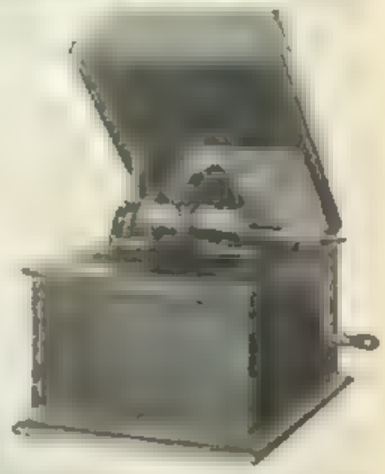
Do this before it slips your mind. Hear the new February records! Look over the list on opposite page.



AMBEROLA Model 30
Price $441 (in U. S.)
The highest-grade phonograph sold today at such a low price. Possesses wonderful reproducing ability. Finished in oak.

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THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., (Amberola Dept.) Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

ALABAMA
[illegible] Company
[illegible]
[illegible]ssen, Powell & Son
Florence, The Florence Company
Fort Payne, J. C. Nichols
Hartselle, Keyes Brothers
Huntsville, E. D. Hollis
Montgomery, J. E. Dillard, 116 Monroe St.
Montgomery, Frank Tennille Furniture Company
Opelika, J. K. Haynie
Russellville, Powers Drug Company
Scottsboro, E. D. Hollis
[illegible] J. S. Carroll Mercantile Co.

ARIZONA
Phoenix, Taverner Music Co.

ARKANSAS
Batesville, J. H. Shook
Fort Smith, R. C. Bellinger Music Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Piggott, Piggott Music and Novelty Co.

CALIFORNIA
Bishop, B. E. Johnson
Fortuna, Bowman's Drug Store, Inc.
Los Angeles, American Music Co., 361 North Main St.
Los Angeles, Frank J. Hart, Southern California [illegible]
[illegible]
Los Angeles, Wm. L. Glockner Music Co., 917 S. Broadway.
Los Angeles, Vernon Music Co., 4409 S. Central
Oakland, Oakland Phonograph Co., 473 12th St.
Petaluma, C. H. Short Music Co.
[illegible]
[illegible] Music Co., 825 J St.
The Edison Shop, 233 Geary St.
San José, C. S. Wright, 944 East Santa Clara St.
Santa Ana, Carl G. Strock
Sonora, Duey & Sawtie
Stockton, H. W. Mosier, 622 East Main St.
Watsonville, Steinhauser & Eaton

COLORADO
[illegible]

CONNECTICUT
[illegible]

FLORIDA
[illegible]

GEORGIA
[illegible]
Douglasville, J. C. McCarley
Eatonton, Hearn & Greene Hardware Co.
[illegible]on, W. H. Dunaway
[illegible]
[illegible] E. M. Morgan
[illegible] Sandersville Music House
[illegible]rickland Photograph Co.
[illegible]

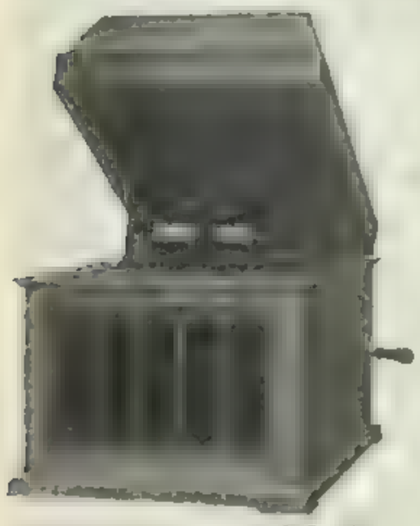
IDAHO
Beaumont, Hayes Gift Shop
Buhl, Boring Bros.
Burley, Paulson Jewelry Co.
Caldwell, Greenland Drug Store
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]s, Alma Market
[illegible] J. Coats
[illegible]
[illegible] Inc
[illegible] Nelson
[illegible]
[illegible]
Shelley, Shelley Drug Store

St. Anthony, Ashcraft Jewelry Co.
Twin Falls, Magwalk Pharmacy
Weiser, Ellingson Drug Co.

ILLINOIS
Aledo, Bolton Electric Co.
Astoria, Huettchen and Wehl
Bloomington, G. A. Eisenberger & Sons
Carmi, Ball & Brockett
Cartinville, Meyers Music House
Cerro Gordo, Hughes & Essick
Chicago, The Edison Shop, 429 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, James I. Lyons, 17 West Lake St.
Decatur, Haines & Essick
[illegible]
Grant Park, Will R. Auenbaum
Greenfield, William Hobson
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Macomb, L. N. Root and Son
Moline, J. Ramser & Sons
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Princeton, E. A. Vaughn & Co.
Quincy, A. F. Odel
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
West Chicago, [illegible]

INDIANA
[illegible]
[illegible] Furniture Co.
[illegible] Music Co.
Huntington, C. W. Sweerwine
Evansville, W. J. Stahlschmidt
Ft. Wayne, Guy Conklin
Indianapolis, The Edison Shop
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Edison Cylinder Phonographs



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Look over these splendid selections. This carefully chosen list contains music for all the family

*29044 Simon The Cellarer—A Jovial Bum Song About the Keeper of the Wine Cellars—Arthur Middleton
*29045 Heaven Is My Home—A Semi-Religious Song that is well known—Thomas Chalmers
3902 Cleo—Fox Trot—A Dashing, Peppy Tune that will Tickle Your Toes—All Star Trio
3903 Fancy Little Nancy—Saxophone Solo—A Rich, Golden-Toned Number Admirably Played—Wheeler Wadsworth
3904 Train Time At Pumpkin Center—Real, Humorous Rube Comedy by the World-Famous "Uncle Josh"—Cal Stewart and Company
3905 Same As His Father Did Before Him—Semi-Humorous Scotch Song by a Real Scotchman—Glen Ellison
3906 'Twas An Old-Fashioned Song He Was Singing—Ballad—The Song that Mr. James Sings About is "Home, Sweet Home"—Lewis James
3907 Windy Willie—March—This Sonorous March Features the Trombone—Very Snappy—New York Military Band
3908 Love Blossom—Mixed Voices—A Beautiful, Sentimental Ballad in Waltz Time—Metropolitan Quartet
3909 Yelping Hound Blues—Jazz Fox Trot—Real, Zippy Jazz Featuring *Some* Clarinet Player—Louisiana Five
3910 Floating Down to Cotton Town—Male Voices—Close Harmony Effectively Used—Premier Quartet
3911 Nobody Ever—Fox Trot—One of the Notable Dance Records of the Year—Don't Miss It—Tuxedo Dance Orchestra
3912 Back Home on the Farm—Negro Vaudeville Sketch in Humorous Negro Dialect Which Will Amuse All—Golden and Hughes
3913 I'm a Dancing Fool—Comic Song—Rag Time Words and Rag Time Music Irresistibly Rendered—Al Bernard
3914 I Love You Just the Same Sweet Adeline—Male Voices—A Song Built Around That Old Favorite, "Sweet Adeline"—Premier Quartet
3915 Carolina Sunshine—One of the Popular Songs of 1920—You Hear It Everywhere—Vernon Dalhart and Mixed Chorus
3916 Love's Adieu—Ballad—A Beautiful Number Sung in Duet Style—Lewis James and Vernon Archibald
3917 Serenade d'Amour—Marimba Record—A Marimba is an Instrument Similar to the Xylophone but Much Richer in Tone—Imperial Marimba Band
3918 Abandonado—Mexican Waltz—Characteristic Mexican Music Excellently Played—Peerless Orchestra
3919 Goodbye, Beloved, Goodbye—An Old Melody, Familiar to Us All—Virginia Rea and Lyric Male Quartet
3920 Henry Jones, Your Honeymoon Is Over—Comic Negro Sketch—A Man With a Toothache Would Laugh at this Uproarious "Coon" Song—Al Bernard and Ernest Hare
3921 A Picture of Long Ago—A Four Minute Comic-Sentimental Sketch that is Most Interesting—Ada Jones and Len Spencer
3922 Broken Blossoms—An Exquisite Ballad Very Popular Right Now—Helen Clark and George W. Ballard

NORWEGIAN RECORDS

9240 Paal paa Hougje (Paul on the Hillside)—Carston Wolt
9241 Vor Gud han er Saa Fast en Borg (A Mighty Fortress is Our God)—Carston Wolt

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NEW YORK

Albany, Diamond Disc Shop
[illegible] M. Dutman
[illegible] Main St.
[illegible] Myrtle Ave.
[illegible] Ave.
Brooklyn, Wm. Warner, 1223 Bedford Ave.
[illegible] Wm. Hoecker
Elmira, Elmira Arms Co.
Frankfinville, A. M. Farwell
Freeport, L. I., Wm. Cornback
Gloversville, Diamond Disc Shop
Haverstraw, H. E. Terhune
Hemoyville, G. B. Ayers
[illegible] Thompson
[illegible] A. Poe
[illegible] Specialty Co.
Mechanicville, N. B. Westfall
Middletown, Bates Piano Co.
Newburgh, J. Schoonmaker & Son
New York City, John F. Blackman & Son, 1... Third Ave.
New York City, Diamond Disc Shop, [illegible] Ave.
New York City, Edison Shop, 47 [illegible] Ave.
Oneonta, M. C. Dales
Peekskill, D. Greenfeet Co.
[illegible] W. E. Howe
[illegible] Diamond Disc Shop
[illegible] J. L. Brooks
[illegible] J. W. Vibbert & Bro.
[illegible] H. E. Hancock
[illegible] W. D. Andrews & Co.
[illegible] Piano Shop, Salina St.
[illegible]
[illegible] Phonograph & Supply Co., Inc.
Willow, Bolte's Drug Store

NORTH CAROLINA

Apex, J. F. Bryant & Co.
Asheville, Dunham's Music House
[illegible] S. M. Greene
[illegible] L. [illegible]
[illegible] W. R. Music Company
[illegible] Music Co.
[illegible] & Co.
[illegible] Music Company
[illegible] & Co.
[illegible]
[illegible] Phonograph Co.
Mt. Gilead, Pee Dee Store Co.
Rockford, Raeford Furniture Co.
Raleigh, S. N. Holland, Jr.
Red Springs, Red Springs Drug Co.
Robersonville, J. M. Hassell & Bro.
Sanford, Lee Furniture Co.
Washington, J. M. Cohen
[illegible] W. H. [illegible] Bros. Co.
[illegible] H. S. [illegible]
[illegible] Music Co.
Wilmington, Harper House Stockton Co.

NORTH DAKOTA

Jamestown, A. G. Tellner
[illegible] H. Arens
[illegible] H. E. [illegible]
New Rockford, J. C. Marx
Walhalla, Moris & Hellisch

OHIO

Akron, B. A. Emerson
[illegible] L. P. [illegible]
[illegible] Company
[illegible]
[illegible] Store
[illegible]
[illegible] W. [illegible] Co.
[illegible] A. E. Jay
[illegible] N. Basinger
[illegible]
[illegible] & Hess
[illegible] H. A. [illegible]
[illegible] Bros. & Andrew
[illegible]erhill, C. P. Yocom
[illegible]on, H. C. Bickle
[illegible] 637 Main St.
Cincinnati, The Phonograph Co., 320 East 4th St.
Circleville, E. Sensenbrenner
Cleveland, George C. Lang
Cleveland, The Phonograph Company, Huron Road
College Corner, Riley I. Miller
[illegible] Phonograph Co.
[illegible] V. F. Toulis
[illegible] Brothers
[illegible] W. T. Wise
[illegible] Liverpool, Frank Crook Co.
[illegible]n Mills Phono. & Music Shop
[illegible]ay, E. M. Warfel and Co.
[illegible] C. [illegible] B. Davis
Fostoria, Walter R. Rice
Fremont, W. G. Bechberger
Geneva, P. R. Bernhard
Jackson, H. C. Summers & Son
Jackson Center, Chas. M. Lambert
[illegible] J. W. [illegible]
[illegible] E. Chas. & Son
[illegible], E. A. Young & Co.
[illegible] T. R. Cope
Logan, Geo. A. Clark Co.
Londonville, H. J. Haudenschild
Malvern, Hart & Colleredo
Mansfield, Charles M. Zitzer
Marietta, Marietta Furniture Co.
Marion, F. D. Bentz
[illegible] Rhine
[illegible] J. W. [illegible]
[illegible] J. S. [illegible]
[illegible] E. M. Shaw
[illegible] Music House
[illegible] A. Weard
[illegible]
Painesville, H. F. Teller
[illegible] C. Klein
[illegible], Rae Brothers
[illegible], H. C. Summers & Son
Ravenna, C. M. [illegible]
Ripley, Chas. H. Hutchison
Salem, W. G. Fawcett Co.
[illegible]
Shelby, C. W. [illegible]
Springfield, L. C. Gorsuch & Co.
Steubenville, Findt Music Co.
Strasburg, Garver Brothers
Sugar Creek, A. [illegible]
Tiffin, Emil J. Wolf
[illegible]
Vermilion, A. D. Hazelhurst
Willard, C. J. Spencer
Zanesville, C. A. Williams & Son

OKLAHOMA

Ada, Ada Music Co.
Ardmore, Phonograph Shop, Inc.
Bartlesville, T. S. Terry
Blackwell, Lee Music Co.
Boswell, Cora Simmonds
Byars, Rexall Drug Store
Chickasha, Clayconn Anderson Co.
Clinton, J. A. Crossman & Son
[illegible]
[illegible] R. [illegible]
[illegible] State
[illegible] Music Co.
[illegible] Lee Music Co.
[illegible] J. J. Hornbrough
Lawton, M. Kornegay
McAlester, Phonograph Co.
Muskogee, Phonograph Shop, Inc.
Norman, Reed & Foster
Nowata, Nowata Hdwe. & Music Co.
Okla. City, Phonograph Shop, Inc.
Okmulgee, Phonograph Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Inc.
[illegible], Inc.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] M. Redman
Woodward, W. H. Mohr

OREGON

Baker, Adler's Music Store
[illegible]
Eugene, Morris Music House
Grants Pass, Stanton Rowell
Hood River, A. S. Keir
Klamath Falls, George A. Wirtz
La Grande, Newlin Book & Stationery Co.
McMinnville, Hembree and Jamison
Oregon City, Burmeister and Andresen
Pendleton, Warren's Music House
Portland, Edison Phonographs, Ltd., 45 Fourth St.
Portland, Hyatt Talking Machine Company, 350 Alder St.
Salem, George C. Will
Union, L. A. Wright

PENNSYLVANIA

Altoona, A. J. Harter
Blossburg, L. D. Grover
Butler, W. A. Steadman
Canton, G. Keagle & Son
Carbondale, Falkerson Music House, 62 Salem Ave.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Corry, Myrtle J. Fuller
East Pittsburgh, Valley Furniture Co.
Granville Center, C. E. Taylor
Greensburg, J. H. Longenecker Co.
Hazleton, Alex Stirling
Hollidaysburg, George W. Williams
Honesdale, F. A. Jenkins Music House
Johnstown, M. Nathan & Brother, Inc.
Kane, Mrs. F. R. Campbell
[illegible], Bruce & [illegible]
Latrobe, G. M. Finck & Co.
Landisburg, C. H. DeLancey
Lewistown, P. W. Kieferle
Lock Haven, R. R. Myers
Lock Haven, Kreamer & Co.
McKeesport, Keefer Phonograph Co.
Meadville, L. G. DuVall
Meyersdale, R. [illegible] Sons
[illegible] C. A. Bowser
New Bloomfield, [illegible]
New [illegible] W. E. [illegible]
[illegible] N. Second St., [illegible] Market St.
[illegible] Bros.
[illegible] H. [illegible]
[illegible] Music House
[illegible] Drug Co.
Scranton, Diamond Disc Shop, 222 Wyoming Ave.
Stroudsburg, Stroudsburg Music Co., 150 Main St.
Summerville, Curt Breiner
Uniontown, Wright Metzler Co.
Warren, Charles B. Hill
[illegible]
[illegible] Music Store, 118 S. Main
Williamsport, W. A. Myers, 114 West Fourth St.

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, J. A. Foster Co.
Wakefield, J. G. Champlin

SOUTH CAROLINA

[illegible] Company
[illegible] W. [illegible]
[illegible] Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] M. [illegible]
[illegible] Music Co.
[illegible] J. [illegible]
Newberry, C. B. Weeks
Orangeburg, Marchant Music Company
Petty, J. B. Burnett
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Co.
Union, [illegible]

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen, D. G. Gallett
Beresford, C. W. Johnson
[illegible] W. [illegible]
Bryant, Ed. H. Schmidt
Garretson, Theophile Kasmerchak
Gregory, Peterson Bros.
Huron, Coulson Bros.
[illegible], O. W. Anderson
Milbank, N. F. Nelson
Sioux Falls, Smith Hdwe. & Harness Co.
Vivian, J. P. Casey
Watertown, L. W. Cooke's Music House

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga, W. C. Green Furniture Co.
Greeneville, Rosenblatt Co., Inc.
Halls, Halls Hardware Co.
Lebanon, Wooten Baird Drug Co.

TEXAS

Aspermont, The Star Drug Store
Austin, The Phonograph Shop
Beaumont, W. L. Pace Piano Co.
Big Spring, Rix Furniture Co.
Brady, B. L. Malone & Co.
Brownwood, Jones & Dublin
Cameron, New Cameron Drug Company
Coleman, Jerry Harbour
Cooper, Morgan & Pratt
Dallas, Edison Shop
[illegible] T. P. W[illegible] & Son
Del Rio, Graves Book & Variety Store
Denison, Linn Brothers Jewelry Co.
El Campo, Hefner Douglas Furniture Co.
Ft. Worth, L. Shepherd & Co.
Gilmer, J. W. Croley
Goldthwaite, R. E. Clements
Grandview, H. D. Monroe
Grand Saline, Salt City Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Jacksonville, Williamson Furniture Company
McKinney, J. P. Crouch & Co.
Mineral Wells, Owl Book Co.
Mt. Pleasant, T. W. Vaughan & Co.
Nocona, W. S. Thurston Hardware & Imp. Co.
Paris, Rodgers Wynne Furniture Co.
Pittsburg, Holman Hdwe. & Furniture Co.
San Angelo, H. D. Leffel
San Antonio, Phonograph Shop, 310 W. [illegible]
[illegible]
Sherman, Linn Brothers Phonograph Co.
Sulphur Springs, Phonograph Shop
Taylor, The Phonograph Shop
Teague, Palace Drug Co.
Temple, Phonograph Shop
Tyler, B. F. Swann
Vernon, B. & W. Drug Co.
[illegible] Dennis & Co.
Wichita Falls, Mack T[illegible] Drug Company
Winnsboro, L. J. Kendrick.

UTAH

Cedar City, Leigh Furniture Co.
[illegible] Music Co.
[illegible] Madsen
Ogden, Proudfit Sporting Goods Co.
Salt Lake City, Keith O'Brien Co.
Tooele, Tooele Drug Co.

VIRGINIA

[illegible] M. L. [illegible]
Christiansburg, Kenley Furniture Co.
Covington, T. C. Hodges
Harrisonburg, Valley Music Co.
[illegible]
Norfolk, E. H. Harding
Richmond, The C. D. Haynes Co., Inc.
Roanoke, Huntley Furniture Co.
Wakefield, J. S. White

VERMONT

Burlington, American Phonograph Co.
Northfield, F. S. Dyke
Rutland, N. M. Bradley

WASHINGTON

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Rose Music Co.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] J. [illegible] Wenatchee Market
[illegible]
[illegible] Wenatchee Music Store
[illegible] & Pearce & Co.
[illegible] Ellers Phonographs Co.
[illegible], Red Cross Drug Co.
Tacoma, [illegible] 948 Broadway
Walla Walla, [illegible]
Wenatchee, H. [illegible] Roberts
Yakima, The Bradbury Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Bluefield, Goodykoontz Drug Company
Buckhannon, Whitescarver Furniture Company
[illegible]
Clarksburg, Palace Furniture & Piano Company
Elkins, [illegible]ng Music Co.
Fairmont, Rees Furniture Co.
Huntington, E. A. Searls & Co.
Kingwood, Chester Reed
McComas, M. R. Mc[illegible]
[illegible] Music Co.
Moundsville, E. E. Koontz
Philippi, C. B. Smith
Parkersburg, Carney, Jackson & Enoch
Richwood, Nicholas Hdwe. & Furn. Co.
Sisterville, C. R. Kerr
Spencer, The Taggerty Shop
Wheeling, New Music Shop

WISCONSIN

Antigo, Lendved-Schultz Hdwe. Co.
Appleton, Meyer & Secker
Arcadia, Jos. Felscherin Music Co.
Augusta, Wm. Steinberg Piano Co.
Bloomer, Werner & Sons
Brodhead, Chas. W. Fuller
[illegible] Music Co.
Edgerton, Will Barbers
Fond du Lac, W. J. Augustin
Green Bay, Stiller Photo Supply Co.
Grand Rapids, Daly Music Co.
Kewaunee, Wm. Hamachek, Jr.
La Crosse, Bergh Piano Co.
Lancaster, Groenier & Stifter
Luck, C. A. Love
[illegible] L. [illegible] & Son
Monroe, W. O. Gilbert
Menomonie, Menomonie Phono. & Art Store
Merrill, F. L. Mead
Milwaukee, [illegible] Frank [illegible]
Milwaukee, The Phonograph Co., Oneida St.
Osceola, E. J. Youngquist
Park Falls, A. F. [illegible]
Shawano, J. P. Gallagher
Stevens Point, O. F. Meyer
[illegible]
[illegible], Johnson Brothers
Waupun, Thos. M. Turner
Wausau, Jeanette M. Coates
West De Pere, Alex Zabrosky
Wittenberg, C. J. Seyferth

The Lumber Grader

IN lumber manufacturing plants it is the Grader who has the last word in determining quality. Every board and timber must pass before his eyes and the grade mark he puts upon them is based solely upon the established grading rules that govern him. Skill, intelligence and pains-taking care he must have but, most of all, he must have experience—for only practice makes perfect. In its thirty years of lumber making The Long-Bell Lumber Company has developed graders of good judgment and to them can be traced directly the chief reason for the *uniform* quality of Long-Bell Lumber. That the consumer may be positively assured of obtaining lumber that has passed the inspection of these trained men, it is branded with this trade-marked name:

LONG-BELL
THE MARK ON QUALITY
Lumber

The Long-Bell Lumber Company
R. A. LONG BUILDING KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Manufacturer of Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers, Oak, Oak Flooring, Gum; California White Pine Lumber, California White Pine Doors and Sash, Screen Doors, 3-ply Veneers; Creosoted Lumber and Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Piling and Wood Blocks.

Ask your dealer for Long-Bell brand

LONG-BELL
LONG-BELL
LONG-BELL

(Continued from Page 159)

"Typewriter. What typewriting machine do you prefer?"

"I'm not sure. I've never used any yet."

She spoke so placidly and with such an absence of embarrassment that Barker thought she was jesting.

"The letter you wrote me was done on a Grimshaw," he said. "Suppose we give you a Grimshaw."

"I had that written for me," said Maisie.

"You had what? You don't mean to say ——" He reached for her shoulder and whirled her to face the light. "Miss Tarpey, will you please show me your notebook?"

"It isn't very plain writing," she apologized, yielding it to him. "I don't know if you can read it."

If he still doubted her seriousness one glance at the pages that fluttered past his thumb told him all.

"Holy mackerel!" he yelled. "Miss Baird! Please look at this book! This woman has been taking J. B.'s dictation in longhand!"

Maisie had been deeply pained a number of times in her short life. She had been deeply pained by Gregg's veto of her purchases, by his heartless note, by the harsh words of the complaint secretary in the Court of Domestic Relations; but even the sharpest of these were honeyed praise compared with the searing scorn of Mr. Jeering Barker.

"Secretary?" he groaned. "You Why stop at secretary? I've hired quite some few fool women in my day, but you're the first one I ever heard of to ask only forty dollars a week for it. Why in gad's name do you hold yourself so cheap? And why did you pick on us? You don't know typewriting from tripe biting. Your hand is that of a ten-year-old schoolgirl. You don't even suspect stenography. You can't spell. You can't punctuate. You can't hear beyond ten miles an hour. Where do you get this secretary thing?"

"I—I thought I'd like office work, but it's ——"

"She thought she'd like office work! Doddering turtles! What kind of work have you been doing, lady? What's happened?"

"Not any kind. I thought ——"

"How do you live?"

"I'm married."

"She's married! You didn't say you were married. If you're married what in time are you doing here, lady? Isn't balling up one job enough for one superwoman? Saint Michael and all the holy angels! Married, and turns secretary!"

"My husband has left me," said Maisie faintly.

"He would too. I would myself."

"I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble," she continued. "I—I won't again. And you're—you're quite right in what you said about me."

The office manager looked sharply at her. Suddenly his manner toward her changed. His voice no longer rang with sarcasms, but became almost kindly.

"Mrs. Tarpey," he asked, "have you any money left?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take this slip to the cashier," he continued. "Two and a half hours at the agreed rate. We can't of course keep you on here. My advice is, find work within your capacity."

"I have a position in sight," said Maisie, edging away.

"Would you mind telling me what it is?"

"It's scrubbing work at night in an office building."

"I'll be hanged!" said Barker.

But Maisie, her eyes hot with the humiliation of knowledge, had already started for the door.

III

AMONG the cossets, whimperers, touchtorgs, pouts and shirkers of this spoiled world will be found few surprises. Most of them are what they are for reasons; few will become or can become anything else. Yet character sometimes does lie hid in pockets.

Maisie was one of the surprises.

Her more modest choice of work had of course its root in her necessities, but a deeper perseverance than any she had yet shown was needed to hold her to her task. I think this new perseverance was only her old self-conceit contorted with her old temper and her new-brought knowledge. At least it was so at first. She had overrated her economic value grotesquely; she had been ignorant, indolent and wasteful, now, seeing more clearly, she became passionately humble, tenaciously industrious, as if her self-respect were suddenly at stake.

After learning that the position she wished to take was still open she had called at the building and hunted out the janitor. She was clad in her cheapest dress and oldest shoes; her hair was dressed plainly, like that of a charwoman; the card she bore introduced her properly. No one, she thought, could have seen in her the butterfly of the morning.

But the luster of her hair and the fairness of her complexion were beyond dresses and combs. The freckled Mr. O'Brien gave her one glance.

"I see the card, lady. The card says scrubwoman. They've mixed you up with somebody else, lady."

"Not at all. I'm Mrs. Tarpey."

"You are no scrubwoman, ma'am. You belong in the parlor entirely, and not on your bent knees before the second cake last night of wet scour soap."

"If I can do the work I don't see what it matters."

"You wouldn't last through the first rub-a-dub-dub, ma'am."

"But I would!"

The opposition of the janitor was fanning her decision to become a charwoman into a flaming determination to become one at once.

"Your hands are that soft you'd never be able to close them again after one hour of it."

"They're my own hands!" she said impatiently.

"You wouldn't last the one bucket of soap suds."

"If I don't last, don't pay me! That's fair enough."

"Is it you still think you want to try?"

"I'm as strong as your other women," said Maisie. "Maybe stronger. How do you know I'm not strong enough to last?"

"Scrubwoman it is. You'll find the night long and no coffin lined, but Saint Peter himself can't say I didn't warn you. I'll show you your mop and your bucket and your wringer and your soap and your dusting cloth and your can of clove oil or something for the woodwork. Then we'll find Mrs. Peterson, on the twelfth floor. The elevator will take you up, but it stops at midnight. Mrs. Peterson will tell you everything you don't know and much besides. You will work as her helper."

The twelfth floor proved to be anything but dark. Following the custom of charwomen the world over Mrs. Peterson's first act on arriving had been to turn on every light in every office on the floor, "so I can see what I'm doing." As the tenants paid for the light this was entirely equitable. The tenants used the rooms during the day; it was only fair that they should supply the light for their cleaning during the night. But fair or not, they did supply it.

Maisie's ignorance of professional scrubbing became quickly apparent under the bounding radiance.

"You mop more like a man than a woman," Mrs. Peterson informed her sharply. "You can't scrub."

"I'm going to," said Maisie.

"Hold your mop like this. Move it back and forth like this. Let your hand slide up and down the handle like this. Not that hand; the other."

"I see what you mean," said Maisie a little later. "I'm beginning to get it."

"Wasting your time, if you ask me. You won't last."

"Why won't I?"

"You're too large for your bones."

"I'd get it! And I'll last too!"

Not only did she have to be shown how to hold the mop and ply it, but she had to learn its more delicate uses: its pickings out and drawings in; its lungings, strikings, parryings, tarryings; its dainty lappings at the brass feet of stork-legged desks at 11 m erasures along the stained baseboards of the amphitheatre. She had to practice with its bobwy masses until she could strike them cleanly into crevices and corners. She worked flounderingly, limpingly, splashingly, haltingly; but in the end she mastered the art of mopping with a mop.

"Your mop's too wet," Mrs. Peterson would say. "Lay it in the wringer like this and squeeze. Use your muscles. When you put all that water on the floor it gets under the linoleum and rots out the wood."

Or again she would tell her that her mop was too dry.

"Use water with your soap. If you want to sweep use a broom. Mops are for scrubbing."

Or she would criticize the contents of the bucket.

"Pour that out and get yourself clean water. You can't mop with that mud. Never let your scrub water get as black as that; it only leaves tracks."

Maisie's hands became blistered; her muscles ached; she was almost blinded by soap and sweat; but she somehow kept on through this room and that until she came to the last. Yet even then she was not through; the woodwork had now to be dusted with an oiled cloth.

"Bend down like this and walk along the baseboard like this with your cloth pressed against it hard. You can't do nothing squatted in one place like you are."

And after she had done the baseboard came the window sashes.

"Climb up on the sill," said Mrs. Peterson. "Don't try to reach up. You can't—you're too short. Just the cinders and dust without smearing the glass."

The hardest task of all was the one that came last, after she was so tired she thought she must scream. She and Mrs. Peterson had completed their scrubbing and dusting; furniture that had been moved out had been moved back again into place; the floor seemed to be ready for the morrow.

"Now," said Mrs. Peterson, "comes our last room. When we clean up this one we can go home."

The room was the washroom. Maisie, tired as she was, was obliged to get down upon her hands and knees with a cake of pumice soap and a brush and scrub the mosaic floor. It was not a large room, but to her it was larger than all the offices thrown into one. She thought she would never come to the end.

But she kept on somehow. Unimaginably weary though she was, with every muscle and every bone in her body gasping, she managed to move the heavy scrubbing brush in this direction and in that until the floor was done. Then she rinsed out her brush, her mop and her bucket, and made her way down the eleven flights of stairs, her night's work done at last.

"I thought you'd give out, but you didn't," said Mrs. Peterson. "You did fine. You've got pluck a-plenty. Now you come with me across the street for a cup of coffee."

A little later, but how she was too tired to know, she had found the owl car that was to carry her home. A little later still she unlocked the door of her flat. She was too tired to light the gas, too tired almost to undress, wholly too tired to care that she must now sleep on the floor. As she pulled the grateful bed clothes round her the words of her husband came to her. Gregg had told her that she did not know what work was.

"He was right; I didn't. Anyhow I didn't quit. I stayed it out. I know what work is now."

Which is testimony that any woman, or any man either, might be proud to make at the end of a life.

IV

MAISIE remained in her dead flat only until pay day; on Sunday she rented a cheap room nearer her work, into which on Monday she moved the salvage from her wrecked home.

The change in her lodgings, prompt though it was, had not preceded more significant changes. Already the excruciating agony of bone-tired nerves was giving way to normal fatigue. After a while she became harder; pound by pound she lost her superfluous weight; her sinews grew tense, her joints supple, and her muscles responsive. Thereafter the supinator and brachialis anticus ceased to strive in the presence of the deltoid, and the tibialis posticus from sympathy with the triceps. Not only could she walk stooped along a baseboard, but she liked to do so without flexing her knees.

And not only her bones and muscles; her ill temper changed likewise into something firmer, lacking its usual food. A man frequently is both teeth and beefsteak at home, when at his desk he will fade off into bread and milk from a spoon. Anger is not merely an emotion; it is an emotional judgment. Like the other emotional judgments it is not always blindly directed. He kicks at the cat who may prefer to spare the mastiff. Maisie had been deprived of her cat until she lost the habit. Or so I think.

At any rate, she found herself before long working six hours every night, and with reserve strength sufficient to give three mornings a week to outside clients.

Mrs. Harrenroth, to whom she gave her Monday mornings, was a large lazy woman whose rooms were always in disorder. There was a husband about—a round-headed cabinetmaker with astigmatic eyes behind thick lenses. She had no children; her only duties consisted in taking care of her rooms and in preparing her husband's meals. She was no more indolent than other women have been, but to her charwoman she seemed like very thin suds. Maisie's contempt for her indeed became almost as great as mine is for the sacklike Mrs. Lac, of Ceylon, whose family is in the lacquer business. Mrs. Harrenroth had no more need of a charwoman's help from eight to twelve on Mondays than Saint Cecilia had of sleeves.

Mrs. Carter, her Tuesday's client, was harder to please but easier to work for; she became greatly attached to her, and to the Carter children. At times they would become interested in something she was doing and she would allow them to help her, to their great delight and her own.

Her third client was a Mrs. Hale, an elderly lady whose husband owned the building in which they lived. Mrs. Hale's flat in Maisie's eyes was distinguished from the first morning through a strange oddity in its furniture.

"Why!" she had gasped upon entering the dining room.

That which had called forth the exclamation was the fact that the sideboard and table were seemingly her own. They might, as she quickly remembered, have been mere factory sisters, made from similar wood by the same tools; a number of desks on her floor were identical in appearance. But when she saw that the chairs and table in the living room were also like those she had owned she became excited. How did she know they were mere factory duplicates? Those four chairs, for all that any man could say, might be the very ones she had seen dragged off to be hanged. That table might be the very table at which Gregg had sat while writing his farewell letter to her.

Then she remembered a test certain scars she had dressed with, on a shallow scration in the top of the table near the edge made by the scissors, a deeper scratch in the seat of a chair gouged out by a nail in a grocery box. To examine the pieces was the work of a moment. She had been right—they were the same. The table and chair were the identical ones she had owned. They had of course been returned to the store and sold, and Mrs. Hale, who was now by a curious chance her client, had bought them. It was an interesting coincidence.

Later the sight of the pieces made her a little unhappy. The time was toward the end of her second month with Janitor O'Brien, she was probably due for an emotional reaction, an unmotivated Monday with Mrs. Harrenroth was depressing in itself; but I think it was a visit with Mrs. Carter's happy children on Tuesday, followed by the sight of this lovely furniture, once her own, in Mrs. Hale's flat on Wednesday, that cruelly depressed her. The remainder of the week she spent in looking out through bare grasses. What she craved was her own friends, her own admiration, somebody at her own to talk to. The mood was a new one for her, but not a surprising one.

It was this black mood that caused her to report for work Monday night ten minutes before her hour.

Among the tenants whose offices she cared for was a broker named Schwartz who occupied four rooms along the north front. Schwartz was a personable young man of forty-five, slightly above medium height, sturdy of frame and dark. His private life had not been unmarked by scandal; he had been divorced by one wife and was not living with his second. Maisie's acquaintance with him dated back from three weeks; he had returned for some papers one evening and she was dusting his chairs. Since then he had several times sought occasion to speak to her. The Friday before he had done so. As I have said, she was a very pretty woman.

"Don't you give yourself any relaxation, Mrs. Tarpey?" he had asked.

"I get tired sometimes."

"Like to take a spin Sunday? I'm going out to the Dribbler's for a chicken dinner. Too bad to drive an empty car. You're free. Why not?"

"My Sunday is all filled up."

"Some afternoon then."

"I don't see how I could. Thank you just the same."

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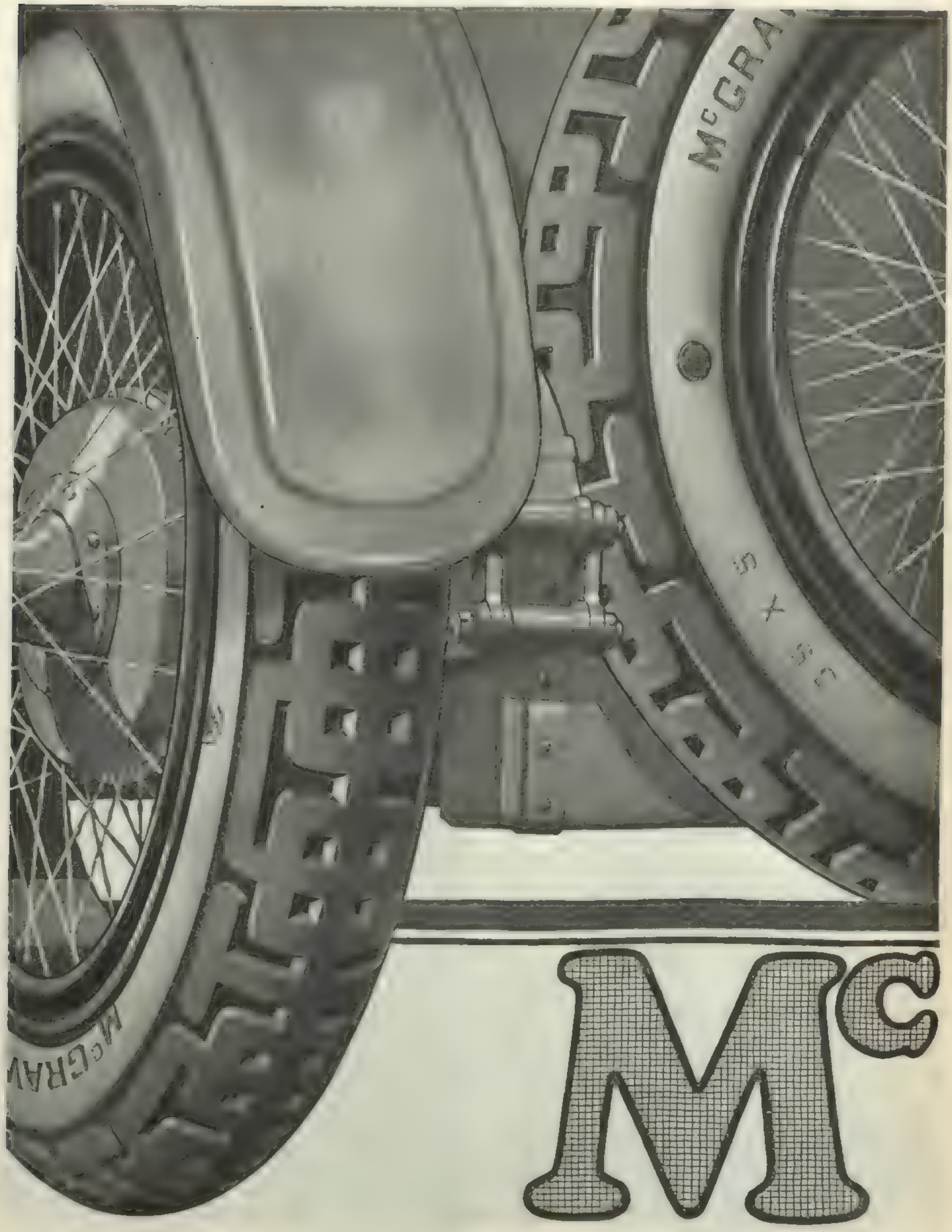

M^c

The Same High Mileage In Every McGraw

RECALL the mileages you have received from tires of the same make—three, five, even ten thousand miles. There is no uniformity because the tires are not equally perfect. Some have wrinkled, pinched or buckled fabric—body flaws invisible to the naked eye but a menace to tire service.

A perfect tire will yield all the mileage of which the materials in it are capable, abuse excepted.

This is precisely the merit of McGraw Tires. Tread and tire-body, united by the McGraw Duplex Method of Vulcanization, are formed into a casing structurally sound.

What the Duplex Method *Is* and *Does*

This is a McGraw process of vulcanization which prevents fabric buckles and mold pinches—the worst menace to tire life. It consists in deferring compression of the tire in the vulcanizing molds until the rubber becomes heated and plastic. Then, when hydraulic pressure is applied to vulcanize the tire, the rubber "flow" is not stiff enough to pull the fabric out of place. The fabric layers "set" smooth and even. No creases can form. Pinches and buckles are avoided. The tire is a perfect structure.

In McGraw Tires you receive the full mileage inherent in high quality materials

Cord Tires 8000 Miles ***Fabric Tires 6000 Miles***

THE McGRAW TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Factories: EAST PALESTINE, OHIO

Makers of Fabric and Cord Pneumatics, Standard and HiTread Truck Tires, Inner Tubes

GRAW

From Pig Lead to Finished Product

This man is testing *Gould Process* lead oxide made in the Gould Oxide Plant from the *pig metal* to the highly-uniform, super-quality product that goes into *Dreadnaught Plates*. Lead is the chief element in a starting battery. Its most important form is lead oxide. The quality of the oxide absolutely determines plate quality, and a battery stands or falls by its plates.

Gould STORAGE BATTERY

WITH THE

Dreadnaught PLATES

In no other way can the quality of a battery be guarded at its source so effectively as by *constant and direct control* of the quality of the most important material used in its manufacture. The Gould Oxide Plant is therefore a mighty bulwark to Gould Quality: it makes Gould Responsibility continuous throughout the production of Gould Batteries from pig lead to the finished plates; and it gives the Gould Plant the distinction of being the most complete in America for the manufacture of storage batteries.

Over 2,000 Sales and Service Stations can supply a Gould Battery of the precisely-right type and size to replace the battery on your car.

Gould Storage Battery Company

General Offices: 30 East 42nd Street, New York

Plant: Depew, N. Y. Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Plate I

Plate II

The Oxide Test

A uniformity test of lead oxide is represented above by greatly enlarged photographs not retouched. The specks or fragments are oxide particles. Plate I shows oxide of the best quality procurable in the open market. Note the lack of uniformity in the size of the particles compared with Plate II which shows Gould Made Oxide Dreadnaught Plates made with Gould Oxide give uniform resistance to disintegration. No weak spots but even quality of the whole plate surface

(Continued from Page 163)

"Some other time, maybe. I've been working late recently. Get pretty tired. Not as late as you do, though. Where is Mrs. Peterson?"

"She hasn't come yet."

"You'll have to report her for shirking."

Adroitly leading away from the subject he continued speaking lightly to her for a few minutes until her antagonism had been somewhat allayed. He left before she became responsive, but his pleasant tones rang in her ears long after the sound of his footsteps died away—which was what he intended they should do.

Her Monday's mood, the result chiefly of other causes, was affected by these echoes from Friday. The social hunger is as compelling as any. It was a somber mood, stirred by vague but powerful longings until it exhibited aspects of recklessness. It led her to report early for work; it led her also to add a touch of color to her costume and to dress her hair with a care a little beyond its immediate need. She was not expecting to meet Schwartz; she did not know that he would remain late in his office to-night or that he would wish to speak to her. Still, he might. If he did she could not help it. What was beyond her control was not her affair.

The sound of his voice from the door gave her a little thrill.

"Oh, hello!" he said banteringly. "You're late to-night."

"I'm a trifle early," replied Maisie.

"Early, Mrs. Tarpey? This?"

"I started out to walk, and then I thought I wouldn't have time, and the car got me here too soon."

"Your watch is slow," said Schwartz gravely.

"Your own watch must be fast."

"It is. I set it ahead."

"My watch always runs faster than regular time, but I turn it back every day or two."

"To-morrow you must not turn it back."

"Why not?"

Schwartz considered the question for a moment before deciding not to answer it.

"You must turn it ahead."

"To-morrow I'll walk down," said Maisie.

"Turn your watch ahead, so that you can start earlier and quit earlier."

"I wouldn't be allowed to quit earlier anyhow."

"I can fix that."

But Maisie refused to perceive the implication and ignored the remark.

"Besides, I don't mind working late hours as long as Mrs. Peterson is working late too," she said.

"She doesn't work late because she likes to."

"Neither do I. I didn't mean that."

"I think you are unnecessarily severe," he replied after a moment.

"In what way am I severe?"

"In refusing harmless courtesies from your friends."

"But I don't," said Maisie.

"You know you refused to go driving with me yesterday, Mrs. Tarpey. I had to drive an empty car. Takes just as much gas to drive empty as loaded."

"That was different. It would have looked too much like ——"

"Like what?"

She hesitated, but finally completed the sentence.

"Like a joy ride."

"Oh, Mrs. Tarpey!"

"It would!"

"Who to? Nobody you care anything about. What if it did? Why should you worry? I don't."

"I don't know," she replied dubiously.

"It would have looked like what it was—just a ride. Anyhow, you didn't go, so it didn't look like anything. You lost a good ride and I wasted some good gas. No sense crying over spilled milk. That ride's gone forever."

"I'm sorry."

"So am I. But I'll tell you what let's do. Suppose you get off a couple of hours earlier to-morrow night, and we'll drop in at the Tamarack for a bite to eat. They have a good program. Be a rest for me and a change for you."

"I couldn't," said Maisie.

"I don't know 'couldn't.'"

"I could never get off." She lowered her eyes before his searching gaze. "Thank you just the same."

"Suppose I could show you that you can? Suppose Mrs. Peterson took over your work for two hours this once?"

"I know she wouldn't."

"I've already fixed it with her. So that's settled."

"Why do you want me to go with you, Mr. Schwartz? Why don't you take one of your older friends?"

"If I tell you the truth it's because of my pride. It's because you're a fine-looking woman."

"It's just for this once," said Maisie.

"Oh, sure!"

In such brief period did Maisie find her wings: Upon her arrival Schwartz's charwoman; ten minutes later, engaged to dine with him at the Tamarack the following evening.

"I guess I can take care of myself," she told her key as she turned it in her lock that night. "And I don't care what people think either. They can think what they feel like. I'm going."

As Schwartz's chauffeur drew up before the restaurant Maisie was conscious of elements of numbness in her exalted elation. She was proud to be arriving in such a fine sedan, prouder still that her appearance did it honor. That in itself was cause for elation. For she was wearing her picture hat, her silk-lined cloak, her dress shoes, and a party gown from the days of her girlhood. At the same time she realized she was dining with another woman's husband. That consciousness she was obliged to stifle.

The car stopped, the chauffeur opened the door and Schwartz alighted, at the same time extending his hand to Maisie, who was gathering her skirts about her ready to descend. She stood poised for a moment with the quick instinct of the respectable while her glance swept the sidewalk; she did not wish to be seen. How was she to guess that the one pedestrian in sight knew her?

She did not guess it; her eyes told her.

He was strolling northward along the middle sidewalk, looking idly at this and at that—she had barely time to sink back upon the cushions. Thirty seconds later she must have met him face to face without possibility of escape. Her husband, of whom she had refused to think! Gregg—and here!

"What's the matter?" asked Schwartz as she turned and bent over her shoe.

She had seen Gregg first; he could not have recognized her face, she was sure. But would he recognize her cloak and her hat? Probably not—the shadows of the car would prevent. If not, would he linger idly, to watch her alight, as pedestrians sometimes do when not too busy?

"Let me help you," said Schwartz.

"Please stand perfectly still, and don't talk."

She was listening for the sound of Gregg's footsteps. He did not stop; he did not so much as hesitate. Passing the sedan as casually as if it had contained some streetwalker he gave it an idle contemptuous glance and strolled on.

"There is a dressing room inside, Mrs. Tarpey."

Mrs. Tarpey! The fool, to use her name thus in front of her husband!

"Don't talk!" she muttered, still listening.

But the danger was past; Gregg walked on up the street without changing the rhythm of his pace. Had he paused but to light his pipe she would have died from fright. He passed on, and after a moment she straightened up, but without rising.

"Please drive me back to the building," she said. "I forgot something."

"The maid in the dressing room ——"

"I left it in my suitcase."

"I'm afraid it won't be practicable to return," he lied. "I promised my car to a friend at this hour. We're already a little late. The maid will make any repairs or supply any deficiencies, I know."

"Very well."

Descending to the curb she allowed him to pilot her into the building. She would manage somehow to get through the evening. There seemed nothing else to do. She had already forgotten her excuse for stooping over in the sedan, but Schwartz conducted her to the rest room, where she sank trembling into a chair.

The sight of Gregg had affected her beyond belief. She had supposed her interest in him dead; he had gone his way, she hers; they were now strangers. Yet the mere sight of him had caused her to blush and tremble like a schoolgirl. Never, not even in the later days of his courtship, had his presence affected her like that.

(Continued on Page 169)

Money Magic—

I wanted many things—

And one day I earned a silver dollar.

With it I purchased everything my heart desired and still I had forty cents change that I didn't know what to do with.

Fifteen years later I received my first hundred dollar check—pay for a week's work. And no matter what the future holds, never again can I get the same thrill out of money that came when I cashed that check.

I am along the road now to where my signature receives and disburses several millions of dollars each year.

The only reason for these personalities is to lay a foundation for the next two paragraphs. For experience has opened my eyes to one thing—one great, outstanding fact:

—there *is* Magic in this world of ours;

—it is Money Magic—the only sure-fire kind that ever was or ever will be.

And no mystic charm could ever even come near working the same wonders as the magic of the money that brings to you and the ones you love, the things you need and want and deserve.

The only question there can be as to the magic of money is how to get the money to work the magic with.

And I can help you answer that question.

✣ ✣ ✣

Now Money for Money's sake is a curse unadulterated.

You are right about that.

But money for the sake of the good things you can do with it—that is the right view.

You want a home—you want comfort for your family—friends—travel—recreation—education for your children—independence as a safeguard against old age.

You have a right to expect these things.

And money—cold cash—yes, greasy, bethumbed banknotes, that is what you have got to have to get these things. That's what Money Magic means!

I have watched more than a hundred and eighty-five thousand men take the short cut that turns wishes into bank accounts.

You ask, "What is this short cut?"

It is an investment—not in stocks or bonds or mortgages or notes or land—but in the safest, most profitable form of investment of all—invest in yourself.

Do it at home—in your spare time—it is fascinating recreation and the most profitable time you can spend.

If you realize that you have only yourself to look to for the money to work magic with — then — the sooner you invest in yourself the sooner you will begin to get big dividends.

✣ ✣ ✣

Your employer is now buying everything you have to sell. He, or some other employer, is in the market now for everything you ever may have to sell. What you now have plus specialized training gives you more to sell—result more money.

Nearly two hundred thousand men have found greater happiness and more money through spending a little spare time at home acquiring a LaSalle specialized training—and I am as proud of what these men have done as they are themselves.

If I told you what you might reasonably expect from specialized training it might sound like a wild exaggeration—impossible sums. So I will be conservative.

But—I will say that if you believe in the magic of money and want more of it, training will surely help you realize that wish.

Every day you delay costs you progress and that is the only thing you can not afford to lose.

If you feel the urge to bigger things—act—that's the first step. "Some other time never comes."

J. Heaphy

President, LaSalle Extension University, at Chicago, Illinois

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The goal of American Industrial genius is to save pennies. To save them by making one motion do the work of two—by making each machine produce a little more each minute—by creating from each pound of coal or gallon of gasoline a little more productive energy.

A large proportion of the trucks in the United States are equipped with Torbensen Drive because it has been proved that Torbensen means actual savings in gas, oil, tires and repairs—pennies saved on each ton of merchandise for each mile of hauling.

Saved pennies multiplied by millions—saved between factory and freight house, between farm and market, between store and home—is Torbensen's contribution to the industrial and commercial efficiency of America.

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Makers of Front and Rear Truck Axles
CLEVELAND, OHIO

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

LARGEST BUILDER IN THE WORLD OF REAR AXLES FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 166)

"Why, I'm shivering," she thought ruefully. "I am!"

She had seen Gregg; he had not seen her; and now here she was in this gay restaurant with a married man whose office she scrubbed. How had it happened? She laid her palm upon her forehead and tried to think.

"Anything I can do?" asked the attendant.

"Nothing. I'll be all right in a few minutes."

Her thoughts turned upon Schwartz, whom she suddenly hated with a hatred too intense for expression. She, herself a wife, here with that man! Then they returned to her husband as she had just seen him. She had been permitted only the one glance, yet his picture was imprinted upon her memory with startling distinctness.

"He's looking fit," she admitted. "He's bought him a new hat and a new coat. I'm glad he's happy."

She may have been glad he was happy, but she was also a little pained. That thin face had lost too much of its sharpness, those sad eyes too much of their somberness; no woman could quite care to see a runaway husband looking so well. She shrugged her shoulders—she would quit thinking about him. Five seconds later she found herself wondering about his work. Then it was his comfort she wondered about.

Later she began thinking about herself. She was three Maisies that she knew of—any number of others, probably, but she could place her finger upon the three. First, she was the lazy, ignorant, wasteful, quarrelsome wife, a woman like Mrs. Harrenroth. Second, she was the self-respecting, hard-muscled, hard working charwoman who succeeded that Maisie, but no more resembling her than rope resembles soap. Third, she was the Maisie in fine feathers, taking dinner with another woman's husband.

Of these the first was despicable. She remembered with a flush of shame her descent upon the City Hall, how she had waited until her money ran low and then brazenly tried to squeeze more out of her husband; and how with equal brazenness she had afterward tried to sell nothing for something to Mr. McKinnon. What had happened to her that these acts should now seem so base?

Was the third likewise despicable? In the light of her remembrance of Gregg, vastly more despicable. How had she dreamed she could find pleasure in the company of the black broker?

"I can't dine with him or talk to him or have anything to do with him! What could I have been thinking of?"

She dully gathered herself together and crossed to the attendant. Perhaps there was a way of escape.

"Is there a side door leading to the street?" she asked.

"I don't know," said the girl.

"Couldn't you find out?"

One of her office clients had once given her a fee when putting her to trouble, and she remembered its effect.

"I get you. You want to shake that one outside. Follow me. I'll show you the way. And I'll hold him here waiting."

"Thank you," said Maisie, passing her the bill.

She had escaped Schwartz; but she saw clearly that he would be furious when he discovered her trick, and he was a tenant of the building.

"I'm probably due to find another job. But I'm glad I did it. I'm glad!"

▼

MAISIE reported at Mrs. Hale's flat at eight o'clock Wednesday morning after a sleepless night with her ghosts. Of these the ghost of her husband was the most persistent; she could not rid her mind of his picture as he looked walking down the sidewalk toward her and Schwartz. The question of employment offices and advertisements for help also worried her. For she had watched her building from a safe distance the night before, had seen Schwartz drive up to the entrance, dart across the walk, and a little later reappear and drive away; and she had then herself sought out Janitor O'Brien and tendered her resignation.

The time was a quarter of eleven. Mrs. Hale was away on an errand; Maisie was alone in the flat. She had been dusting the woodwork of the living room, but was now standing on a chair cleaning the lintel over the hall door. She was getting through earlier to-day.

Suddenly she heard the sound of a key in the lock—Mrs. Hale's, as she thought—and shifted her weight to the opposite edge of the chair so as not to be caught off her balance; but she continued at work with her cloth along the lintel.

The next moment an astonishing thing happened. The key passed into the keyhole, the tumbler turned, the latch shot free, the door swung open. Then a man stepped through the portal, snapping the latch behind him. Had she been facing the other way she would have seen him enter. He stopped and stood behind her; but he did not speak, as Mrs. Hale would have done. He stood thus with upturned face for three or four silent seconds, until the consciousness of his presence descended upon her. After a while she looked down. Whereupon she found she was gazing into the heart of her husband's eyes.

Gregg sprang forward; for he saw that Maisie had dropped her cloth and with trembling limbs was trying to steady herself to descend from her platform. She would not have fallen, but he assisted her down. She was able to draw away from him firmly, but she stood leaning upon the chair.

"You!" she cried.

"I myself in person, as they say in the pictures."

"You had no right ——"

"I couldn't help it. I was afraid of that chair. It isn't much of a chair. If you had wabbled you would have broken it."

"Why are you here?"

"Off for the morning. Thought of something I wanted to get."

"I mean, in this flat?"

"Why, I live in it. This is where I sleep."

"In this flat? Here?"

"Mine is the bedroom behind that second door."

"Then you are the man ——"

"I'm the roomer Mrs. Hale spoke to you about. That's right."

"Did you know I was here?"

"I strongly suspected someone would be."

"I mean, I myself."

"Mrs. Hale told me Wednesday was your morning here. Yes, I knew it."

"You have lived here all the time?"

"Yes."

"Then you got Mrs. Hale to hire me. What right had you?"

"No right. I just wanted to feel that you were taking care of our stuff instead of some stranger. You don't know how I've missed you, Maisie."

"Whose stuff is our stuff?"

"Yours and mine. This is my flat."

"It's Mrs. Hale's flat."

"Mrs. Hale is an old friend of my mother's. She's just taking care of things until my wife gets back." Maisie frowned, and he hastened on. "Didn't you notice the furniture? I bought it back. Just couldn't bear seeing it go to strangers."

"In that case you can tell Mrs. Hale I won't be able to stay."

"But, Maisie ——"

"Please don't," said Maisie. "It isn't necessary to say anything. Not anything at all."

"But I came here to say something."

"Say it to Mrs. Hale. And I advise you to quit keeping tab on me. I won't have it."

"Haven't kept tab on you."

"You know where I've been working."

"I do not. None of my business."

"Then tell me this: How did Mrs. Hale get my address?"

"Why, I asked the expressman," said Gregg.

"Anyhow, you must see that I can't take care of your rooms. Mrs. Hale can send me the money I've earned. You mean well, but ——"

Her outburst was interrupted by the ringing of the bell. She was already standing within reach of the door; Mrs. Hale was away. Without thinking, she stepped forward, turned the knob and accepted the package handed to her by the delivery messenger.

"For me?" she asked, reading the address.

"You Mrs. Tarpey?"

"Yes."

"Sign here. This letter goes with it."

"But—I have ordered nothing."

"All I know is name and address," said the boy.

Signing his receipt, she turned to the package. She guessed from its shape that it contained flowers, and from what Gregg had admitted, that they were from him.

—among arbiters of style

EVENING dress for men is rigidly determined, but for this very reason the little details are all the more important.

Custom demands a touch of gayety in the evening waistcoat—but with reservations. You must know before you may dare. Whether an "R & W" evening waistcoat be simple or rich, you can count on its correctness.

Ask your dealer to show you an "R & W" waistcoat; try one on; feel its quality; look at the workmanship. You cannot buy better. The "R & W" mark is there.

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PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

The sight of the costly long-stemmed flush of roses sent her pulses bounding. She did not try to conceal her pleasure.

"How lovely!" she cried, burying her face among the pink petals.

"Who sent them?" asked Gregg thickly.

The question struck her dumb. If not his flowers, whose were they? Only one other man could have sent them—the broker, Schwartz. He had doubtless learned that she was no longer employed in his building, and was losing no time in following up his attentions. The janitor had probably told him of her Wednesday morning work for Mrs. Hale.

"Open it and see," said Maisie, handing him the letter.

Had Gregg met her softened mood with quick sympathy he could have taken her into his arms then and there. The destruction of the letter unread would have won her forever. Or even after opening it if he had accepted her act in handing it to him as the surrender it was she would have been his.

But that wisdom was denied him. A man surely may be excused for becoming jealous over another man's roses to his wife.

"Who is Schwartz?" he asked. "And what is this about last night?"

The moment had passed. Maisie's eyes hardened perversely; had her salvation, spiritual, mental and physical, depended on her doing otherwise she could not have helped burying her face for the second time among Schwartz's roses.

"I am not answering questions this morning," she said.

"Then it's—that."

"Please give me my letter. . . . Thank you, I think I'll be going now. My wraps are in your kitchen. If you'll excuse me ——"

"I needed you so!" called Gregg's soul, though barely audible upon his lips, as she passed out into the rear room.

She heard that cry also, and her eyes again softened; for her own soul was crying her own needs.

It was while she was still in the kitchen, her will swaying now toward, now away from him, that Schwartz appeared at the flat, following his roses. The bell, as Schwartz rang it, trilled exultingly triumphant. She was dressed for the street—a little too finely dressed for a charwoman, perhaps, but not discordantly, wearing hat and jacket, her wrist watch replaced, her netted purse dangling. In her arms lay the box of flowers. That they were destined for her ash barrel was her own affair; as far as Gregg was concerned they were destined for the vase on her dresser.

She heard his words distinctly, and Gregg's reply.

"Is Mrs. Tarpey in?" came the pleasant tones.

"Who shall I say?"

"Mr. Schwartz, tell her."

"She's probably in," said Gregg dully; she could feel from the distance of the kitchen the hostility in his tones. "Sit down. I'll call her."

Eyes sometimes do not speak very clearly; Maisie's eyes changed as she listened, but whether they grew harder or grew softer would have required a Maisie to say. Gregg would have called them softer, thinking of Schwartz awaiting her in the front room. I myself would have guessed that their luster, if they had any, and at this moment they had a very piercing luster, was not due to softness.

"Mr. Schwartz to see you," announced Gregg.

Maisie turned to her husband eyes that again had changed—he quite lost his emotional bearings when he looked into them.

"Will you come in with me?" she asked gently.

"I'd just be in the road," said Gregg.

"But I want you to."

"You don't need me nohow."

"I do need you; I do indeed."

"Then I will."

As Maisie, her hand on Gregg's arm, came into the presence of the broker she was so angry that for a moment she stood inarticulate.

"What do you want of me?" she asked at last.

"Nothing in particular." He was trying to determine Gregg's position. "Just a friendly call."

"I've been scrubbing out your office every night for two months, leaving it clean and sweet. You've been bothering me with your attentions. Yesterday you caught me when I was tired and lonely and invited me to a restaurant, and I nearly went with you; but I came to myself in time to run away. Now you're annoying me here in my own flat—sending me flowers and calling."

She felt Gregg's arm tremble, and rested her hand upon it more firmly.

"Here in my own flat," she repeated. "If you ever come here again, or speak to me again, or annoy me again in any way, I shall ask my husband to whip you."

"I will anyhow," said Gregg, starting forward.

"Let him take his flowers and go," said Maisie.

But Schwartz had already made a bolt for the door.

"Take your flowers!" cried Maisie, following him.

She reached the railing outside as he was passing the next landing on his way downstairs to the street.

"All right. After you they go."

The box struck him end on and broke, the roses falling in a shower past his flashing knees to the stairs. Later the most of them were recovered by the children living on the floors below. Maisie did not wait to see what became of either Schwartz or his roses, but thrust Gregg into the flat and slammed the door.

"The impudent beast!" she said.

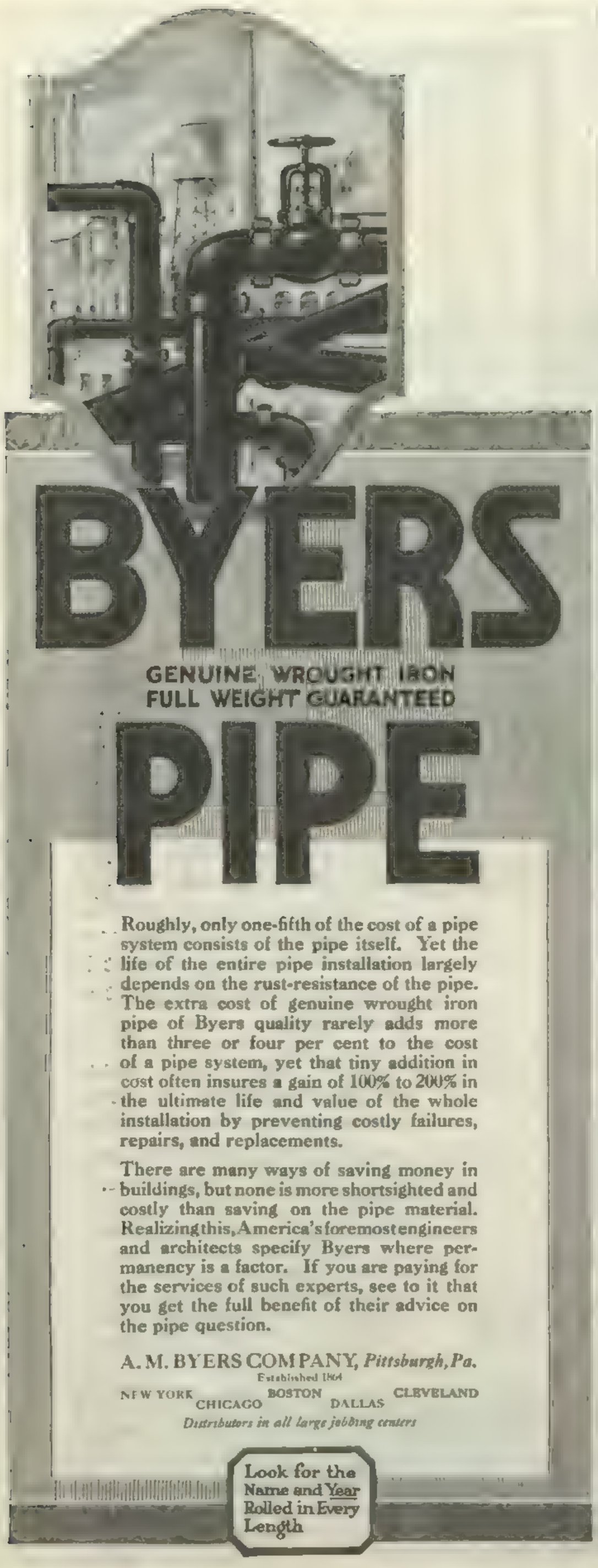
"Did you mean that about scrubbing his office at night?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"You're pretty enough to eat," said Gregg, devouring her in advance with his eyes.

"My dear!" cried Maisie. "My dear!"

I think she may make him a very good wife, now that she has learned how to rise earlier of mornings and manage a scrubbing brush and a mop.



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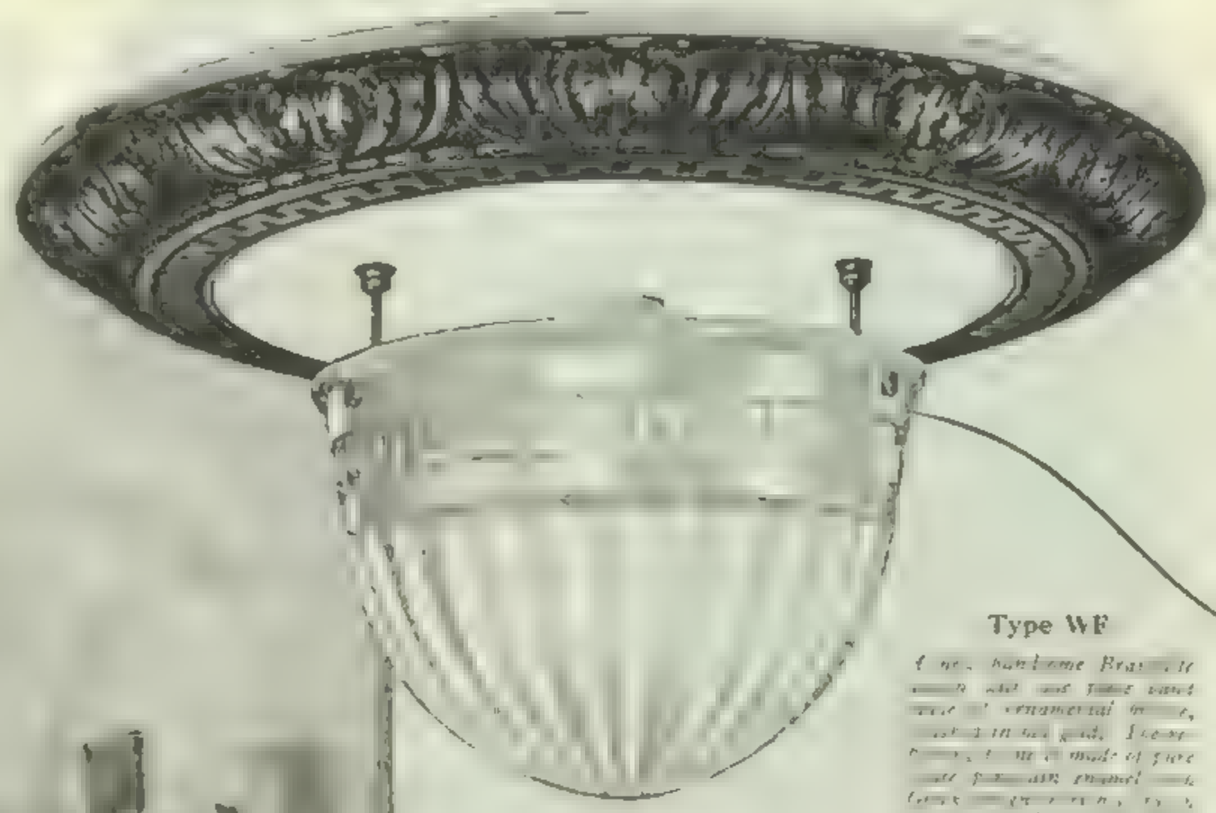

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The Ideal Lighting Fixture for all Uses

THE ULTIMA FOOL

(Continued from Page 21)

Frenzie was spellbound by Roopert's argument and after all was said and done a hundred and seventy-five dollars was a hundred and seventy-five dollars, particularly as it was to come to him in cash. Roopert was a good friend—Frenzie was quite sure of that. Who but a good friend could concoct a scheme by which that much money could be turned over so easily? Who but a good friend would agree to collide with him gently—jes' on'y five hund'ed dollars' wuth? Who but a friend would agree to start the destructive car by himself—not even asking the prospective victim to help?

Frenzie sighed.

"I sho' is glad that I is palled up with you, Roopert."

Roopert smiled beatifically.

"Now you is talkin' sensible talk."

Frenzie's meal completed, they rose and Roopert reluctantly paid the check. They emerged into the street and made their way to the dilapidated garage which reposed in the rear of an equally dilapidated house. Roopert pensively surveyed the remains of what had once been a runable car.

"Ol' autymobile," he soliloquized, "I is always done said they was sumthin' wo'th while in you' innards. Heah is where they comes out."

"Which," inquired Frenzie—"the innards?"

"Uh-huh."

"Mine?"

"No!" exploded Roopert Samp impatiently. "You is always askin' foolish questions with yo' mouth. If'n you don' shut up might' quick I is gwine call th' whole deal off."

They backed the car into the driveway by hand and faced it streetward the same way.

"Now," explained Roopert, "all you is got to do is to walk down Eighteenth Street an' stand in front of the Champeen Theater. When you heahs me comin' you watch out an' staht across the street. I is gwine preten' that I is rattled an' I is gwine slam into you."

"Into me?"

"Yeh."

"Slam?"

"Say, lis'en heah, you li'l' piece of nothin' atall, how many times is I tellin' you that I is bossin' this heah job? Answer me that."

"I ain't meant no hahm."

"Then keep yo' fool mouth shut when I is speckilatin'. Now I asts you—is you ready?"

"I reckon so."

"Ain't you know?"

"Reckon so."

"Then walk on down to th' Champeen an' wait." He glanced toward the car. "I ain't gwine keep you waitin' no mo' longer'n I c'n he'p."

"Well ——"

Frenzie started up the street. Roopert stopped him, hand outstretched.

"G'-by, Frenzie."

The eyes of the little negro seemed about to pop from his ebony face.

"Wh-wha's that?"

"G'-by."

Frenzie slipped a fishy paw into the large palm of his thoughtful friend.

"Wh-what you mean—g'-by?"

Roopert saw that he had made a false move.

"Nothin'—on'y jes' a matter of fohm."

Frenzie sighed relievedly.

"Oh, tha's diffe'nt. G'-by."

They shook hands. Once again Frenzie turned away and once more Roopert stopped him.

"Frenzie!"

"Huh?"

"That pin o' your'n ——"

"What 'bout this pin?"

"S'posin' it should git accidented too? I was soht of thinkin' mebbe if I was wearin' it ontil after you gotten out o' the hospital ——"

"Nossuh! I an' you thinks diffe'nt chunes. This heah pin is mine an' I wears it. I is willin' to git run over by you, but I ain't willin' you should wear my pin."

"But s'posin' ——"

"I ain't s'posin' no s'poses 'bouten this heah pin, so g'by, Mistuh Samp."

Frenzie departed feeling that at least he had saved his pin irrespective of what the immediate future might hold for himself. But long before he reached the spot of his tryst with the temperamental automobile he found himself somewhat less enthused than he had been while basking in the glare of Roopert Samp's hypnotic personality. Not that definite thought of mutiny entered his mind. He had been too many months under the polished thumb of Roopert not to understand the hopelessness of opposing that gentleman's fertile brain and iron will. But somehow he became convinced of the fact that all was not as it should be regarding the little undertaking upon which he had now definitely embarked.

It wasn't that he had any compunctions regarding the conspiracy against the Happy Days Liability Insurance Company. Not at all. They had sold the policy to Roopert and had taken Roopert's good money therefor and the policy distinctly said that for a single accident they would indemnify Roopert to the extent of five hundred dollars. There it was, plain black on white, so that all might read who could. And certainly, he reflected, since the company stood ready to pay five hundred dollars for an accident it was none of their business that a percentage of the proceeds should go to Roopert's closest friend and the remaining majority percentage to Roopert himself. Yassuh, Roopert sho' was a man with a haid an' he used it fo' sumthin' mo' than a hatrack.

But despite his passionate belief in his friend, Frenzie was considerably ill at ease. A hospital in immediate prospect was not pleasing. He envisioned the long line of beds in the colored ward of the hospital, and he tried desperately hard to forget it. He failed—failed miserably. And miserably he perched before the Champion Theater, glazing eyes turned sightlessly on the seething traffic of the broad and busy thoroughfare. Even the jazzy music which spurted from the orchestrion of the Champion Theater failed to hearten him or twitch one single toe of his dance-loving feet.

How long he waited he never knew. On one hand it seemed an eternity; on the other but an instant when the clatter and clangor of the traffic was split wide by the roaring of a three-and-a-half cylinder motor. There was no mistaking the sound. No other automobile could have made that racket and continued to live. And with the coughing roar Frenzie's last hope slithered off into oblivion. There had been the possibility—even the probability—that Roopert would be unable to get the car started. But now—Frenzie turned harried eyes down the street. There was the car—a grimy, reddish beast which swayed drunkenly from side to side. In the driver's seat was the immaculate Roopert bowing and smiling to his acquaintances along the sidewalks; Roopert happy and contented in the knowledge that he was about to capitalize his friendship and his insurance policy to the extent of three hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Frenzie couldn't quite forgive Roopert's bland smile. It seemed so—so heartless. One would almost fancy that Roopert was enjoying himself. Frenzie clenched his fists and set his small, pointed jaw. Not him—he wa'n't gwine t' be runned over by no man—nussuh, 'deedy. That was askin' ontirely too much fum a frien'.

Rattlety-bang-bing! The crazy car had negotiated the Fourth Avenue crossing with more or less safety and was headed toward Third—and Frenzie. That gentleman's eyes were closed and his lips were moving spasmodically.

"Oh, lawsy, if'n he'll on'y jes' hit me easy—easy! I ain't gwine do it! Ain't gwine—hund'ed an' sevumty-five dollars."

Closer and closer came the car. And finally Frenzie stepped from the curb. He didn't take the plunge of his own volition; it seemed as though his feet moved him. Certainly the bit of brain that was Frenzie's had no part in the mechanical operation.

In the driver's seat of the car Roopert smiled happily. Up to this very moment he had been more than a trifle inclined to the belief that Frenzie might renege. But now that he had his man well off the sidewalk he knew that success was his. Not a chance for Frenzie now!

Suddenly Frenzie saw the onrushing car and darted back. Someone on the sidewalk screamed. Roopert, all too eager to carry through the little plan, slued the car violently to the right. Frenzie yowled in genuine terror. A warning howl went up

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from two young bucks who lounged against a lamp-post. And then came a weird scrunch. The scrunchee was Frenzie. His last thought as he went down was one of pained surprise in the knowledge that Roopert had struck him not wisely but too well.

It seemed but a moment later that Frenzie's eyes flickered open on a room hopelessly clean and sternly deodorized. He tried to turn over on his side and a huge ax descended upon his midriff and smote him a mighty smite. He groaned—groaned loudly and fervently, and immediately a vision appeared—a vision all in white and with the prettiest brown face Frenzie had ever seen, set off bewitchingly beneath a nurse's cap. Frenzie closed his eyes, quite certain that now he had arrived at his reward. But the racking pain of his earthly body informed him cheerlessly that he was still of the living. The eyes opened again—and still the vision was there. Frenzie's lips formed a natural query:

"What yo' name is?"

The nurse smiled.

"Vangeline Hood," she answered softly.

"Golly, tha's a pretty name! What you is?"

"I is yo' nu'se. You mus'n't talk now."

"C'n I look?"

A rich lavender blush suffused the brown cheeks of the nurse.

"Ain't no law says you cain't."

Frenzie looked. And he overlooked no detail of Vangeline Hood's pulchritudinous perfections. She was well worth the admiration he was so generously bestowing upon her—young, curvy, dimpled, adorably kissy.

"Wigglin' tripe," he murmured, "things ain't so wuss after all!"

Miss Hood said nothing. She continued to say it. She sat by the bedside of the injured man and watched expertly. Frenzie sighed and relaxed. And finally he allowed his gaze to roam to himself. Something was wrong. Every here and there about his spare frame was a bandage. He reeked of antiseptics. Every bone and muscle in his body ached howlingly. He moved one foot, then the other; then his hands, his fingers and head.

"They ain't any bones broke," reassured Vangeline kindly.

Frenzie favored her with a look of gratitude.

"Not none?"

"Not one—tha's what the doctor says, anyhow. That autymobile must've hit you pow'ful hahd."

"B'lieve me it did—an' I knows!"

"It's a wonder you wa'n't kilt."

Frenzie smiled pridefully.

"Roopert is a elegant driver," he complimented.

Suddenly an idea came to Frenzie. It came all in a bunch and not in little bits, as his ideas were usually born. His eyes opened wide with horror.

"I is ondressed!" he declared positively.

Vangeline smiled.

"Sho'ly you is."

"I ain't got my clothes."

"Co'se not."

"Where they is at?"

"They've been checked with the sup'rintendent."

"Lis'en heah ——" For a few seconds Frenzie forgot his pain. He leaned forward intently and possessed himself of Miss Hood's hand. "You go down to that they sup'rintendent an' tell her I says when I comes in heah they was a sca'f pin in my necktie. Tell her I wants it."

"It's puffectly safe where it is at, Mistah Gillings."

"That pin ain't safe nowheres 'ceptin' where I is, Miss Hood, an' tha's where I wants it."

"But ——"

"Don' but me no buts. I wan's my pin."

Vangeline shook her head and rose to do the bidding of her battered patient. Within ten minutes she was back, and glittering brilliantly against the rich chocolate cream of her hand was the sapphire-and-diamond stick pin. She extended it reluctantly toward Frenzie and watched him as he inserted it in the upper section of his pajamas with meticulous care, holding it fast with the patent safety device.

"Tha's a pow'ful pretty pin, Mistuh Gillings," she commented, with a new respect for the man in her voice.

"Pretty is right. It's the prettiest pin they ever was."

"I reckon it is."

"I knows it. That pin is wuth mo'n a hund'ed dollars cash money."

"It's plumb elegant—'bout the elegantes' pin I is ever seen," she breathed enviously.

"It's cumsider'ble pin," he said proudly. "An' now, Miss Hood ——"

In the doorway at the far end of the otherwise vacant ward there loomed a figure. Frenzie's eyes beamed a welcome. Miss Hood rose and approached Roopert Samp in the doorway. That gentleman scintillated in sartorial contrast to the poor figure of the man on the bed. But Roopert had no eyes for the pretty nurse. Rather there was in his manner a preoccupation and worry that was unusual. He questioned her and she designated the helpless Frenzie. Then she made her exit. Roopert, his eyes everywhere save on the pain-filled face of Frenzie, shambled to the bed and seated himself on the chair just made vacant by the nurse.

"Evenin', Frenzie."

"Evenin'?"

"Yeh, it's evenin'. Mawnin' done been gone."

"Golly!" Then the eyes filled with inquiry. "You sho' landed that they autymobile up ag'in me hahd, Roopert."

"Hahd? Huh, that wa'n't half's hahd as I could of hit you!"

"No-o, mebbe not. An' I ain't half as daid as I might be."

"You ain't suff'rin' ——"

"Lots you know bouten suff'rin'!" Frenzie gazed speculatively at his friend and then summoned a game smile. "Well, tha's all over. They ain't nothin' to do now on'y collec' the li'bility 'surance. Ain't it so?"

"Yeh—ain't it?"

"Is you saw Lawyer Chew which repr'sents the 'surance company?"

"Yeh, I is saw him."

"When he is comin' to see me?"

"He ain't comin'."

Frenzie smiled.

"He paid that they claim to you?"

"No 'surance comp'nies pays they claims to the man what they ain't jue to."

"Then he mus' be comin' to see me."

"No-o"—evasively—"not prezac'ly."

"What you means—not prezac'ly?"

"I means," snapped Roopert desperately, still without meeting Frenzie's eyes, "that he ain't comin' to see you a-tall."

"Not comin'—what kind of words is them which you is makin' with yo' mouth, Roopert Samp?"

"Cain't you on'erstan' plain English?"

"But English which says why you is tellin' me Lawyer Chew ain't comin'?"

"Because"—Roopert paused, cleared his throat, gazed raptly through a window and coughed. "I went to see him ——"

"You done tol' me that once a'ready."

"An' I tol' him it was all my fault an' please to pay you the five hund'ed dollars which was jue under the policy."

"Oh, lawsy, an' he 'lowed it wa'n't no good of a claim?"

"No, he said it was a good 'nough claim all right. But they is a soht of hitch in payin' it."

"Which soht of hitch?"

"We-e-ell, it's this-a-way," explained Roopert slowly: "He soht of thought it was funny I didn't know bouten it an' he 'splained to me that he couldn't reccomend payin' no sech of a claim 'cause they wa'n't nobody to pay it. You see, Frenzie, it's soht of hahd luck to tell you, but the Happy Days Li'bility 'Surance Company went an' busted 'bout five months ago."

More than three horrified minutes were necessary for Frenzie to comprehend the extent of the catastrophe. And finally when it did seep into his brain that the accident was not to be indemnified because of the fact that the insurance company had been thoughtless enough to go to the financial wall several months previously he opened his lips for what was intended to be a tirade of vituperation. But Roopert saw it coming and forestalled it. He extended a sorrowfully restraining hand.

"Seems to me, Frenzie," he said slowly, "that you would of had sense enough to find out if'n the company was still livin' befo' you got yo'se'f runned over."

Frenzie gazed speechlessly at his compan'.

"That I would of thunk ——"

"Yeh, you. What you ain't got, Frenzie, is no brains."

"B-b-but you said ——"

"'I said' ain't got nothin' to do with it, an' it ain't payin' you no money. There you is done give me all th' trouble of stahtin' that car of mine when they wa'n't

(Continued on Page 177)

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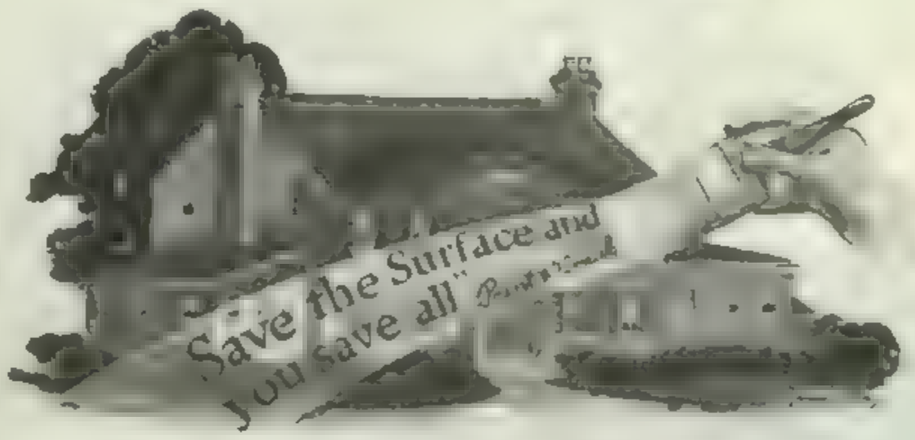

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(Continued from Page 174)

no money in it fo' me an' you never even sayin' you is sorry Hones', Frenzie, you is a po' soht of frien' to have. Now I is got a siggestion to make."

"I is tried 'nough of yo' siggestions, Roopert. I is off of 'em fo'eve'mo'—amen."

"Is you ever cumsid'ed how you is gwine eat when you gits yo'se'f outen this horspital?"

"You is got money," hopefully.

"The money which I is got is mine. Now I wants to sigges' that you gimme yo' scahf pin to hock so's you c'n have money when you gits ——"

"You lemme 'lone bouten my scahfpin, Roopert Samp. Tha's the on'y thing you don't never think 'bout nothin' else but. An' you cain't have it."

Roopert rose. His manner was that of a man infinitely depressed by the stubbornness of one who refused to be done as he would be done by.

"Well, I reckon I better be trottin' 'long. I needs a good square meal an' I knows where they is some good juicy po'k chops waitin' to be et."

Long after Roopert had departed Frenzie lay staring wide-eyed at the ceiling. His cosmic scheme had gone flooie and Roopert had spellbound him to the point where he almost fancied that the oversight was blamable upon him. At that he had done his painful best. He turned on his side and slept. When he woke he lay very still, thrilling deliciously. A warm hand clasped his. He raised his eyes to the face of Miss Vangeline Hood. But her gaze did not meet his. She was staring intently at the sapphire pin which gleamed from his pajamas. And suddenly she sighed.

"Miss Vangeline?"

She started.

"Huh?"

"I c'n call you Miss Vangeline, cain't I?"

"Co'se you can, Mistuh Gillings. What you wishes?"

"You is a pow'ful pretty gal, Miss Vangeline."

"Well," she lied boldly, "you ain't so wuss lookin' yo' ownse'f."

"You is bouten the prettiest gal I is ever seen."

"You go on, Mistuh Gillings. I reckon you is some loose flatt'rer."

"I ain't never fell in love with no other woman befo'."

"Oh, Mistuh Gillings!"

He gulped.

"I means it."

For a fearsome moment he stared at her, expecting that she would do as other beautiful women had done in the past and receive his declaration of passion as an insult. But she did nothing of the kind. Instead her fingers inclosed his more firmly and she veiled her eyes with maidenly propriety.

Save for the couple, the colored ward was empty. Also it was silent—so silent that Frenzie fancied he could hear the beating of his heart, a trip-hammer thumping which hurt his bruised ribs. The idea was coming to him that for once in his life he had met a worth-while woman to whom he was not physically unattractive, and he found a shivery thrill in the thought. It never occurred to him that his pin had anything to do with the promised capitulation of Miss Vangeline Hood.

"You is gwine nuss me, Miss Vangeline?"

"Fo' a while."

"A while?"

"Uh-huh. You ain't so badly hu't."

"I ain't hu't a-tall, cause'n I is glad I is hu't as much as I is, countin' it brung me heah to meet you."

"W-e-ell, th'ee days f'om now I is leavin' the ward."

"An' you ain't gwine nuss me no mo' afteh that?"

"Nossuh, Mistuh Gillings. Not that I woul'n't if'n I cou'd, but they is movin' me into the diet kitchen."

Frenzie inbreathed deeply.

"I reck'n some folks c'n become mighty good frien's in th'ee days, cain't they, Miss Vangeline?"

"Yassuh, Mistuh Gillings, I reck'n they might."

And what is more to the point—they did. The colored ward remained mercifully empty and Frenzie Gillings forgot his pain under the expert professional ministrations of Miss Vangeline Hood. There was something so—so dog-gone nice bouten Miss Vangeline. She soht of made things easier.

It was on the second day of the ardent, progressive and violent courtship that Roopert Samp paid another visit to the hospital. This time he did not mention the pin, nor did he mention anything else. Frenzie did all the talking. Roopert listened impatiently to the panegyrics of Miss Vangeline Hood. Frenzie described her manifold perfections in terms of the superlative, fairly wiggling with an access of his affection for her. Roopert sneered.

"Hones', Frenzie, Ise bettin' you is in love."

"This heah is one time you wins, Roopert. You sho' does. Me an' love has shook han's an' became frien's."

"Huh! If'n I ever had any doubt bouten yo' bein' a plumb fool I ain't got it no mo'. Fallin' in love with a train' nuss! Ain't you got sense enough to know that they ain't no woman would love you?"

"This gal is diff'ent," explained Frenzie slowly. "She thinks ——"

"I know jes' what she thinks. She thinks you is sick an' she is sorry fo' you—tha's all what she is."

"You ain't saw her, Roopert. You ain't saw her ontil yet ——" he raised his eyes. "There she is yonder comin' in the do'. Ain't she pretty as—pretty as—a g'ranium?"

Roopert looked. And even though he had spoken to Vangeline two days before, he was seeing her now for the first time. At the occasion of their first meeting the little matter of the insolvency of the Happy Days Liability Insurance Company had been sitting rather heavily on his chest. Now he was at mental liberty to catalogue her good points and he found them many and worthy the highest praise. Roopert was considerable of a connoisseur of women. He was a mahogany Beau Brummell about whom women buzzed hopefully, and experienced as he was with them he saw in the beauty of Miss Vangeline Hood a rich promise which was as exquisite as it was rare. He acknowledged the introduction with a Delsartean bow and cast forth the full flower of his hypnotic smile. Miss Hood had only a few moments to spare on the friend of her patient and she walked on through the ward. Roopert stared after her and smiled. The voice of Frenzie punctured the silence hopefully:

"Ain't she sumthin' pretty elegant?"

Roopert turned.

"Good-lookin' gal, Frenzie."

"Good-lookin' is ugly compared by what she is. If'n I was on'y ma'ied to a gal lik'n to her, Roopert ——"

"Ma'ied? You an' her? Huh, not a chance! A gal pretty as what she is woul'n't th'ow herse'f away on a no-'count undersized, shriv'led-up, bone-busted nothin' liken to what you is."

The following afternoon Roopert again visited his suffering friend. And no sooner had he gazed at Frenzie's face than he knew that something of moment had occurred. Frenzie's lips were expanded in a smile of ineffable bliss and there was something else about Frenzie that was not normal. The splotch of rich blue had disappeared from his pajama jacket. Roopert leaned forward.

"Where 'tis, Frenzie?"

"Where what is?"

"Yo' pin?"

"It's my pin, ain't it?" queried Frenzie defensively.

"Where it's at?"

"Reck'n tha's my business."

"I asts you ——"

"Well," savagely, "I give it to her tha's what I done."

"You—you give yo' sapphire pin away?"

"Yeh, reck'n 'twas mine."

"Who—who you give that pin to, Frenzie Gillings?"

Frenzie's eyes roamed helplessly about the ward, then fastened belligerently on the accusing eyes of Roopert Samp.

"I done give it to Miss Vangeline Hood, tha's who I give it to!"

For a few seconds Roopert was horrifiedly silent. Then he burst forth into a tirade against vampires in general and Miss Vangeline Hood in particular.

"Why you give it to her?"

"Well-l"—it was a distinctly personal and embarrassing question—"I—I soht of love that gal a heap."

"You is engage'?"

"Not 'zac'ly. But she is soht of promise' to git engage' to me after I gits well an' fin's me a job."

"An' then," snapped Roopert, "I s'pose I'll have to go live with you."

"No-o," slowly, "I ain't hahdly reck'n tha's a good idea, Roopert. I ain't hahdly reck'n it is."

Roopert said nothing. Still saying it, he huffed from the ward and banged the door

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behind him. Frenzie favored this departure with a regretful sigh and then sank slumbrously into a glorious daydream anent marital bliss, with Vangeline Hood as the party of the second part.

Somehow the process of giving the pin to Miss Hood had seemed perfectly natural. It was all in the family.

The following morning Vangeline did not appear in the colored ward. An angular and dark female of forbidding mien took her place. With the interest of the hospital thus dissipated, Frenzie found his enthusiasm in the medicated surroundings lagging. The pain of his bruised bones and muscles was lessening and he questioned the house physician as to how soon he could be discharged. The answer he received pleased him. He was quite sure that he would see Vangeline occasionally during the five days that he was destined to remain as a patient. Also, he was certain that Roopert would continue to visit him frequently and relieve the tedium of the dragging hours.

But he saw neither Vangeline nor Roopert. He didn't quite understand it. Of course Roopert was probably busy concocting a scheme for their mutual betterment, but it struck Frenzie that Vangeline might have dropped in at odd moments to let him gaze at the sapphire pin which was once his. But nothing of the sort happened—not for five days. And on the fifth Frenzie was discharged as cured. He limped considerably and he felt a bit weak and wabbly. He started for the room which he shared with Roopert, planning to borrow one of that gentleman's neckties and return to the hospital for a rapturous evening with Vangeline. He knew that she would have a valid excuse for her long-continued absence from the ward after procuring the sapphire pin from him and he was eager to resume the courtship where it had been so abruptly terminated on the occasion of her final day as his nurse.

Frenzie was trustfully in the seventh heaven of a lover's delight. The castles which he so readily constructed were very large and very much in the air. The future was a thing bright and roseate and in no way marred by thorns. Vangeline—Vangeline Gillings!

He reached the unpainted two-story house where he roomed with Mr. Roopert Samp and turned in at the gate. He laboriously and painfully mounted the rickety stairway and entered the room. And then he smiled—he knew that he was at home. It was all as he had left it—the fine double bed which was Roopert's and the rusty, iron cot upon which he laid o' nights; the torn straw suitcase which was his and the real leather one which belonged to Roopert. And in a far corner, limned in a haze of fragrant cigar smoke, the finely knit figure of the immaculate Roopert seated in the one easy-chair, feet on window sill, eyes staring languidly toward the sky line of the city of Birmingham.

Frenzie experienced a qualm of regret at forsaking this bachelor luxury for the uncertainties of the connubial state, but—well, he was very fond of his romance. It was his first and only one and he cherished it with a passionate cherish. He cleared his throat. "'Lo, Roopert."

Roopert showed undue excitement at the unexpected entrance of his friend. He leaped to his feet and whirled.

"What you means, Useless, by comin' rushin' in on me like that?"

"I ain't rush in on you, Roopert, 'deedy I ain't."

"You did so!"

"Well, mebbe ——"

Suddenly Frenzie ceased to speak. He ceased completely and profoundly. His eyes opened slowly and his jaw sagged. He quivered. And he stared—stared in petrified horror straight at Roopert—straight at that silk-covered portion of his friend's anatomy midway between collar button and waistline. He raised skinny, trembling fingers to a perspiring brow and passed them weakly across eyes which saw without the power of transmitting comprehension to the brain.

The thing was utterly inconceivable. And yet—Frenzie shook his head, gasped, gurgled and came finally and reluctantly to a realization of the fact that his eyes were not playing him false. For there it was, flashing gloriously in the center of Roopert's newest and best scarf, evidence damningly evident.

"Roopert!" he wailed.

Roopert instinctively raised his right hand and touched the sapphire pin which reposed with scintillant elegance where all who would might see. And Roopert ducked. He did not seem overly pleased at the unannounced reappearance of his runty little friend. In fact, he registered an intense displeasure and a not inconsiderable amount of embarrassment. His eyes roved restlessly about the room and finally:

"Wh-what you is sayin', cullud man?"

"That pin!"

"What 'bouten this heah pin?"

"It—it's mine!"

Roopert drew a deep breath and then the habit of years returned.

"You is a liar!"

His voice assumed its old aggressiveness.

"Now, Roopert ——"

"This heah pin is my own."

"B-b-but it looks like the one I done had."

"Looks like is is. You might's well know now, Mistuh Frenzie Gillings, that this heah is the ve'y same scahfpin which you useter had."

Frenzie was bewildered. His pin, his cherished pin—the glittering bauble which had for so long held Frenzie's bullety head proudly above the masses—his pin in Roopert's necktie—possessive words on Roopert's lips. He didn't understand, he couldn't understand, but he did know that a feeling of tense resentment was slowly and surely suffocating him.

"Where you git that pin at, Roopert?"

"Where you reck'n?" belligerently.

"I ain't reck'nin'. I is astin'."

"Well, I done gotten it off yo' gal."

"My—my—you means Miss Vangeline Hood?"

"Tha's the name she gimme."

"But Roopert ——"

With Frenzie cringing in inquiring grief and fear, Roopert again rose to heights of mastery. He strode across the room and towered over the figure of his friend.

"Now you lis'en heah at what I is sayin', Frenzie Gillings. I is allers tol' you that you is a wuthless, no-'count little runt which needs a feller like'n to what I is to look after you. An' this heah succumstance proves it, 'cause when you stahted ravin' at me 'bouten this heah Vangeline Hood I knowed sumthin' was wrong—plumb wrong. 'Cause I says to myse'f then, Frenzie, what I says now right to yo' own ugly face, that they ain't nary woman which could fall in love with a nothin' atall like'n to what you is. So I says to myse'f right off quick like that, that sence she di'n't want you she must of been after sumth'in' which you had, an' the on'y thing 'bouten you which was wuth mo'n a lead two-bit piece was yo' stick pin. Sho' nuff I come to the hos-pital that day an' foun' out you had gaven it to her. An' bein' a friend of your'n, they wa'n't but one thing to do an' that was to git it back. Ain't that a fac'?"

He paused interrogatively. Frenzie's head wabbled uncertainly.

"Y-y-you sho' is the talkines' man, Roopert."

"Anyway I decided they wa'n't nothin' fo' me to do on'y git yo's heah pin back, so I ast Vangeline wouldn't she got to the picher show with me, an' she went. An' right off I seen that gal d.'n't have no sense atal.. Does you know, Frenzie—does you know that woman was ackchuly in love with you?"

"W-w-w-was?" stammered Frenzie hopelessly.

"Yeh—was! An' I says 'was' 'cause they wa'n't on'y one thing fo' me to do an' that was to git you outen her clutches. So I took a heap of my vallible time off an' splained to her ve'y careful an' ve'y tho'ough what a no-'count, wuthless, good-fo'-nothin', splay-footed, none-thinkin', useless piece of trash you is. An' it's done tuk me th'ee of the last five nights to splain it to her. But they ain't no man cain't say Roopert Samp don' do what he sets out to—an' I done it."

"D-d-done which?"

"Gotten you free from her. I done fell her out of love with you."

Somehow Frenzie did not experience any overwhelming surge of gratitude for his friend's thoughtful efforts in behalf of his future peace and comfort.

"But the pin, Roopert—where'd you git that?"

"Offen Vangeline."

"How—how come?"

"Oh"—Roopert, once again in control of the situation, waved an insouciant hand—"she gimme that!"

"Give it to you?"

"Uh-huh."

(Continued on Page 181)

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(Continued from Page 178)

"Why—why she give you that pin?"

Roopert had the grace to flush. More—he turned his back on his friend and walked to the window, where he stood gazing out along the not unpretty tree-lined thoroughfare.

"Oh, she jes' gimme!"

"'Jes' gimme' don' splain nothin'."

Roopert flung round.

"Ain't it nachel that while I was fallin' her out of love with you I should of fell her in love with me? Ain't it? I asts you that! How could she he'p lovin' me after speriencin' sumthin' like you? An' tha's how come she to give me this heah sapphire pin, Frenzie. Soht of a delicate token of her love."

"Love fo' you?"

"You said it! C'n you blame her, I asks you?"

Frenzie stood quivering with grief. He was in a state of mental turmoil, unable to differentiate which from how. All that stood out was that Vangeline was lost to him, his simple ecstatic dream of love gone kerflooie. He extended a limp and listless hand.

"Well ——"

"Well, which?"

"Gimme my pin."

"Yo' pin?"

"Uh-huh."

"Which pin?"

"The one you is got on yo' buzzum."

"You is talkin' foolishment yo' pin'"

"Huh? Ain't you jest splained —— "

"I ain't splained nothin' 'bout this heah bein' yo' pin. You give it to Vangeline, di'n't you?"

"Yeh."

"An' she gimme it, di'n't she?"

"You says."

"Then I asts you" — triumphantly — "whose pin is it? If'n you had any mo' sense'n a jinny yo'd see plain as day an' night it's my pin."

The brain of Mr. Frenzie Gillings was nothing much on speed of operation, but it was long on quality production. An idea once absolutely and completely incubated in Mr. Gillings' cranium at least came into the world with the virtue of stamina. And Mr. Frenzie Gillings was slowly and painfully having an idea. The idea had to do with Mr. Roopert Samp and was not overly complimentary to that gentleman. For this first time in his under-dog acquaintanceship Mr. Gillings was allowing himself the luxury of considering whether he might not have received a little the worst of the deal from his partner.

Very slowly but very positively Frenzie was sprouting a feeling of intense personal resentment with Mr. Samp as the resentee. He gazed steadfastly at a torn place in the carpet and thought—and thought—and thought yet some more. The events of the immediate past marshaled themselves in damning array—Roopert's mayhem upon his person through the agency of a decrepit automobile and the blighting aftermath of a defunct insurance company; the refusal of Roopert to extend even a tithe of his worldly capital to assuage Frenzie's gnawing hunger pangs; Roopert's bland destruction of his one-and-only love affair. And now—to place the last straw meticulously upon the breaking back of the docile camel—the claimed ownership of the cherished pin.

Frenzie's thoughts took words unto themselves even before they were shaped very clearly in Frenzie's mind.

"Roopert Samp," he said slowly, "tha's my pin!"

"Huh, all you is sayin' is words!"

"I wan's my pin back."

"Wantin' ain't gittin'. I is 'shame' of you, Frenzie—after all what I is done. What you ain't got is no 'preciation."

Frenzie raised his eyes and they met and held Roopert's gaze. He spoke in a queer droning monotone.

"You ain't gwine gimme it?"

"What you think ——"

"Is you or ain't you?"

"I ain't!"

Frenzie said nothing and there was something disconcerting in the way he said it. Too, there was something decidedly determined and out of character in the way he turned to the door and limped across the room with never a backward glance. Apparently the whole ghastly episode had been forgotten. But Roopert was uneasy and knew he had cause to be. He was after the departing one in a bound and dropped a heavy hand on Frenzie's shoulder.

"Where you gwine to?" he demanded nervously.

Frenzie did not even turn.

"Take yo' han's offen me, Mistuh Samp!"

Roopert took. He regarded Frenzie with a growing wonder—and fear.

"I 'clare to goodness ——"

"I ain't studyin' 'bout what you 'clares to. Ise gwine."

"Where to?"

"You is gwine fin' out plenty quick."

And Frenzie resumed his painful exit.

Roopert tried to bluff it out. He stood it as long as was humanly possible and then "Frenzie!"

"Huh?"

"Le's 'scuss this heah thing over."

"'Tain't nothin' to 'scuss."

"You ain't even tol' me where you is gwine to"

Frenzie condescended to turn. His tone was merely conversational.

"Fust off," he vouchsafed quietly, "I is gwine to the p'lice station an' have you 'rested fo' crim'nal an' careless drivin' when you run into me. Also I is gwine have you 'rested fo' not havin' no license on yo' car. Also fo' fraud. Also fo' cumspiracy to do the 'surance comp'ny outen some money. Also ——"

Roopert was beside him, face blanched to a Nile green, big fingers fumbling with the safety catch of the pin. He withdrew the jewel from his scarf and extended it to Frenzie. Quietly, calmly, concealing well the exultation he felt, Frenzie accepted his property. Then with the air of a conqueror he limped down the stairway and into the street, oblivious to the somewhat sobby overtures of his erstwhile friend. Frenzie was almost happy—almost, but not quite. The "almost" rose from the feeling of emancipation; the "not quite" was Vangeline Hood.

When romance enters the life of a man but once and then long after adolescence it usually enters with a bang. The case of Frenzie Gillings was no exception to the rule. Frenzie had loved late, loved hard and apparently loved unwisely. That he had rescued the treasure-trove he intrusted to his lady love was but small solace in view of the fact that he had lost her. He didn't exactly blame Vangeline for preferring the multitudinous charms of Roopert Samp to his own physical and mental imperfections, but he did think that she might have used a trifle more tact. Lack of tact—that was it. If'n she jes' nachelly had to go an' give that pin away to another feller why'n't she be decent 'bout it an' not s'lec' Roopert Samp? And so though he did not blame her he experienced a righteous resentment and he fully intended that she should know it. He felt that his matrimonial goose was cooked. At least he

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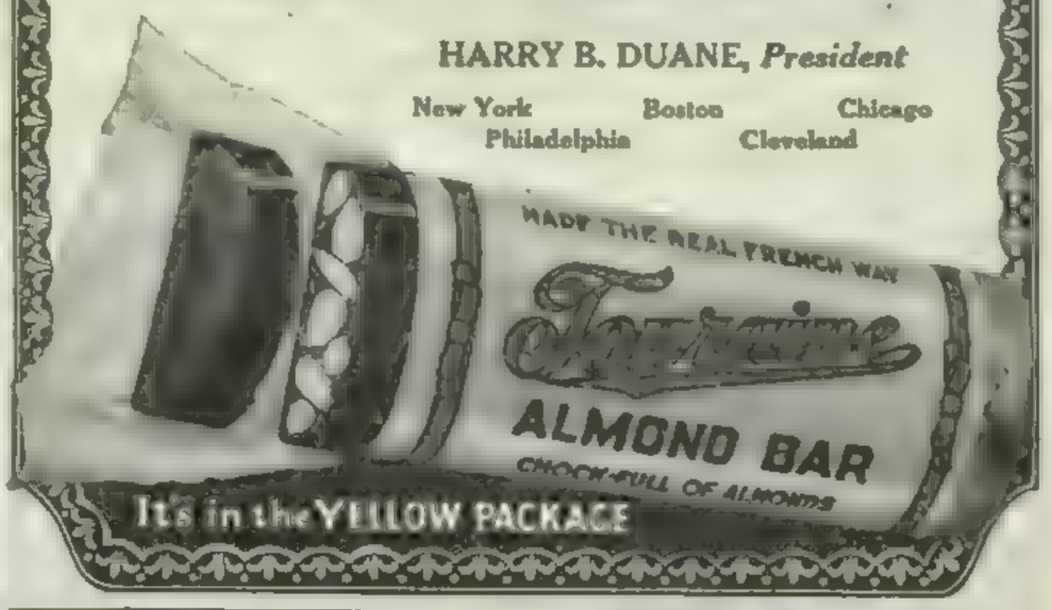

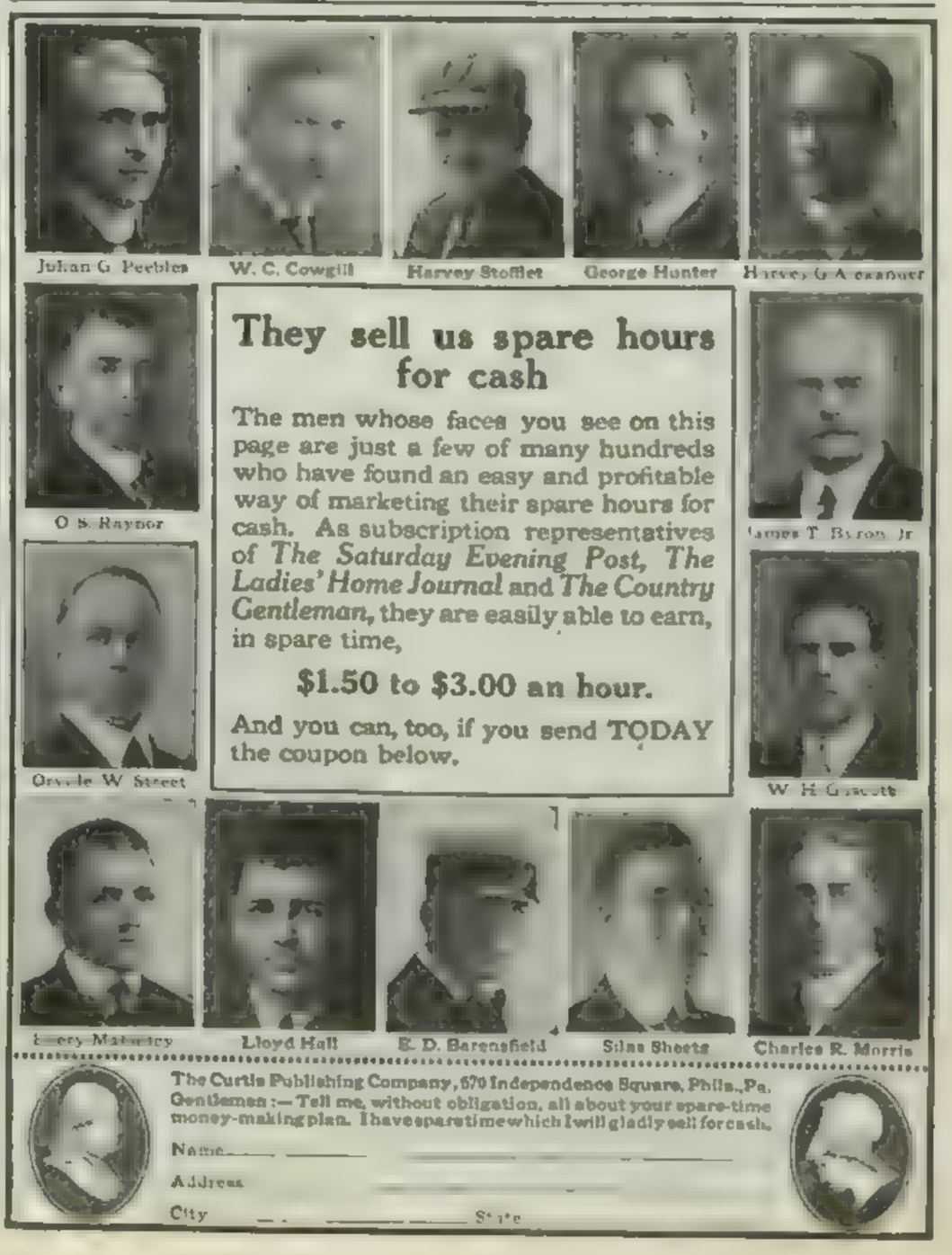

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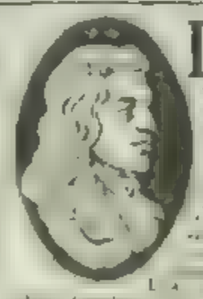

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should have the slight satisfaction of knowing that Vangeline would not envision him dying of a broken heart.

He ambled sadly and painfully toward the hospital, intent on letting Vangeline see that he had freed himself from Roopert's yoke. He turned the corner and—almost collided with Vangeline; Vangeline—a vision in a new coat suit of maroon. He stopped short, his heart pitpatting rapidly, the grand passion of his life welling into his eyes and making it difficult for him to maintain his poise of injured manhood. And Vangeline's actions made it more difficult. Her eyes fastened hungrily upon the wizened face of Frenzie, then upon his sapphire scarfpin.

"Oh, honey," she exclaimed, "you is got it back!"

Frenzie ducked.

"Which?"

"Yo' pin."

"Yeh—what that to you?"

"Ev'ything, da'lin'. I is so glad—heah!" She opened her hand bag and extracted therefrom a roll of bills held by a rubber band. She slipped it into his hands. "Count 'em, Frenzie, count 'em."

Dazedly Frenzie did as bidden. He looked up.

"Fifty dollars?"

"That's right—fifty dollars."

"B-b-but what ——"

"It's all your'n, honey—it's all your'n."

Frenzie took a fresh grip on himself.

"Where you git this heah money from?"

"Offen Roopert Samp," she answered happily.

"Roopert!"

"Uh-huh!"

"How—how come him ——"

"He paid me them fifty dollars fo' the stick pin."

Frenzie gulped violently.

"He paid you—fo' the pin?"

"Uh-huh."

Roopert had paid Vangeline for the sapphire pin! As proof positive Vangeline had given him the purchase price. And Roopert had quite evidently paid her every cent he owned, barring a few paltry dollars. The conclusion was obvious. If Roopert had paid Vangeline fifty dollars for the pin he had lied in telling Frenzie that Vangeline had succumbed to his charms and made him a gift of it. Knowing Roopert, Frenzie realized that it was just such a bit of self-glorification as Roopert would naturally resort to.

"S-s-splain it," pleaded Frenzie, "an' please, ma'am, splain it tho'ough."

And Vangeline splained. She splained that the day after Frenzie had made her a gift of the pin she had been removed from the colored ward and that in the course of her duties a jewelry expert had happened into the hospital.

"An' he took one look at the pin," she went on, "an' tol' me it wa'n't nothin' on'y a piece of glass wuth p'raps two dollars cash money. An' like 'twas puffec'ly right I got sore at you countin' I thought you shoul'n't of give me fake joolry. That was why you di'n't see no mo' of me on my off hours an' tha's how come I go with Roopert Samp when he 'vited me out to the pitcher show.

"An' then I begun to think, an', Frenzie, the on'y thought I thunk which was wuth while was that I loved you an' I coul'n't he'p it. An' all 'long Roopert kep' tryin' to make love to me an' a talkin' 'bout that pin an' how much he wanted it, an' I was thinkin' how much I loved you an' how dirty he had done you in runnin' over you like he done an' then tryin' to win me away from you fo' brawtus—an' I soht of thought he ought to be made to suffer. So I fin'ly sold him the fake pin fo' fifty dollars. An' now, honey, you is got yo' money an' yo' pin both."

"An' you!" breathed Frenzie in ecstasy.

"An' me"—she hesitated. "But how come you to git that pin back from Roopert?"

And then Frenzie told his story, told it graphically, allowing no false modesty to blind his new glory. Finally he finished and she possessed herself of his hands.

"He jes' tol' you that lie, Frenzie, so's I an' you woul'n't never be frien's ag'in. But now—well—I is done got you a job down to the hospital, Frenzie. They needs a orderly down there an' I an' you c'n be together constant an' ——"

Frenzie was very happy. He nodded his acceptance and then broke into a full laugh.

"Bouten that pin, Vangeline," he chortled.

"Yeh?"

"Co'se I is knowed all 'long it wa'n't a real sapphire, which is why I never would pawn it, 'countin' I coul'n't. But it jes' soht of struck me that us two is the on'y ones knows it ain't ginuwine. So I want you to wear it ag'in. An' I siggess's that we tell on'y one other pusson that it ain't wuth nothin'."

"Name which?" queried Vangeline, her eyes twinkling.

"Roopert Samp," laughed Frenzie. "Tha's one secret he'll be jes' nachelly boun' to keep!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly

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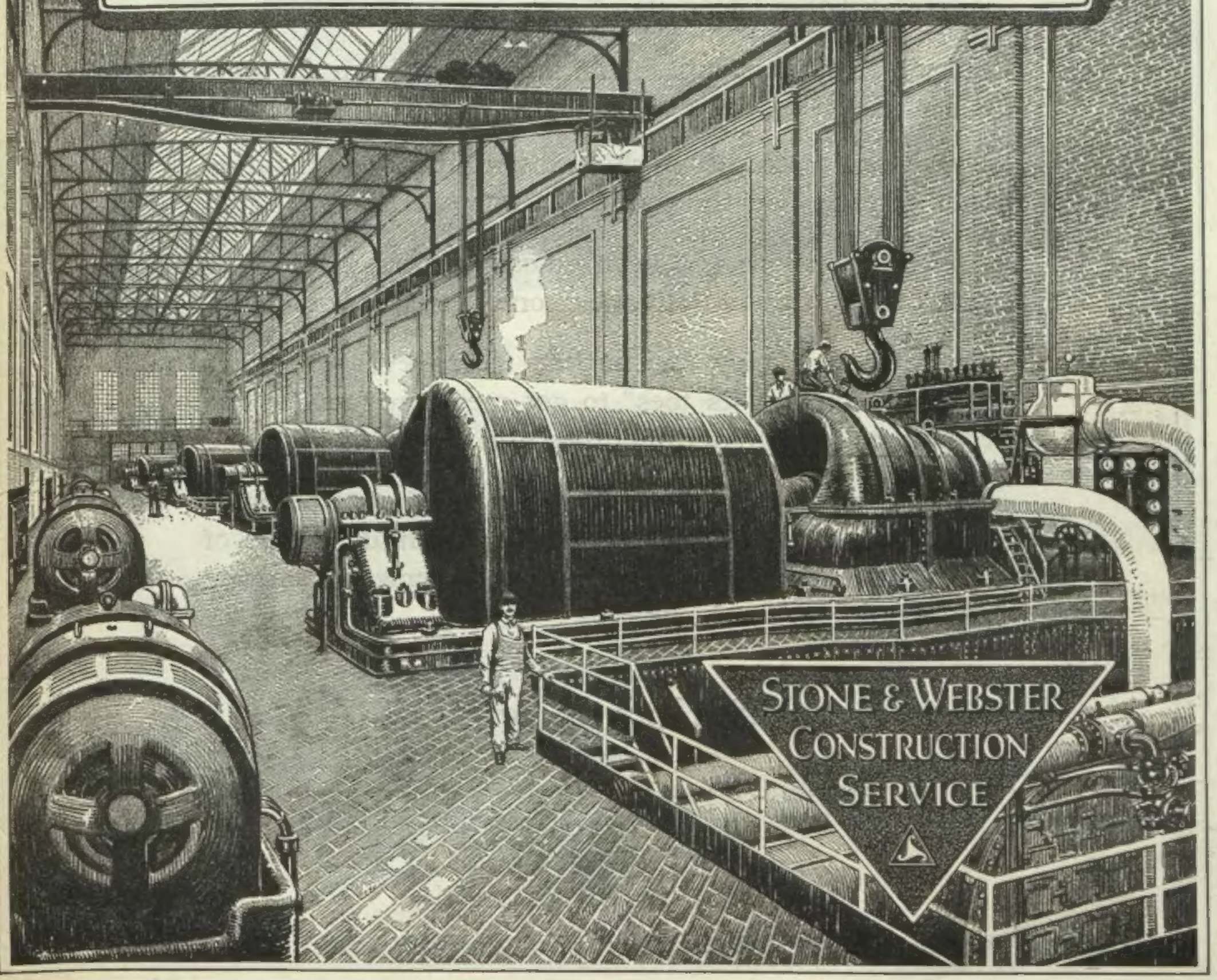

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